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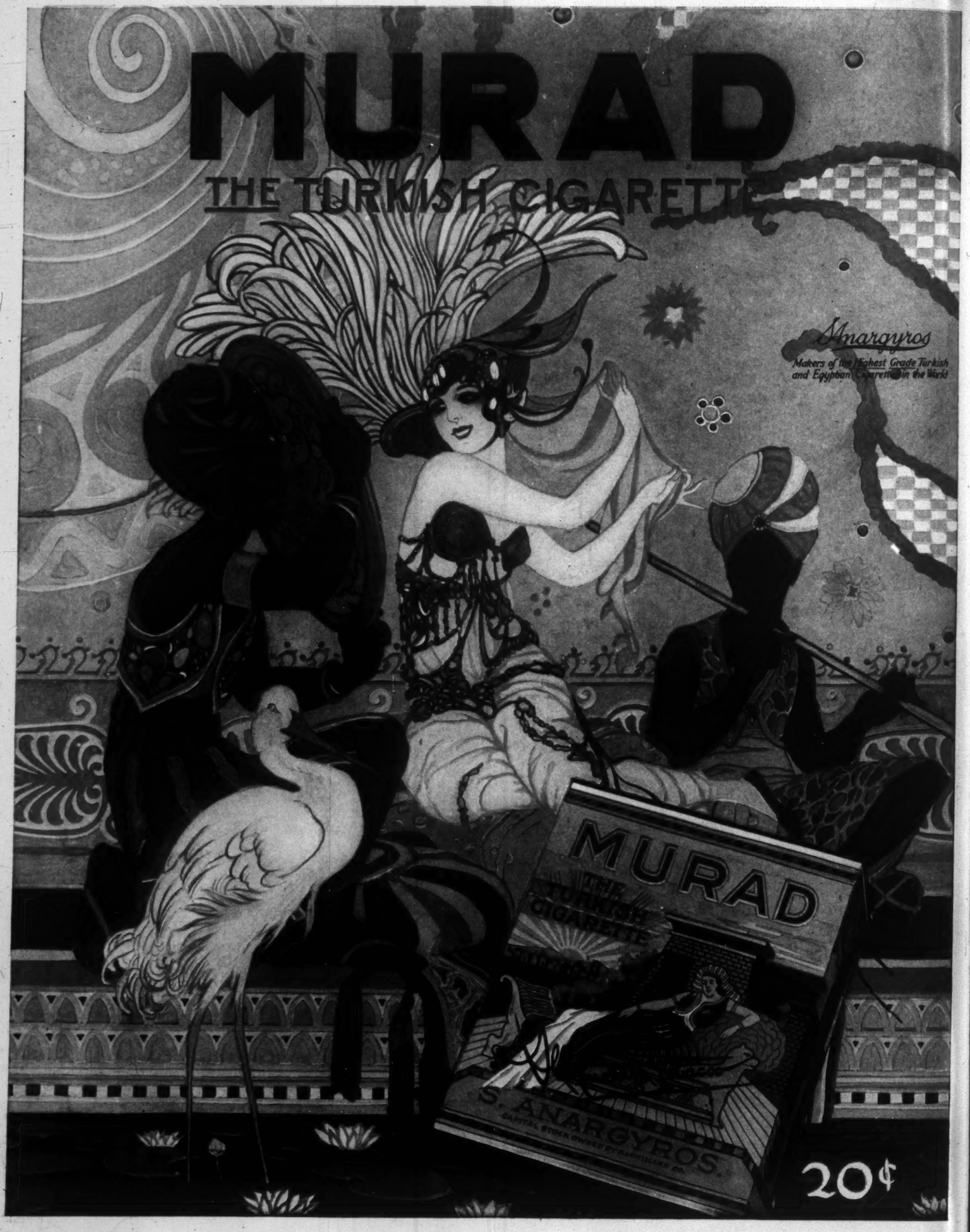
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The Secret of Being a Convincing Talker

How I Learned It in One Evening

By GEORGE RAYMOND

"HAVE you heard the news about Frank Jordan?"

This question quickly brought me to the little group which had gathered in the center of the office. Jordan and I had started with the Great Eastern Machinery Company, within a month of each other, four years ago. A year ago, Jordan was taken into the accounting division and I was sent out as salesman. Neither of us was blessed with an unusual amount of brilliancy, but we "got by" in our new jobs well enough to hold them.

Imagine my amazement, then, when I heard:

"Jordan's just been made Treasurer of the Company!"

I could hardly believe my ears. But there was the "Notice to Employees" on the bulletin board, telling about Jordan's good fortune.

Now I knew that Jordan was a capable fellow, quiet, and unassuming, but I never would have picked him for any such sudden rise. I knew, too, that the Treasurer of the Great Eastern had to be a big man, and I wondered how in the world Jordan landed the place.

The first chance I got, I walked into Jordan's new office and after congratulating him warmly, I asked him to let me "in" on the details of how he jumped ahead so quickly. His story is so intensely interesting that I am going to repeat it as closely as I remember.

"I'll tell you just how it happened, George, because you may pick up a pointer or two that will help *you*.

"You remember how scared I used to be whenever I had to talk to the chief? You remember how you used to tell me that every time I opened my mouth I put my foot into it, meaning of course that every time I spoke I got into trouble? You remember when Ralph Sinton left to take charge of the Western office and I was asked to present him with the loving cup the boys gave him, how flustered I was and how I couldn't say a word because there were people around? You remember how confused I used to be every time I met new people? I couldn't say what I wanted to say when I wanted to say it; and I determined that if there was any possible chance to learn how to talk I was going to do it.

FREDERICK HOUK LAW

As educator, lecturer, executive, traveler and author few men are so well equipped by experience and training as Dr. Law to teach the art of effective speaking. His "Mastery of Speech" is the fruit of 20 years active lecturing and instruction in Eastern schools and colleges preceded by an education at Oxford Academy, Amherst College, Columbia University, The Teachers College, Brown University, and New York University. He holds the degrees of A.B., A.M. and Ph.D.

Dr. Law is the author of two novels, two books of poetry, and editor of six school textbooks. At present he is lecturer in English in New York University, Lecturer in Pedagogy in the Extension Work of the College of the City of New York, Head of the Dept. of English in the Stuyvesant H. S. and writer of the Weekly Lesson Plans for The Independent.

"The first thing I did was to buy a number of books on public speaking, but they seemed to be meant for those who wanted to become orators, whereas what I wanted to learn was not only how to speak in public but how to speak to individuals under various conditions in business and social life.

"A few weeks later, just as I was about to give up hope of ever learning how to talk interestingly, I read an announcement stating that Dr. Frederick Houk Law of New York University had just completed a new course in business talking and public speaking entitled 'Mastery of Speech.' The course was offered on approval without money in advance, so since I had nothing whatever to lose by examining the lessons, I sent for them and in a few days they arrived. I glanced through the entire eight lessons, reading the headings and a few paragraphs here and there, and in about an hour the whole secret of effective speaking was opened to me.

"For example, I learned why I had always lacked confidence, why talking had always seemed something to be dreaded whereas it is really the simplest thing in the world to 'get up and talk.' I learned how to secure complete attention to what I was saying and how to make everything I said interesting, forceful and convincing. I learned the art of listening, the value of silence, and the power of brevity. Instead of being funny at the wrong time, I learned how and when to use humor with telling effect.

"But perhaps the most wonderful thing about the lessons were the actual examples of what things to say and when to say them to meet every condition. I found that there was a knack in making oral reports to my superiors. I found that there was a right way and a wrong way to present complaints, to give estimates, and to issue orders.

"I picked up some wonderful pointers about how to give my opinions, about how to answer complaints, about how to ask the bank for a loan, about how to ask for extensions. Another thing that struck me forcibly was that instead of antagonizing people when I didn't agree with them, I learned how to bring them around to my way of thinking in the most pleasant sort of way. Then, of course, along with those lessons there were chapters on speaking before large audiences, how to find material for talking and speaking, how to talk to friends, how to talk to servants, and how to talk to children.

"Why, I got the secret the very first evening and it was only a short time before I was able to apply all of the principles and found that my words were beginning to have an almost magical effect upon everybody to whom I spoke. It seemed that I got things done instantly, where formerly, as you know, what I said 'went in one ear and out the other.' I began to acquire an executive ability that surprised me. I smoothed out difficulties like a true diplomat. In my talks with the chief I spoke clearly, simply, convincingly. Then came my first promotion since I entered the accounting department. I was given the job of answering complaints, and I made good. From that I was given the job of making collections. When Mr. Buckley joined the Officers' Training Camp, I was made Treasurer. Between you and me, George, my salary is now $7,500 a year and I expect it will be more from the first of the year.

"And I want to tell you sincerely, that I attribute my success solely to the fact that I learned how to talk to people."

* * *

When Jordan finished, I asked him for the address of the publishers of Dr. Law's course and he gave it to me. I sent for it and found it to be exactly as he had stated. After studying the eight simple lessons I began to sell to people who had previously refused to listen to me at all. After four months of record breaking sales during the dullest season of the year, I received a wire from the chief asking me to return to the home office. We had quite a long talk in which I explained how I was able to break sales records—and I was appointed Sales Manager at almost twice my former salary. I know that there was nothing in me that had changed except that I had acquired the ability to talk where formerly I simply used "words without reason." I can never thank Jordan enough for telling me about Dr. Law's Course in Business Talking and Public Speaking. Jordan and I are both spending all our spare time making public speeches on war subjects and Jordan is being talked about now as Mayor of our little Town.

So confident is the Independent Corporation, publishers of "Mastery of Speech," Dr. Law's Course in Business Talking and Public Speaking, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how you can, in one hour, learn the secret of speaking and how you can apply the principles of effective speech under all conditions, that they are willing to send you the Course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete Course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the Course, send only $5 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

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Volume 51 — Number 4

McClure's Service Flag

FREDERICK L. COLLINS, *President*
HOLLAND S. DUELL, *Vice-President*
ARTHUR S. MOORE, *Treasurer*

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Cover by Neysa McMein

McClure's Magazine is published on the 15th of the month and should reach every subscriber on that day. But such is the terribly congested condition of the railroads at present that delays in the mail service are inevitable. If your copy does not arrive promptly do not assume that it has been lost in transit. Wait a few days before writing to us. By that time it will probably be in your hands.

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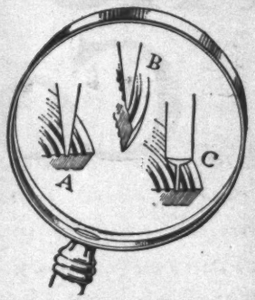
Preserve Your Phonograph Records!



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Be a Giant in Personality, Energy, Health and Mind

Unless your mind and body are capable of withstanding abuse without distress you have no real mental, vital, living or health power. You have but "average power of life." You have but negative health or life power. Real health power, real personal power, real power of life and real success come only through the vital power to live and the masterful power to succeed. The Conscious Evolution character of power of life, mighty power of positive will, higher health, higher vitality and dynamic energy will enable you to easily master and enjoy conditions that now distress you. A unique and wonderful discovery that has revolutionized human possibilities and furnishes the body, personality and mind with a degree of driving and smashing energy that surpasses imagination.

THERE is a new and marvelous science of reconstructing and recreating the human organism and energizing the mind — a system of mental and physical evolution that has already revolutionized richly the lives of men and women all over the country. It has brought them a new kind of health, pleasure, strength, energy, confidence, might, power of personality and success. *It has given them such marvelous energy of mind and body and they enjoy a life so full, so intense, so dominating, so thoroughly worth while that the old life to which they were accustomed seems totally inferior in every respect.*

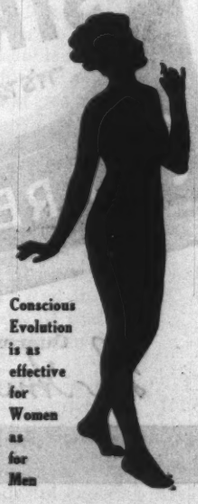
Dynamic Men and Women

This new system gives a new idea of how truly masterful, conquering, creative, healthy and happy a human being can be—how overflowing with life, dash, energy and the fire of triumph. It is thoroughly natural and simple, but it accomplishes seemingly impossible results without study, loss of time, use of drugs, medicines, or dieting, without weight-pulling or apparatus, without violent forms of exercise, without massaging, electricity, cold baths or forced deep breathing, in fact this system does its revolutionizing work without asking you to do anything you do not like nor give up anything you do like. And so wonderful are its results that you feel the surging of the higher energy after the first thirty seconds—*half a minute.*

Gain a Conquering Personality

Many men and women have amazing memories, high education, excellent health and even unusual strength of body. Many are good-looking, are good talkers, and possess every advantage that training and blind evolution can give them. Many have read practically every book ever written on how to be a success and attain a dominant will power, and yet these men and women are failures in life because they do not possess a vital, triumphant, dynamic power of personality. Their energies and knowledge are not creatively correlated and activated. They do not possess the conquering personal power such as Conscious Evolution develops and which is so essential to a really fine, true and beautiful success.

Conscious Evolution can quickly show you that you are only half as alive as you must be to realize the higher joys and complete benefits of living in full, that you are facing the world with only half the personality that you are easily capable of having, that you are only half as well as you should be, half as vigorous as you can be, half as ambitious as you may be, and only half as well developed as you ought to be. In fact, Conscious Evolution can demonstrate to you in thirty seconds—half a minute—that you are living an inferior life.



Conscious Evolution is as effective for Women as for Men

A Supreme Life

The fact is that regardless of whether you are rich or poor, Conscious Evolution can prove to you readily, by demonstration that you are leading an inferior life. You owe it to yourself to give Conscious Evolution the opportunity to show you the way in which you may completely and easily come into possession of a new dynamic life, and unusual vigor, a dominant type of high energy and power of personality—a new realization of the meaning of life and success.

Everywhere throughout the land men and women, in every walk of life, through Conscious Evolution are secretly and privately advancing themselves in life, happiness, joy and power—through consciously employing the principles of evolution. Whether you are a Doctor, Lawyer, Banker, Business Man, Financier, Mechanic, Soldier, Sailor, Laborer, Philosopher, or Scientist, Conscious Evolution is for you. It is for those who wish to make their existence on earth a source of higher, supreme satisfaction.

Give Conscious Evolution a trial of thirty seconds—a half minute—and you will become personally conscious of the new life and higher energy and vitality of which you can have a superabundance, accordingly as you may really desire it

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"Problems that formerly worried me are now so easy as to seem almost unreal, since I gained power of personality through Conscious Evolution."

"I could see the tremendous reality and possibilities of Conscious Evolution in less than half a minute's direction of my energies into creative channels."

"Conscious Evolution has made me conscious of new energy, of a better power of mind. I seem tireless. I seek action instead of stagnation, as formerly."

"I am filled with a new zeal."

"I would not take fifty thousand dollars for the power which in six weeks Conscious Evolution has given me."

"Ten seconds from the time I started Conscious Evolution, I felt myself more alive and energetic."

"I am happy to say that I received your instructions, and that in spite of travelling a good deal, my condition or power is remarkable at ninety years of age."

"I am certain I am gaining in every way, for I feel as full of 'fight' and energy, as a wild cat."

"I owe my rise from the position of a country insurance agent to virtual head of one of the largest insurance companies of the world entirely to the power of personality Conscious Evolution has given me."

"I became aware of the beneficial power of Conscious Evolution at the end of the first ten seconds."

"My weak will and personality for years made it possible for my business partners to rob me of my proper share of profits. Conscious Evolution gave me courage, self-reliance and power of personality, and I made my partners pay me $160,000 out of which they had bull-dozed me during my feeble and powerless days."

"In ten seconds Conscious Evolution proved itself to me."

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Swoboda has published for distribution two remarkable books which explain his science of Conscious Evolution and what it has already done. Write for these books —not because Conscious Evolution has meant so much to 262,000 other men and women, not because there is scarcely a prominent family in the country that hasn't at least one member a pupil of Swoboda, but because they contain valuable ideas for you.

Conscious Evolution is being personally used by many of the most prominent physicians and such men as Charles E. Hughes, the Rockefellers, the Vanderbilts, the Goulds, the Huntingtons, the Cudahys, the Swifts, the Armours, Woodrow Wilson and McAdoo for advancing themselves in energy, health, vitality and power of personality.

Write for these books because they mean so much to YOU in multiplied living power, earning power and personal power. They are filled from cover to cover with the vital facts about yourself and how you can acquire the degree of power in body and mind that you so consciously or unconsciously desire. They explain the dangers of excessive deep breathing, excessive exercise and excessive muscular development.

CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION and THE SCIENCE OF LIFE show how to double or even treble your power of mind and body; not by tedious, prolonged study, but by a process of energization which raises the very level of your life and mental power.

CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION and THE SCIENCE OF LIFE supply the key to dominant personal power, dominant business power, dominant success power, dominant mental power and dominant will power. They show how to change your aimless and fruitless life and attitudes into ambition, inspiration, enthusiasm and the higher success.

These books show how to amazingly increase your power of will and personality, as well as your power of body for every action and for every purpose and process.

Conscious Evolution is a new science, and no one can afford not to know at least the simple facts about it These facts show how Conscious Evolution overcomes weak will, poor health, feebleness of mind and body.

They show how to overcome the inferior, pleasureless, feeble and unsatisfactory life, by giving the means to the successful, superior and abundant life.

Conscious Evolution also shows how to arrest the aging of the body, and how to remain young, energetic, vigorous and active all of the days of life.

These books are absolutely free and there is no obligation now or after These books are yours to keep, that you may attain a higher understanding of yourself and of evolution and the means to a higher existence.

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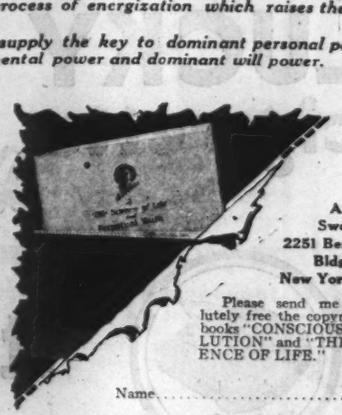

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Why My Memory Rarely Fails Me

and how the secret of a good memory may be learned in a single evening

By DAVID M. ROTH

NOTE: When I asked Mr. Roth to tell in his own words, for nation-wide publication, the remarkable story of the development of his system for the cure of bad memories, I found him reluctant to talk about himself in cold print. When I reminded him that he could do no finer service than to share his story with others—just as he is sharing his method for obtaining a better memory with thousands who are studying his famous Memory Course—he cordially agreed to my proposal. And here is his story. —President Independent Corporation.

DAVID M. ROTH

FIFTY members of the Rotary Club were seated in the banquet hall of the Hotel McAlpin in New York. I was introduced to each member in turn, and each gave me his telephone number and told me his occupation. An hour later, after they had changed seats while my back was turned to them, I called each man by name, gave his telephone number and named his occupation, without a single error.

The following evening, in the office of a large business institution, I asked the president of the concern to write down fifty words, numbers and names, and to number each item. An hour later I called out each item, and gave the number opposite which it had been written.

At another time I glanced at the license numbers of a hundred and five automobiles which passed. These numbers were written down by witnesses, in the order in which the cars passed. Later I called each number correctly and gave the order in which the numbers went by.

From Seattle to New York I have appeared before salesmen's meetings, conventions, and Rotary Clubs giving demonstrations of my memory. I have met over 10,000 people in my travels. Yet I am quite sure I can call nearly every one of these men and women by name the instant I meet them, ask most of them how the lumber business is or the shoe business or whatever business they were in when I was first introduced to them.

People wonder at these memory feats. Hundreds have asked me how I can store so many facts, figures, and faces in my mind, and recall them at will. And they are even more mystified when I explain that my memory used to be so poor I would forget a man's name twenty seconds after I met him! In fact that was what led me to investigate and study the cause of poor memory and the remedy. For years I read books on psychology, mental culture, memory and other subjects. All of these books were good, but none of them was definite or easy enough. So I labored until I found out *what it was* that enabled me to remember some things while I forgot others. Finally I worked out a system that made my memory practically infallible.

I explained my system to a number of friends and they could hardly believe it possible. But some of them tried my method and invariably they told me they had doubled their memory power in a week. They got the method the first evening and then developed it as far as they cared to go.

The principles which I had formulated in improving my own memory were so simple and so easy to apply that I decided to give my method to the world.

At first I taught my memory system in person. My classes, in Rotary Clubs, banks, department stores, railway offices, manufacturing plants and every kind of business institution grew amazingly in size and number. Memory teaching became my sole profession, and a wonderful experience it has been all the way from Seattle to New York City.

I soon realized that I could never hope to serve more than a small fraction of those who needed my memory system and were eager to take it up unless I put it into a home-study course which people could acquire without personal instruction.

The Independent Corporation, whose President, Mr. Karl V. S. Howland, had become interested in my work as a member of my Rotary Club class in New York, saw the large possibilities of my Course as an element in their broad program for personal efficiency and self-improvement.

So it was my pleasure to join forces with this great publishing house, and the Roth Memory Course, in seven simple lessons, was offered to the public at a price of $5 (correspondence courses having been sold hitherto at anywhere from $20 to $100).

No money in advance was to be asked, the idea being that the Course must sell itself purely on its merits.

As you have doubtless observed, an extensive advertising campaign was launched by my publishers with full page announcements in all the leading periodicals of the country and in many leading newspapers.

This campaign has continued without a let-up and with ever growing momentum.

From the very start this advertising became successful. The idea spread. Orders came in from everywhere. Edition after edition of the lessons was printed and still thousands of orders could not be filled.

The promise was made that the Course would improve any man's or woman's memory in one evening. And it did! Letters of praise began to pour in almost as fast as the lessons were shipped —and have kept up ever since in a veritable flood.

For example, Major E. B. Craft, Assistant Chief Engineer of the Western Electric Company, New York, wrote:

> "Last evening was the first opportunity I had to study the course, and in one sitting I succeeded in learning the list of 100 words forward and backward, and to say that I am delighted with the method, is putting it very mildly. I feel already that I am more than repaid in the real value and enjoyment that I have got out of the first lesson."

Read this letter from Terence J. McManus, of the firm of Olcott, Bonynge, McManus & Ernst, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, 170 Broadway, and one of the most famous trial lawyers in New York:

> "May I take occasion to state that I regard your service in giving this system to the world as a public benefaction. The wonderful simplicity of the method, and the ease with which its principles may be acquired, especially appeal to me. I may add that I already had occasion to test the effectiveness of the first two lessons in the preparation for trial of an important action in which I am about to engage."

McManus didn't put it a bit too strong.

And here is just a quotation from H. O. (Multigraph) Smith, Division Manager of the Multigraph Sales Co., Ltd., in Montreal:

> "Here is the whole thing in a nutshell: Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple, and easy as falling off a log. Yet with one hour a day of practice anyone—I don't care who he is—can improve his memory in a week and have a good memory in six months."

Then there is the amazing experience of Victor Jones, who increased his business $100,000 in six months. And there are hundreds and thousands of others who have studied the Course and who have secured greater benefit from it than they dreamed possible.

Perhaps the main reason why my method is so successful is because it is so ridiculously simple. You get the method of obtaining an infallible memory in one evening—in the very first lesson. Then you develop your memory to any point you desire through the other six lessons. There are only seven lessons in all. Yet the method is so thorough that your memory becomes your obedient slave forever. And instead of being hard work, it is as fascinating as a game. I have received letters from people who say the whole family gathers round the table for each lesson!

Men and women from coast to coast have thanked me for having made it so easy for them to acquire an infallible memory. As one man said:

> "Memory and good judgment go hand in hand. Our judgment is simply the conclusions we draw from our experience, and our experience is only the sum total of what we remember. I now store away in my mind every valuable fact that relates to my business, whether it is something I hear or read, and when the proper time comes I recall all the facts I need. Before I studied the Roth Course it took me three times as long to gain experience simply because I forgot so many facts."

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My pupils are gracious enough to say that nothing will make that fatal phrase obsolete so quickly as the memory system it has been my good fortune to evolve.

. . . . . .

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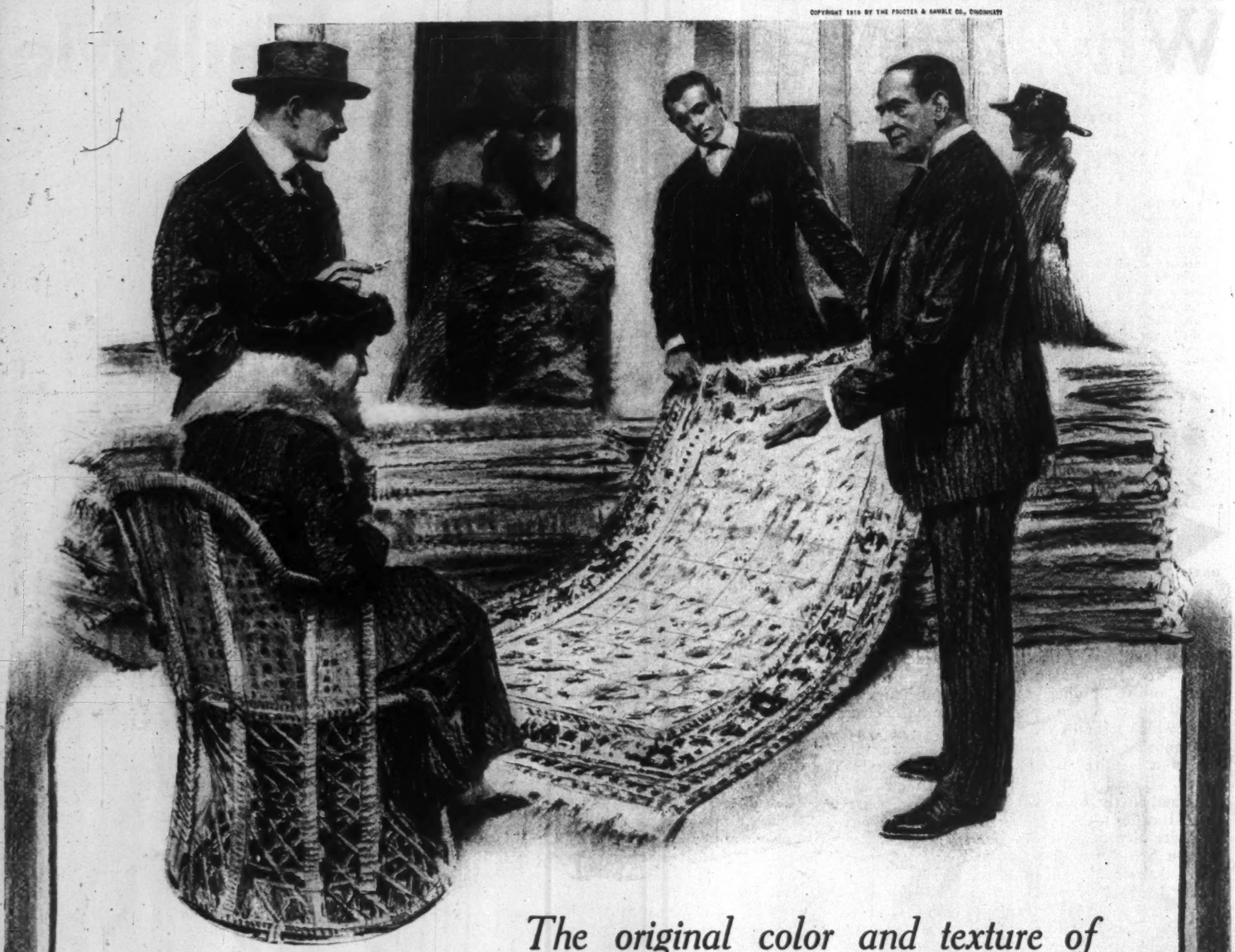

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APRIL
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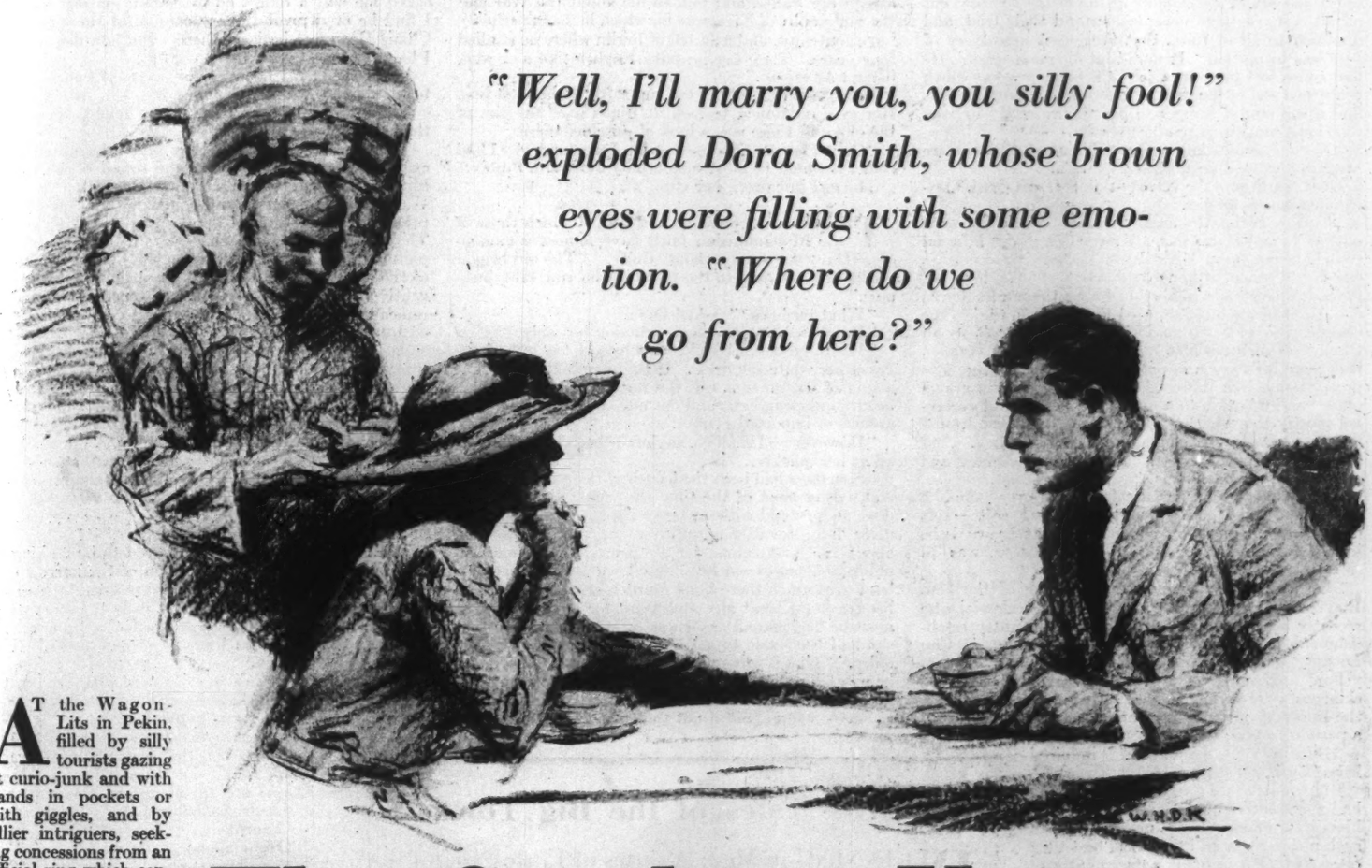

"Well, I'll marry you, you silly fool!" exploded Dora Smith, whose brown eyes were filling with some emotion. "Where do we go from here?"

The Cracking Knee

Here begins a high-spirited serial

by Richard Washburn Child

Illustrations by W. H. D. Koerner

At the Wagon-Lits in Pekin, filled by silly tourists gazing at curio-junk and with hands in pockets or with giggles, and by sillier intriguers, seeking concessions from an official ring which constantly changed like a chameleon, or blew its own head off with an exploded conspiracy—bang!—we ran face to face with Davy Binns.

He was talking in the gloom of the inner lobby, at one of the little tables to which the fat, sleek and yellow Number Two boy brings cocktails and tea for very noisy or very confidential conversations. He was talking to a girl who if not pretty was surely the most interesting of the thin stream of women which flowed up, even during the War, from Shanghai or down from Seoul and through the North Gate of the crumbling Great Wall, some with letters of introduction and some quite without. The odd thing about it was that, by coincidence, we came upon him at the moment when he was putting before this American girl the outrageous proposal which came so near resulting in a final thrust of a knife.

Binns—Davy Binns—as some other Britisher in the Hong Kong Club once remarked, is about as fitting a name for this bronzed, blue-eyed, hard-limbed cricket-playing Oxford man as McGinty would be for a newly bred orchid. The truth is that Davy was not a corruption of David; it was the name of his mother's family, noted for their part in the Cromwell Wars and service under Marlborough and for the perpetuity of beautiful daughters who in 1918 are quite as tall and lean and lovely as they were when Pitt admired the famous Davy twins. His last name had been honored most by his father's labors. Under the nebular-theory school of astronomists the latter wrote Binns's "Universe" and left most of his modest fortune to found the Binns Observatory.

The truth about young Binns was most astonishing. Of all the world the most astonished were his intimates—the men who had seen him pull out a race in the bow of an eight-oared boat on the Thames when the sliding seat had gone from under him and he had finished by sitting where every stroke he took made the steel rail beneath him cut deeper into his legs; the men who knew his cool courage, and who were familiar with his expressions of hatred for Prussia.

Only a few knew the truth. He had friends in the War Office. One of them, particularly, helped with great tact.

Without the War, no one might ever have known, but Binns was just the man one would expect would find his way among the first hundred thousand; without a uniform and never having worn a uniform, nevertheless, he looked like an officer. This attraction of spirited appearance may have been a part of the influence which led the American girl—a sort of chaste adventuress, one might say, a journalist traveling to Russia quite fearlessly, an angel trying on behalf of some United States syndicate to get in where even fools fear to tread—to accept Binns's wild proposal. Why not? This must have been what Dora Smith said to herself. She was all alone. Her youth was hers!

As I say, without the War no one would ever have been the wiser. But it was the War which explained why Davy would never go riding after a fox, and why he rather squirmed when Barbour, back from Ceylon, told of bringing down his big game. Of course it was a mild form of lunacy. But it was deeply rooted, heaven knows! As we Americans were given to understand, it was all due to some odd religious belief to which half a dozen generations of the Binnses have clung, making no fuss about it, but carrying it on quietly even to a practise. One would as quickly suspect Davy Binns of stealing kisses from other Oxford men's wives as of harboring any such nonsense, but when the War smoked it out, there stood the fact.

Binns was quite ready to be killed. He would go to the Front for that purpose and said so.

"But I shall not kill one of the beggars," he said doggedly. "It's wrong to kill. But, I say now, can't you find a job for me where I can run a schooner loaded with rocks up into one of the damned Huns' submarine bases and stay with her until they've sunk her in their own channel?"

For one who usually appears as calm and unruffled as Binns, they say his expression was positively pathetic.

"A conscientious objector!" roared Geoffrey Eames. "I'm funked, Davy. I'm really and awfully funked. You mustn't tell any one else—do you hear? It's not decent. We must find something that will let you carry on against the devils in your own way."

They gave him an intelligence-officer job, secret service work—something of that nature. They had him in Russia and it was he who reported to Downing Street the real truth about Russia which was that it was not German propaganda which rotted Russia but Russian propaganda—the eternal deception, suppression of truth, and lies which the bureaucracy told to the people.

"It will be so anywhere," Binns had written. "You

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love your mother, but if she continually lied to you and blinded you she wouldn't fool you in the end. She'd be lucky if she didn't lose you; and in any case she'd lose your confidence and take your nerve."

They detailed him to India later. And there he was immensely amused when, after he had pointed out the trail of revolutionary conspirators to an allied country, some bright censorship in the latter country cut off all news of these conspirators and their trial, and disclosed to all of India that the secret machinery of fear was in motion. It undid all his good work. He had come to China on a job still bigger — one which concerned one of the rare instances where the Germans find a soil stupid enough to permit lies really to take root long enough to produce results.

"No one knows how many millions of Chinese are Mohammedans," he told Dora Smith.

Dora Smith was the velvety-skinned, soft-eyed, firm-chinned American girl.

"Turkey is the Mohammedan stronghold," he went on. "China declares war, after one of her own internal comic-operas, upon Germany. Turkey is Germany's partner in crime, although the fellows at Gallipoli tell me that a Turk is a whole lot of a gentleman fighter as compared to the bullet-headed Fritz. Well, there's the chance, you see. Germany can preach revolt to all Chinese Mohammedans. We know how that is done. But there isn't much in propaganda alone. Alone it is pretty much like the ostrich with head in the gravel pile — an invitation to a man with a brick and deceiving mostly the ostrich. There's something else to distribute — graft, grease, squeeze. That's money. And the wherewithal of revolt. That's guns. Money and guns have been coming in."

Dora nodded. Her great calm brown eyes were like those of a child. Her quality of being soft — soft motions, soft voice, soft expressions, soft brown hair, were misleading. Her spirit, so Binns says, was all sinews.

"Up in Hupeh Province, on a branch of the Han River, is an old, charming and villainous celestial who recently has moved into an abandoned country establishment of a former Governor. His name is Chu Loong — a name of saccharine melody for a man of yellow acid corrosiveness, and a yellow parchment skin, and yellow whites of eyes. He is the distributer for the Imperial German Government — blast its eyes and a pardon to you."

"But this you do not *know*?" inquired Miss Smith.

Binns, like other finely-bred Britishers, had a characteristic trick of drawing over himself a blanket of stupidity. When such men understand the world best they often look at it in blank amazement, call it "extraw-dinary" in a peculiar falsetto and pretend that it is all quite beyond comprehension. Now Davy stared emptily at this American Diana of journalism.

"I said that you were only guessing about Loong — this old retired official," repeated Miss Smith, folding her soft hands. "Of course the thing in your mind, Mr. Binns, is that you wish to make a visit to the old Chinese gentleman and scholar who reads Confucius, and who, no doubt, last year used to come up to Pekin occasionally to see the German ambassador about heaven knows what. You want to find out whether or not Loong is the distributer of money and of weapons slipped up the Han River under loads of rice-bagging."

Davy turned his head and gazed meditatively at the rectangle of blinding light of the Chinese sun prickling down into Legation Street beyond the open doorway. Coolies drawing 'rickshaws; bodies bent forward, moist yellow lower legs twinkling like pale polished bronze as they ran; Manchu ladies with faces painted like those on the ship's register of a Noah's ark, their artificial heads under slick black hair bobbing under the cover of 'rickshaw hoods, perspiring diplomats, a Chinese bank president in a black silk jacket and an aproned skirt, and under a European hat and a European sunshade — all the 'alf-and-'alf of two oil-and-water civilizations passed that doorway in a strip of horizontal moving picture. Occasionally the fresh warm air rolling down from the mountain ranges in the northwest, and having dropped its load of Gobi Desert dust, brought in the faint and eternally haunting odor of corruption and decay mingled with the spicy aromas of the East; occasionally it brought the raucous, wistful and infernal ghostly chanting which ever seems to come nearer and ever seems to recede toward menacing silence — the murmur, the muttering and the cries of ancient glories and present vanities, belonging to the restless dead, or the patient, swarm-breeding living.

"Well, I'm beastly troubled about it," he said at last, just as if he had never assumed to know the fact for which he sought confirmation. "I'd go up there to see the old rascal if I thought he wouldn't know my errand. If he believed I was a jolly chump of a tourist he'd be glad to see me and take me in, feed me buried eggs and fried chicken meat and walnuts and hot wine in pewter, all according to Kwantung style and have a dozen servants sneaking around on soft slippers to attend my wants, and talk to me about the War and the philosophy of Nietzsche for which he has a perfectly huge contempt, and he'd tell of Berlin where he studied four years. They say he talks English like a — well, like an American."

Dora Smith raised her tea cup softly to her soft lips. Her eyes continued to look at Binns over the rim of the cup and there was a look of mischief there.

"Only if he identified me — who I was and why I had come, it would be most wonderfully awkward, I'd say."

The girl put down her cup.

"THERE is one business in China of which those of the Mohammedan faith have almost a monopoly," Davy was saying thoughtfully. "The old beggar might turn me over to the faithful who run that business."

"What business?" asked Dora.

"Butcher," Davy replied, grinning boyishly.

The American girl took her white gloves out of the lap of her white silk dress. If Binns in that stir caught a sniff of fragrance it was the rare fragrance of youth, health and cleanliness and not one of the commonplace aromas of imported extract.

"However — I shall go, anyhow," he said, and looked up at her quickly.

Seven days had been the length of their acquaintance and during most of the time the young Britisher had done all he could without being impolite, to express his utter disapproval of any nice young woman traveling about the world alone for a "penny-a-line American publisher," and even heading off wilfully to Russia, a land over which there hung murder, arson, robbery and heaven knew what all, unpleasant for nice girls. The most he had actually said was to express surprise that she had been able to get a passport from "her foreign office." Now it was evident that she wondered whether he was telling her this to see whether she would protest against his submitting himself to an immediate and repulsive danger and if not that motive — what other?

It was like her to turn her head a little on one side and look up, appealing for an answer to an inarticulate question or an unspoken pleading; her brown eyes had in them an expression not different from a setter who wants you to throw a stick. It may have been that she would have been pleased to discover that Binns's object was to make her exclaim against his taking any hazards. Binns was the sort who might have a tremendous difficulty in making any young woman understand what was in his simple young athletic heart. He had no practise in it; he had never done it in all his life.

"The country is still alive with German agents," she said. "They are just like the things that enliven a cheese."

"They don't know me," Davy answered.

"How do you know?"

"I have one of my own men following me all the time to see whether any one else is watching me."

"And then you make confidantes of strange girls — traveling shockingly alone."

Binns blushed.

"Oh, I say!" he protested, indulging in one of the inexplicable and sudden chuckles which he unloosed from his deep chest. "It isn't fair. That makes me out an awful duffer. It was your chin"

"My chin!"

"Yes — a what sort of chin? — a reassuring chin, you know. You Americans would say it suggested a person quite distinctly 'on the level.'"

"But the Chinese —" Dora began.

"They've no particular secret service," said Davy, waving his sun-bronzed hand as if to waft that idea out of their corner.

"No — but there is the strange network of concealed, mysterious, underground channels by which the Chinese know everything! This morning the room-boy asked me why I didn't go to Nankin on my way up. I find he fired revolutionary cannon at the city when Chang Hsuu was besieged there. But how did he know I hadn't been at Nankin?"

Binns shook his head; there were, of course, mysteries about the East.

"If any one knew — then Loong might know, and then —"

They both waited as if they had interrupted each other. From far away came the sound of a Chinese funeral, passing toward Hetamen Gate in the City Wall, with its clanging and squeaking and the Taoist priests and huge distorted paper figures in high colors. They both half closed their eyes as if to better see the picture of it conjured by their memory of other parades of the dead yesterdays, and both at first smiled indulgently and then looked a little frightened as if suddenly remembering that they were young compared to the customs of a doddering civilization older than the stones in the Altar of Heaven. There might be things not yet learned and not yet dreamed.

When Miss Smith looked down she saw a stealthy hand — a thin-fingered, tapering hand, slide slowly like the head of a yellow snake in a parchment skin, across the table top toward her cup. At the wrist the cuff of the blue cotton waiter's gown started her gaze up the sleeve over the shoulder to the round and beaming face of the Chinese in which a pair of eyes glistened.

"Mississy wantchee tea more better hot?"

Dora did not start. She appeared to be making an attempt to look behind the glisten of the narrow eyes in that face. One might as well have tried to read the expression in two glass marbles in a toy-store tray. She wondered how this man succeeded in coming from nowhere, just as if he had been reincarnated there beside the little table.

She had spoken indiscreetly, in a voice much too loud. One need only have looked at her expression to see that her conscience afflicted her.

"I think you'd better not go," she said to Binns as the servant disappeared. "You would not deceive Loong. Tourists do not travel up the Ham alone in motor-driven houseboats."

"Except on — "

"Honeymoons," she said.

Binns startled her by drawling: "That was exactly the camouflage I had longed for! — a bit wistfully, you know. It makes one seem awfully like a tourist I'd say — to be on a honeymoon."

Dora Smith rose suddenly from the table.

"Oh, I say!" Binns exclaimed in protest and confusion.

"I thought we'd become a trifle trivial," the American girl commented reproachfully.

"I hadn't," he replied. "Not at all. It was just a fancy of mine. I thought if I had a young woman — preferably one of those models they put out in a draper's window, eh? — just the lay figure of a young woman — so I could create the picture of tourists. But hang it! — there's nothing short of a proposal and an engagement and a marriage and all that sort of thing. And I really couldn't quite pay that price, even to carry on, now could I? Unless, of course — if I — "

Miss Smith said: "You might."

"You mean I might take some one up the river — say, my sister, if she were only here instead of rolling bandages with St. John's Corps — to produce the effect, we'll say — to hoodwink the old celestial, eh?"

"I suppose it would have to be your sister — or your wife," Dora said calmly. "No doubt there might be a woman who would go with you and even marry you — not because she loved you, of course, but because it was real adventure and because — she loved to do all she could to 'carry on,' as you call it."

"Oh, not because there was any love in it," Davy emphasized. "That would be understood. No love. Maybe a bit of a friendship — but no love. That goes without saying."

Dora was meditative. At last she said, "You have told me it would be against your principles. And that's the best of the best of you Englishmen. You *do* have principles. Of course that is the stuff that wins wars. Only now in your small way you're setting up a principle which in its small way interferes, perhaps — who can say — with the winning of a war. If I were a man

Little Tales of the Big Town

BEGINNING in May: A series of Little Tales of the Big Town, by Wallace Irwin — yarns of Manhattan, each a masterpiece, worthy of O. Henry himself. Mr. Irwin has never done anything better. These are stories that will make you chuckle, yet touch your heartstrings, too. Watch for "Light on Mr. Groley" next month, illustrated by George Wright.

He looked at her with a troubled inquiring gaze as if he were unable to bridge some yawning space between them

I would marry if I had to take a wife as a disguise — I'd marry just to look and act like a tourist on a honeymoon."

"You would!" exclaimed Binns. "Well, that's most convincing."

"It might be awkward after the work was done ——"

"Rather!"

He stared at her, blushing, and then added: "I suppose the two persons concerned would have to make the best of it But it would be not so bad, you know — so different from the quiet, cosy, musty old way one would do it at home There'd undoubtedly be an agreement that —— "

"That there would be no love before marriage — and then the two persons would have to find it — if it were there — afterward."

"Quite so."

Dora laughed a little nervously, and she said: "A girl would have to put a great deal of faith in a man, wouldn't she? Of course if he began to make love to her — to his wife — before the mission was over, why, then she might feel that he was doing it as a kind of obligation — or opportunity."

"He'd be a cad to make love to — his wife — of course. A gentleman could do nothing worse than take such an advantage, as one might say."

"Under the conditions then, I think that I — " Dora began.

He said quickly: "I can't let you do it. It's a bit of a hazard I would take it for myself, but if it is to be any risk to a girl I'd rather she were some one else."

"But I would not want any other girl to do it. . . Well the point is, that *I* want to go. It is my duty, too. You could not find any one with better nerves — anywhere I'm glad you spoke to me about this. I want to fit in somewhere. This is just the place. I don't mind the risks. I am not sorry we had the foolish little talk about marriage — it was absurd. But it served to break up the one nonsense you keep in your bag of principles — that one about a woman being always dependent upon man for the exercise of her free will. I can throw myself away if I want to. That's *my* right."

Binns looked at her with a gaze of Oxford severity To this day when alone she recalls the results of that conversation, she no doubt wonders whether he was an Englishman merely trying to simulate stupidity and stubbornness or really a man who eternally clings to his principles and is quite willing to be a fool for them or to die for them.

His voice was not at all positive; it was because it was so quiet and almost blithe that his determination appeared a hopelessly impregnable wall against which her petty wrath might beat itself in vain.

"It wouldn't be the proper thing at all," he said stiffly. "I couldn't allow it. There's nothing more to be said. I consider it would be quite outrageous of me to take any girl along who was not my sister or my — What I mean to say is, if you would consent to marry me ——"

"Well, I'll marry you, you silly fool!" exploded Dora Smith, whose brown eyes were filling with some emotion. "Where do we go from here?"

BINNS appeared to be completely willing to live up to every word of that agreement.

There were six days, during which a motor-boat, painted green, puffed, gurgled and choked up the lazy breadths and the narrow rapids of the brown Han.

The fore part of this craft carried a cabin with two porthole eyes at the front, which gave her the appearance of the head of a swimming dog. Indeed, when the *Bobbin*, as she was called, had been in the service of the water clerk of Laird and Brackens, ship chandlers of Shanghai, she had been known to masters who dropped anchor on the tan-colored shallows of the Yangtse as the *Sea Puppy*. Now the cabin and its two eyes were devoted to sheltering Dora Smith Binns and giving her sufficient light so that, when she did not put her soft brown hair in a luxurious braid she could, in privacy, make a very respectable knot of it on top of her well-poised head.

Under Davy's direction, the present consumptive Chinese owner of the *Bobbin*, whose home was in the native city at Hankow, and his coolie helper and the yellow cook had put up a low canvas shelter on the roof of Dora's cabin, which bothered everybody when there was any breeze, by bellying out and in, with a noise like the flapping of a mainsail of a schooner standing up in the wind.

In a country where the network of waterways, turgid rivers and slimy canals are more dangerous than the dry and dusty roads, Binns was content to sleep outside where the noise of approaching sampans would awaken him. He managed his nights fairly well under this canvas; in the mornings the cook thrust in a basin of boiled water so that Davy, who had the faculty of appearing always as if he had just clambered out of a cold bath, could shave himself, stretched out on his stomach like a shepherd making ready to play on his pipes. He was always waiting for his lady in the cockpit where, served on a plank bridging the fuel oil engine from rail to rail, were the breakfasts of rice, eggs, marmalade and tea.

Day after day of the six fleeting days of this strange honeymoon passed with the two sitting for hours on end at the bow of the launch, lighting the fires of new conversations, complacently regarding the glow of a subject before it became ashes and then finding with apparent zeal and readiness, [*Continued on page 48*]

Our Shield Against Bolshevism

By Samuel Gompers

President of the American Federation of Labor

GOMPERS went to work when he was eleven years old. With the wolf at his own door, he went out to toil for the betterment of the masses. Yet capital found him a fair and helpful friend. Those who spoke of him in the bitterest terms have seen him in a new light since his stupendous service to America and the Allies in their hour of need.

AMERICA is not merely a name, a land, a country, a continent; America is a symbol. It is an ideal, the hope of the world.

It is the duty of every citizen to stand by his country in times of stress and war as well as during times of peace. The man who would not fight, or make the supreme sacrifice, if necessary, to save and protect his home and his country, who would not fight for liberty, is undeserving and unworthy of living in a free country.

American organized workers have always endeavored to promote good will among the peoples of the world. The possibility of war has ever been regarded by them as the black shadow of an indescribable catastrophe. The interests of the workers are identified with those of peace. War has never meant to them opportunity for gain or exploitation. It has always meant to them privation, direst suffering, service on the firing-line and in the actual fighting of the War, and bearing the burdens that follow in its wake. The workers abhor war with all its frightfulness, horror, bloodshed and mangled flesh, but they realize that there are greater evils than war. Peace secured through the surrender of a principle vital to liberty, justice and democracy is nothing less than coward servility.

The American labor movement never advocated peace at any price. It never encouraged nor gave support to any movement of peace at any price. While it recognizes that peace is essential for normal, progressive development, it steadfastly refused to advocate peace at the sacrifice of the ideals of freedom and justice.

Despite the fact that there are within the membership of the American Federation of Labor men of all nationalities, yet on March 12, 1917, nearly a month prior to the declaration of war on the part of our government, the representatives of the national and international unions of America met in solemn conference and there conceived the position which the workers of America should take, whether we would be permitted to enjoy the priceless privilege of peace or whether we would be thrust or dragged into the maelstrom of war. At that conference certain fundamental principles were laid down. Among them were—

1. That the standards of living of the American people should be maintained or improved and not deteriorated; and,
2. That the rights and liberties of the people of the United States should be maintained and secured whether in peace or in war.

We then unanimously declared:

"We, the officers of the National and International Trade Unions of America in national conference assembled in the capital of our nation, hereby pledge ourselves in peace or in war, in stress or in storm, to stand unreservedly by the standards of liberty and the safety and preservation of the institutions and ideals of our Republic.

"In this solemn hour of our nation's life, it is our earnest hope that our Republic may be safeguarded in its unswerving desire for peace; that our people may be spared the horrors and the burdens of war; that they may have the opportunity to cultivate and develop the arts of peace, human brotherhood and a higher civilization.

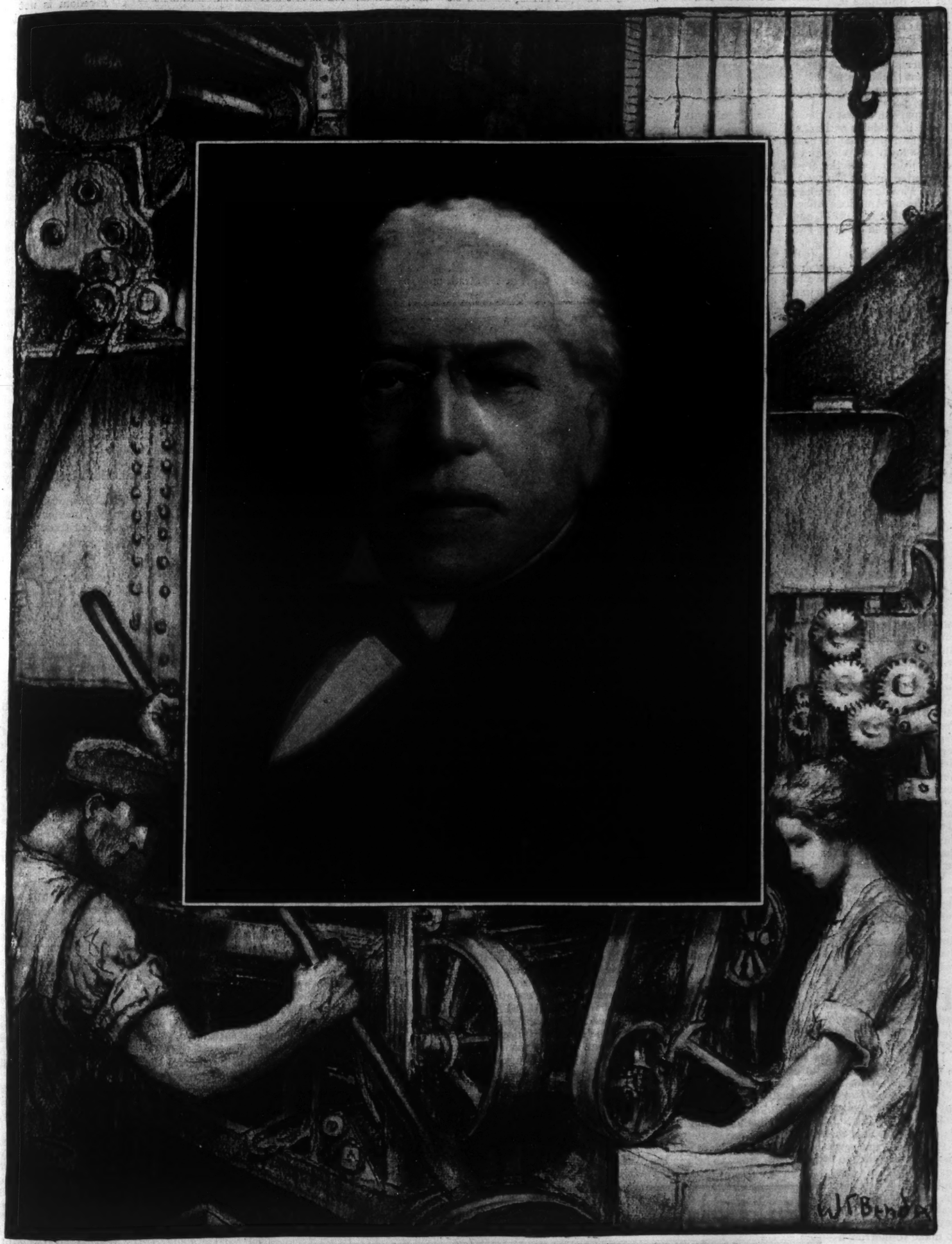
"But, despite all our endeavors and hopes, should our country be drawn into the maelstrom of the European conflict, we, with these ideals of liberty and justice herein declared, as the indispensable basis for national policies, offer our services to our country in every field of activity to defend, safeguard, and preserve the Republic of the United States of America against its enemies, whomsoever they may be, and we call upon our fellow workers and fellow citizens in the holy name of Labor, Justice, Freedom and Humanity to devotedly and patriotically give like service."

Though distantly removed from one another, our soldiers, sailors and workers were united into one solid phalanx in the great contest between democracy and autocracy to decide the right of peoples to govern themselves, or the might and powers of kings and emperors to rule and dominate their subjects. With unceasing endeavor and to the utmost of their superb powers, they answered every call that was made upon them.

American Labor realized that upon the armies on the battlefield, supported by our mighty industrial army at home, rested the burden of freeing the world from the menace of enslavement that autocratic rulers sought to fasten upon the peoples of all the world. America's workers played a mighty and majestic part in the winning of the Great War.

Labor proved the government's greatest asset in insuring victory. The American Federation of Labor assumed proportions of a vast machine in the interests of our nation and its cause. It minimized in its inception the movement which was intended to create pacifism in the ranks of Labor. It rendered ineffective influences which aimed to weaken the forces of our government.

American Labor has kept its trust with democracy



and the principles of liberty and justice. It yields to no person or institution in its fidelity and devotion to our Republic. American Labor is proud that *fewer conscientious objectors were found in its ranks than among any other group of people.*

Comparison between the pronouncements and activities of individuals and associations who without warrant or authority assume to speak in the name of Labor, and the loyal attitude and patriotic declarations and accomplishments of the organized labor movement as represented by the American Federation of Labor, is vivid. I invite careful reading of the paragraphs quoted above from "American Labor's Position in Peace or in War," of March 12, 1917, and the following declaration of the American Socialist Party:

> "The American people did not want and do not want this war. They have not been consulted about the war and have had no part in declaring war. They have been plunged into this war by the trickery and treachery of the ruling class of the country through its representatives in the National Administration and National Congress, its demagogic agitators, its subsidized press, and other servile instruments of public expression.
>
> "We brand the declaration of war by our government as a crime against the people of the United States and against the nations of the world.
>
> "In all modern history there has been no war more unjustifiable than the war in which we are about to engage.
>
> "No greater dishonor has ever been forced upon a people than that which the capitalist class is forcing upon this nation against its will."

No other influence in our country was viewed with such favor by the autocratic governments of Germany and Austria as was the pernicious propaganda of the socialists to destroy or weaken the forces of democracy in this great struggle.

While the greatest of all wars has ended, our work is not yet completed. Peace has come, not technically, but to all intents and purposes. The imperial governments of Austria and Germany are no more. The peace conference is meeting in France. Of course we are all interested in territorial readjustments and the right of small nations to the opportunity to live their own lives and to work out their own destinies. We are all concerned as to what shall be written into the peace treaty, especially in so far as it affects our own people.

We concentrated all our efforts during the War and fought for the principles of our country and the ideals of justice and freedom; we threw the weight of our physical force, our wealth and our spirit into the balance. We have won, and it is good for all to understand that we should be alert and vigilant to see to it that the sacrifices we made to win the War shall not be lost around the peace table.

THE affairs of the whole world are in the process of remaking. Relations between nation and nation, and between the peoples within the various nations, and among working people particularly, are undergoing a new change and a new life.

I stand in so far as I can and dare — and I dare much — for the principles of natural and rational development and growth.

I am opposed, as is organized labor of America, to any destructive policy.

There is nothing that is worth while maintaining that I would aid or abet in destroying.

Our policy, our work, our method, our ideas and our ideals are to build, to construct, to grow, to help in the development of the highest and best in the human family; to make to-day a better day than yesterday, to make to-morrow a better day than to-day, to make to-morrow and to-morrow's to-morrow each a better day than the one that has gone before. That evolutionary process of progress and improvement is the basis for the opportunity for freedom, justice and democracy.

That is the constructive policy of progress. If that policy of the American labor movement is opposed and successfully opposed then our work, our activities, and our movement will be sent to destruction.

If we are impotent, if we are incapable of securing for the workers improvements in their conditions, then we ought not to exist. I say for myself that if I were convinced that the American labor movement is impotent to be of service to my fellows, I would quit it and abandon the organization to its justifiable fate.

It is a question of dealing with such a movement as represented by the American trade unions — the American Federation of Labor — or dealing with a body of irresponsibles or irreconcilables. If we are not on the right track, then those who represent the wildest orgy of destruction with no consideration for the rights of individuals, will come to the front. It is a matter of choice between dealing with such elements or dealing with the constructive forces of the organized labor movement of our country.

I do not know that I am entitled to very great credit because I am not a Bolshevik. With my understanding of American institutions and American opportunities, I repeat that the man who would not be a patriot in defense of the institutions of our country would be undeserving the privilege of living in this country.

It is true that we have discussed democracy. We have used that term glibly and often without understanding. It is true that we have discussed freedom, and often without understanding. I have had the opportunity of travel in Germany. I have never heard any people so vociferously and enthusiastically sing and shout the terms of freedom and democracy as did the German people.

Freedom is not a condition, nor is democracy a condition. Freedom is the exercise, the functioning of freedom, the practise of freedom, the practise of democracy. All that society can give, all that government can give, is the opportunity for freedom. It depends upon the people to be intelligent and grow into the feeling, the exercise and practise of the function of freedom. It was because the principles of freedom and democracy were menaced by the system of autocracy and militarism that the people of our country and the peoples of other countries and of the democracies of the world rallied around their banners and declared, and made good their willingness to make the supreme sacrifice, for the principles, the institutions and the practise of freedom which were threatened to be overwhelmed and crushed.

If I thought that Bolshevism was the right road to go, that it meant freedom, justice and the principles of humane society and living conditions, I would join the Bolsheviki. *It is because I know that the whole scheme leads to nowhere, that it is destructive in its efforts and in its every activity, that it compels reaction and brings about a situation worse than the one it has undertaken to displace, that I oppose and fight it.*

The American labor movement is founded upon the historic development of conditions of industry and commerce in our country, based upon the ideas and the ideals of American institutions; it is a movement that is rational, natural, orderly and yet insistent that the rights to which the workers are entitled shall be fully accorded.

The American labor movement as represented by the American Federation of Labor and our trade unions is this:

> We believe in progress; we believe that all the fruits and the results of the genius of past ages and of to-day do not belong to any particular class, that they belong in truth as a fair share, and opportunity for a fair share, to every man and woman who gives service to society and who aids civilization.

IF Society stands like a stone wall against that concept, as a united body against that presentation of thought and ideas, no one knows with what we may have to contend later.

The workers of America made many sacrifices during the War. Many of our employers and financiers reaped enormous profits out of the War. There are some lessons which this war has taught. There are some advantages which the workers have gained, and these must not be sacrificed upon the altar of greed and gain.

The standards of life of the American working people must not be lowered. Labor can not live decently on a wage less than it now receives without bringing down the standard of living. Wages must not be reduced. In many instances they must be increased to enable the wage earner to live in health and comfort. Hours of work must not be lengthened but shortened. The workers of our country must be given leisure and opportunity for the improvement of mind and body and spirit.

Our American Bourbons must understand that the day of absolutism in industry as in politics is at an end. Having defeated political autocracy abroad, the workers will not consent to have industrial autocracy enthroned at home. We insist that a better time shall come into the work and the lives of the working people and of all the people of our country.

We hope to bring about a better day and a better time, to see to it that this Republic of ours shall grow industrially, agriculturally, commercially, financially, spiritually, humanely.

Readjustment and reconstruction confront all nations. Labor faces these problems calmly and confidently, ready to give service for the good of all our people and our Republic; firm in the conviction that good will, justice, freedom and democracy will finally prevail throughout the world.

The remarkable face of the great labor leader has been for years an inspiration to artists and sculptors

Next month Samuel Gompers digs in deeper!

In May:—"Easy Money" by Lee F. Hartman

"Pink and Pearlie," decided Good-Time Evans with his proudest air, "dress in two rooms"

Good-Time Evans

Also Big-Time Evans and Small-Time Evans—and Then Some

by **Louise Closser Hale**

Illustrations by F. R. Gruger

"BUT I'll have a good time," persisted the host. "Just you watch! Check, waiter!"

"Chicago!" groaned one of his luncheon guests, a slim eyeglassed type whose proudest boast was that he had made thirty crossings and had never been in a sleeper.

The third at table, a young man old before his time by continual migrations to avoid the cold of winter and the heat of summer, added his doleful note. "In the snow and slush — black snow and slippery slush — help!" He turned to his host. "Better come to Florida with me, Gerry."

"What you cute little cusses don't understand," returned Good-Time Evans, signing for the check without the smallest precautionary examination of the amount, "is that a rattling good time isn't a matter of geography, no, nor the what-you-may-call-it — having to do with weather — you know ——"

"Elements," supplemented the pursuer of the climates.

"Well — all right — elements. It hasn't anything to do with good food or good wine, for that matter, no, nor girls — here let me go on!" For as loudly as two young gentlemen could raise their voices in a restaurant where the right people were lunching, this latent theory of the gay and flippant Mr. Evans was cried down.

"Putting it on a little thick, old 'un," from the sleeperless traveler.

"It's not a skirt taking you out to Chikagy. Aw no!"

Gerry Evans laughed quite as delightedly as his gibing mates. "N. S.— no skirts. Dad's sending me on business."

"Business!" More polite howls.

"Can you beat it!" continued the amiable Gerry. "There has to be a signature of one of the family in the presence of certain witnesses. Couldn't get the old man out in this weather. 'Gerry,' he said to me last night, 'you're no good except to flit, now you flit and sign your name.' And that ended it." He pushed back his chair and beamed upon his friends. "So there you are, old darlings. 'Struth. I'm flitting to Chicago on the Limited, give evidence of being Gerard Evans, *fils*, and flitting back again in the afternoon. A skirt? Not unless it's on the Pullman porter."

The Florida-bound guest snapped his hunting-case. "If you don't get some action in the next ten minutes the porter may be wearing rompers for all you'll ever know."

"Plenty of time. I always catch trains," said Gerry, rising.

"And the horrible part about it is — you do," agreed the devotee of boats. "Why any one wants to catch a train —— "

They strolled into the foyer where Gerry became the immediate victim of his insistent valet, Graves, a superior individual who carried the bags and tickets and lived with his eye on the clock, and the light-hearted Gerry drove off with his man before it came to his companions comfortably left behind that Good-Time Evans had not made known the ingredients essential to his invariable enjoyment through life.

The men reflected upon it an instant before they parted. "Digestion," was considered, and dismissed.

"It's something inside of him, though."

"Not so sure of that, things happen to him."

"No, he makes them happen — it's inside, I tell you."

They advanced a parting thought which brightened up their lives tarnished by an excess of gold. "But hold on to this," said the man with the eyeglasses, "he'll go stale some day." And with this satisfactory conclusion the two who, in spite of unceasing efforts to be amused, occasionally found life not entirely responsive, went their separate ways. At least it couldn't go on forever — that was something to hold on to.

And it couldn't — even for Gerry. But they had

They put their arms around each other and cried

left out of their reckoning the fresh joy to be derived from contrast, a joy as yet undiscovered by young Mr. Evans until, eighteen hours later upon his arrival in Chicago, he found himself with an entire evening on his hands.

An angry avalanche of snow directed against the laboring engines of the Limited had brought the train into the city long after the afternoon Flier had jerked its wheels from the frozen rails and sped eastward with a compartment, for which Graves had arranged by wire before leaving New York, occupied throughout the trip by a delighted conductor. The gray of the Chicago day had turned into the blackness of an early night before Evans's signature had been solemnly attested by the group of dignitaries in an office high enough to discover how snow is made.

By five, having with light-hearted skill avoided the hospitality of those chiefs of finance, he was lounging in the lobby of the Blackmore Hotel while Graves was listening to the assurances of the room clerk that accommodations could be offered Mr. Evans just as soon as — he retired to whisper, but Graves caught the import of the matter.

The servant respectfully approached his master. "It'll be all right, sir, they're chucking somebody out — in a manner of speaking."

"Gee! In this cold!" But Mr. Evans made no further protest. It conformed with his idea of a pleasant day that he secure a resting-place. He sauntered into the grill at the left and gave a mild order that might tickle an appetite into more vigorous demands two hours later. If anybody was being put out for him — he didn't want to see it.

In that way he missed what others witnessed with amused and not unkindly glances: the departure of a timid little couple, their finery of a pronounced shabbiness, who, after a great scratching together of bills — the largest unfortunately wrapped about a pawn ticket — paid their reckoning and carried their bags to the street.

So cumbersome was their load that they were hedged within the revolving doors and whirled twice about by the forcefulness of incoming guests eager to seek security from the furious storm. In their embarrassment they laughed shrilly and for no reason beyond the sensation of debt we owe to the supercilious, apologized to the doorman. The apology was not accepted.

A taxi that had discharged its fare into the warm maw of the hostelry left the door open for them, the driver more than suggesting that to find a cab on such a night was a privilege. Yet he bore away another passenger, for the little couple made some comment for all to hear, to the effect that the distance was not great and, heads down to the storm, beat their way toward the gloomy length of Wabash Avenue.

Gerry Evans sipped an aperitif and nibbled at an appetizer, for all this was before the days when the fourth meal was taboo — before the steely edicts of war had neatly cut from American lives even the luxuries that a man could pay for.

Against the wind two small voices comforted each other. But it was the woman who offered the first solace. "It's just as well, honey dear. I'm just as glad that the room was engaged. We couldn't 'a' held out much longer, anyway."

"It ain't that. It's our falling down this way when we'd planned everything for so long, yes, and saved. I don't believe Jepson ever got my cards. Seven of 'em —— !"

"Well, I reckon if he was going to send for us he'd 'a' done it. What if he'd ring up now!" The thought grew. She stopped in the snow. "Gus, what if Jepson should ring us up and find us gone?"

There was pride in the voice of the little man. "Can't you always depend on me, Milly? They have a book for just such things in a swell hotel like that. I left the number with the clerk. They're slick about such wrinkles — that's the best of going to a good hotel."

"Are we going to Ma Brown's, Gus?"

"Cert, Ma Brown's — once more."

The girl sighed above the wind and they ploughed on up Wabash Avenue until they reached a dismal red brick with a high stoop and discouraged wooden porch. "You going to tell Ma Brown, Gus?"

"That we tried to put on a big front and get Big Time? Not me. She'd laugh her fool head off."

"Just the same," from the valiant wife, scuffling up the steps, "the act's good enough."

"You bet. It's a good act."

The door-bell came off in his hand and he knocked cheerily with it upon the paneling.

"Gus," with a catch in her voice, "I hope we'll get even some Small Time right off."

"Sure, we'll get it. Anyway we can stand off Ma."

Heavy footsteps were heard clambering up from the basement. Gus put his arm about Milly. "We can stand off Ma — if she's got a room."

Ma Brown had a room, two flights back, and a welcome of a kind. "Ain't never been in this room, have you, Milly?" said the landlady, gazing at its ill-lighted, meager proportions with favor.

"No, I guess not," said Milly. Her heart sank as she observed its tawdry equipment, a room that once might have been beautiful in her eyes.

"Well, it'll bring you luck. Everybody gets a job out of this room."

"Do they?" asked the little team eagerly. They believed in luck.

"Surest thing you know. Eldorado booked straight to the coast the day he rented the piano. You can use it. It's paid on for a week."

The girl ran her hand up and down the keys. The light was the bluish glare of a gas burner, the bed sagged in the middle, the Morris chair was broken, and the storm beat against the window, but with the magic of her little fingers she brought loveliness into the mean room and turned the season into spring. Even the breast of Mrs. Brown, which had carried forebodings of no funds when the two first stood before her, was filled with a lenient respect for a talent which she in no way understood.

"You two otta hold out for Big Time," was astonishingly advanced. They smiled at each other with only a touch of dreariness. A desire to tell of their adventure overwhelmed them, but the smell of burning meat greeted their nostrils at that instant.

"Oh, my Gawd!" and Ma Brown hurled herself down the steps. "Who'd a thought stew could burn!"

"Burnt stew!" exclaimed Gus. "And I reckon they're eating 'chicken Becker' at the Blackmore Hotel."

"I like stew, honey," said the wife. And then for some unaccountable reason they put their arms around each other — an absurd little team — and cried.

It was at this moment that Gerry Evans, eying with a certain good-humored contempt the one bedroom left in the hotel for him, threw himself in the arm-chair by the desk telephone and let his hand wander indecisively over the receiver.

"Don't know who to call up, Graves," he confided to his ancient servitor who was unhappily laying out his employer's array of toilet articles.

"Excuse me, sir, but whomsoever you do call, I trust you'll not arsk 'im to come up 'ere, sir."

"Why not?"

"And you without a barth, sir. It'd get around."

"Do 'em good — stir 'em up a little," teased Gerry.

"It'd lower you, sir."

"Oh, well, you could stand in the hall and explain how it happened."

"I should do that, sir."

"It would fix me all right, wouldn't it" — Gerry had a somber moment — "to tell 'em about my turning a couple out on the worst night the world has ever known so that I could have a bed?"

"I saw them, sir. Troubled me a bit, but probably they're 'appier in a 'umbler plice. They certainly did look fair broke, sir."

[*Continued on page 58*]

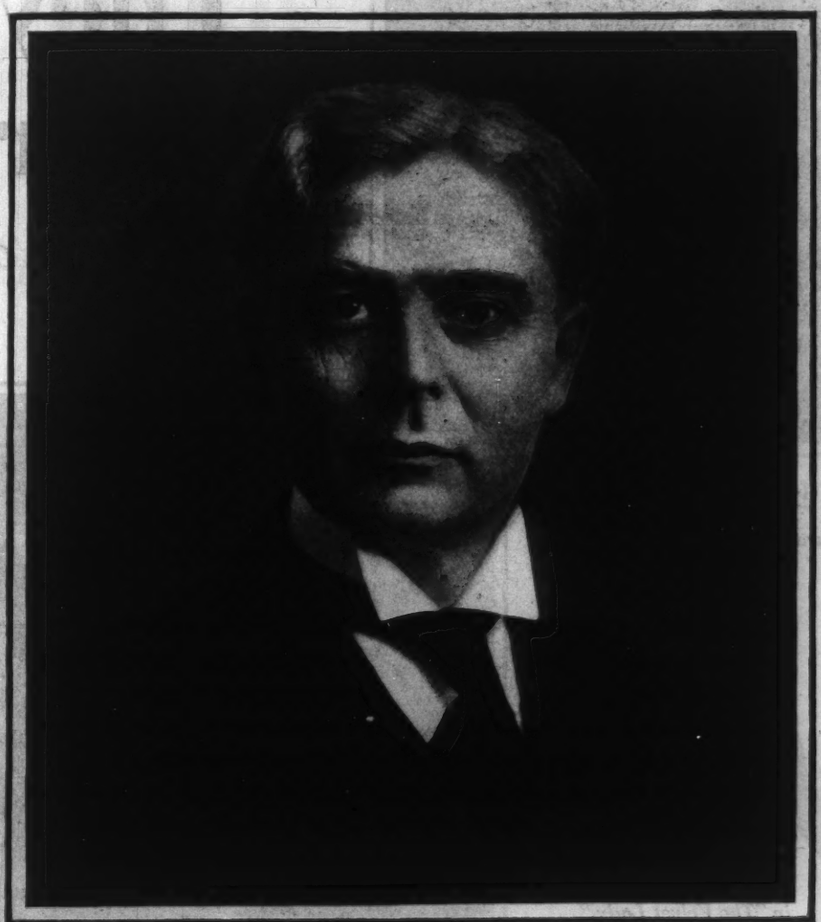
"They're 'appier in a 'umbler plice, sir"

Ole Hanson On the Job!

Here Is the Rugged Story of the Seattle Revolution by the Man Who Showed the Bolsheviki and the I. W. W.'s Just Where To Get Off

by Ole Hanson
Mayor of Seattle, Washington

Editor's Note: — Mayor Hanson is one of the most remarkable men in America to-day. The manner in which he settled the Seattle Revolution will go down in history. Wishing to present to its readers the most authentic account of this affair, McClure's asked Mayor Hanson to send his own story and held the presses for his answer. Feeling it his absolute duty to warn the people of this country of the very much under-estimated danger of Bolshevism, Ole Hanson telegraphed us the following article which was dictated from his bed at midnight.



The indomitable Mayor of Seattle, whose story, taken in connection with the first of the articles by Samuel Gompers which appears in this magazine, gives us all some big things to think of in connection with the great Labor question of to-day

At ten o'clock, February sixth, 1919, a strange silence fell over our city of four hundred thousand people. Street-car gongs ceased their clamor, newsboys cast their unsold papers into the street, from the doors of mill and factory, store and workshop, streamed sixty-five thousand workmen. School children with fear in their hearts hurried homeward. The life stream of a great city stopped.

The mass strike, most potent weapon of revolutionists, was in operation. Merchants, bankers, tradesmen, preachers, lawyers, doctors and workers stood in silence with questioning looks on their faces. It was as if a great earthquake was expected from which none could escape.

The criminal leaders of union labor issued their ukase refusing to allow anyone to do anything in any way without first securing their august permission, evidenced by a printed slip marked "Exemption." They announced that only a few exemptions would be granted. They would bury the dead if the hearse and automobile owners gave them half the profits; they would allow hospitals to operate, if exemption was applied for; but light, transportation, food in stores or restaurants, were not exempted.

They said: "We will run our soup houses and that is all we will do."

They graciously permitted the sale of a ration of milk for all bottle-fed babies. They demanded that our municipal utilities should cease to be. They openly advocated the taking over of all enterprises. By *they* I mean the leaders. And who were they? Leon Green, Russian, alien, slacker, liar, Bolshevik, I. W. W., and head of the Electrical Workers' Union; E. B. Ault, editor of the *Union Record*, who said to me on the day of Roosevelt's death, "I am glad he is dead; he stood in our way!" Hulet M. Wells, convicted for opposing the draft, out on bail; A. E. Miller, said to carry an I. W. W. card, head of the Metal Trades Council; Frank Turco, alien; Ben Nauman, city employee and boiler inspector. Supporting these men by word and deed were thousands of Bolshevists and I. W. W. aliens, as well as many others of the same ilk. One woman was prominent, Anna Louise Strong, recalled from office of school director on a patriotic issue by vote of people of Seattle, and even to-day, as I write, she is one of the writers on the *Union Record*, which said: "Labor will not only shut down the industries, but labor will reopen under the management of the appropriate trades such activities as are needed to preserve public health and public peace. Labor may feel led to avoid public suffering by reopening more and more activities under its own management. We are undertaking the most tremendous move ever made by labor in this country, a move which will lead no one knows where."

Green said: "You shall have no light and no power. Your streets shall be dark. Hospitals cannot function. We will make it so terrible that in a short time we will win."

I said: "We shall have light and water and transportation. Our municipal activities shall not cease. This is America and not Russia. You and your anarchists shall not control this Government."

Thus we defied them. Their plans were carefully laid. Soldiers' and sailors' and workmen's councils had been organized to have super-control of all things. Different crafts were to conduct each industry. Confiscation and reappropriation were to come, they thought.

They were wrong. We had prepared with machine guns, rifles, and shotguns. We took over the arms in pawnshops and stores; we stopped the sale of cartridges and ammunition. And on Friday morning I issued my Proclamation, as follows:

"PROCLAMATION TO THE PEOPLE OF SEATTLE

"By virtue of the authority vested in me as Mayor, I hereby guarantee to all the people of Seattle absolute and complete protection. They should go about their daily work and business in perfect security. We have fifteen hundred policemen; fifteen hundred regular soldiers from Camp Lewis, and can and will secure, if necessary, every soldier in the Northwest to protect life, business and property.

"The time has come for every person in Seattle to show his Americanism. Go about your daily duties without fear. We will see to it that you have food, transportation, water, light, gas and all necessities. The anarchists in this community shall not rule its affairs. All persons violating the laws will be dealt with summarily.

"OLE HANSON, Mayor."

I then sent my ultimatum to the strike committee, and demanded unconditional, complete, and unequivocal surrender. The *Seattle Star*, guarded by one hundred police, printed one hundred thousand copies with a headline:

"SEATTLE—UNITED STATES OF AMERICA!"

With my Proclamation occupying most of the first page, our policemen and motor cars and trucks spread them broadcast over the city.

The effect was like a fire-alarm. Seattle awoke. Thousands flocked to the City Hall. Within fifteen minutes after the first paper was given away, two hundred and fifty Elks came in a body to my office. The strike was broken!

The light plant, the water plant never stopped one moment. The hospitals functioned, the stores reopened, the street cars started running. Thomas F. Murphine, my friend [*Continued on page 35*]

"There is nothing at all to dancing," says Sylvia Tell, premiere danseuse of the Chicago Opera. "You just pick up your skirts and fly away!"

We have room here for only a dozen of the "Sugar Babies"

They Just Their Toes

Some of the Girls Who Into the Thea-

Una Fleming, dancing in "The Velvet Lady," may have a bone or two but she seems to be fashioned mostly out of chiffon and grace

Mollie King and her brother putting a little kick into their dancing in "Good Morning, Judge!"

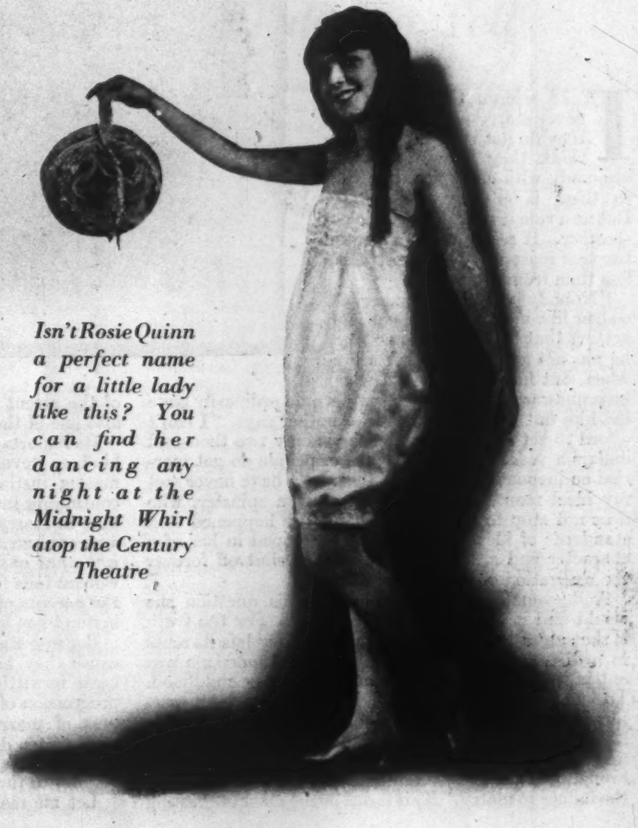
disporting themselves this season in "Monte Cristo, Jr."

Can't Make Behave!

Have Brought Spring tre This Year

Mary Hay, the "danciest" of persons in Ziegfeld's Frolic, shows you how utterly stupid it is not to be light on your toes

Dorothy and Bettina Allan taking a "Midnight Whirl" together on the Century Theatre Roof



Isn't Rosie Quinn a perfect name for a little lady like this? You can find her dancing any night at the Midnight Whirl atop the Century Theatre

Why Don't You Marry?

by

H. Addington Bruce

Illustration by Lejaren Hiller

She seemed to be in a street where she felt lonely and uneasy. A voice called to her, "Come into the dark with me!" Her feet seemed leaden. Everywhere she turned she found a high wall

IT IS seldom that those who never marry really know why they do not marry. They may think they know, and often are ready with an explanation that to them is entirely satisfactory. But as a rule it does not stand close scrutiny. It serves only to conceal the true reason from themselves no less than from others.

"Nobody would marry an old codger like me," says one man, forgetting that there was a time when he was not an "old codger," a time when, but for some cause of which he is unaware, the marriage trend would ordinarily have led him out of bachelorhood. Another says, "I can't afford to get married, my income is only two thousand dollars a year." But thousands of people do get married on incomes far less than that. "I have never met my ideal man," is the plea of many a spinster, who does not stop to ask herself how it has happened that standards of ideality have been developed in her of a character and a strength sufficient to shut off forever the realization of the marriage ideal.

And even if she did ask herself this question she would find it difficult to make answer. For the truth is that almost always the failure to marry has its roots in a dim, forgotten period of life when marriage was not in question at all — the period of early childhood. To know why any given individual refrains from marriage, a way must be found — and various ways have been found — to recall and diligently to explore that forgotten period in his or her life. Then facts will be brought to light enabling one definitely to understand the failure to marry. This is one of the most interesting of the recent discoveries of modern psychology. It is also one of the most important.

Its importance results from the fact that it puts mankind, as never before, into a position to reinforce the mating instinct — that instinct indispensable to the continuing integrity of the race. For it now appears that to marry or not to marry is a question commonly answered *according to the early upbringing of the person who must answer it.* That is to say, when a man or woman fails to marry, the real responsibility rests with the parents of the man or woman in whom the mating instinct has been distorted or suppressed.

Because the parents have done certain things, or because they have not done certain other things, they have unwittingly set in motion forces blocking the progression of their son or daughter to the ideal happiness of marriage. Incidentally these same parental errors often do more than create impassable barriers to marriage. They may create abnormal conditions leading to the misery of ill-health.

Let me make my meaning clearer by presenting a typical instance from real life — the instance of a young woman suffering from a nervous collapse after the breaking by her of a marriage engagement. In this case the collapse took the form of extreme nervous dreads of one kind or another! She was obsessed with the idea that something terrible would happen to her if she went outdoors alone. She could not bear the thought of being in a crowded place — a theatre, store, street-car, etc., — even when accompanied. Consequently she spent most of her time at home. And at home she did not feel really comfortable unless some one was with her, which was necessarily a source of not a little inconvenience to her family. These were only a few of the obsessive fears that tormented the unfortunate young woman. All her life, she confided to the specialist whom she consulted, she had been extremely timid and shy, tending to burst into tears at slight provocation. But her special dreads had not developed until she broke her marriage engagement.

"Why did you break it? Why did you decide not to get married?" asked the specialist.

"I was not quite sure of myself. I did not feel justified in remaining engaged."

"H'm!" said the specialist, looking at her with a kindly but quizzical smile. "Were you afraid to get married?"

"Perhaps that was the reason," thoughtfully and sadly. "I seem to be afraid of nearly everything. I am in a state of anxiety, dread, and indecision most of the time. That is one of my [*Continued on page 50*]

"How many times have I got to throw you out before you stay out?"

Nights to Remember

The Man Who's Been to France Has Strange Tales to Tell

by **Anna Steese Richardson**

Illustration by Thomas Fogarty

ALL over America, mothers, fathers, wives, sweethearts and devoted friends are awaiting eagerly the return of their men overseas. No hamlet is too small, no farming community or lumber camp too detached to have contributed its man or men to America's army.

And the smaller the community, the more conspicuous the returned fighting man.

And what of his reception?

Colors flying, bands playing, school children marching, women mingling tears with smiles!

But after the public welcome, what?

How are his people, his friends, his neighbors preparing to help him in his most desperate problem, readjustment?

The War Department and the Red Cross are making fine headway in the reconstruction of wounded men. The Department of Labor is providing for the unwounded who seek work. But the most delicate task of all falls to the common people, the unorganized families and friends of returned soldiers in the privacy of home.

No fighting man, soldier, sailor or marine, no man or woman who has served overseas as doctor, nurse, orderly or welfare worker, will come back to America unchanged. The change may be mental, psychological, deep-hidden beneath a familiar outward appearance, but it will be there, for the home-folks to meet with patience, tact, resourcefulness.

Some whose faces are now turned toward home have changed for the better, others for the worse. It is impossible for even the mother who thought she knew her son to his soul's core, to foretell what war may have wrought in his nature.

The mother of a quiet, book-loving son recently received from him a message something like this:

"Don't send any more mail to France. We're leaving soon. Can't say just when we will sail nor how long it will take to muster us out when we hit the debarkation camp, but don't take any steps to get back my old job at the bank. I don't want it. I can never sit in that cage again."

Immediately the mother began to fret. She had felt at ease because the bank had guaranteed her boy's old post. She cannot realize that her son's message may mean, not restlessness nor dissatisfaction, but a broader vision of work, a new enthusiasm and ambition, resourcefulness and initiative developed in the army.

Thousands of such sons who went overseas, the square pegs of the business world, are coming back rounded. They will have to fit or be fitted into round holes, which operation will require time, tact and a policy of non-interference.

Relatives have filled the period of waiting with willing, absorbing relief work. The danger ahead for the average American family is a reaction which will mean failure in the performance of the supreme task just ahead, helping the family soldier to readjust himself.

A young soldier convalescing from desperate wounds in a sea-coast hospital wrote cheerful letters to his family, making light of his affliction. He knew his people could not afford to visit him, and he did not want to add to the burden of their anxiety. Just before he was dismissed from the hospital as cured, he made an effort to prepare his mother concerning his condition. But in her eagerness to see him, to prepare his favorite dishes, to advise his old friends of his coming, she did not grasp the full meaning of his letter, let alone read between its faltering lines. And so, when he came to her disfigured, his right arm tapering down to one of those metal hooks with which ex-soldiers perform such deft service, she could not rise to the crisis. She faced him bravely enough, but, in what she thought was the privacy of her own room, she sobbed to her husband that she wished her boy might have passed out rather than face life anew so handicapped, so disfigured. And her son overheard it.

She did not mean what she said. In her heart she wanted her son back, whatever his condition. Just for a few moments she lost her hold on herself, and in those few words she undid much of the fine moral influence of the surgeons and relief workers, and weakened the splendid courage developed in the boy by his own philosophical acceptance of his physical handicap.

Not only must the family of the wounded, blinded or shell-shocked man exercise infinite patience and tact, but an almost equally delicate task will fall to those whose men may come back without a scratch. Physically without defect, they may still suffer from the reaction of the stern discipline, the constant strain, the unnatural conditions under which they have lived.

Americans who did not go overseas during the mighty struggle (and they are in the vast majority), cannot appreciate the psychological effect of army life at the Front or in rest areas. It is so abnormal that it cannot fail to leave definite traces on the peace-loving, easy-going, success-seeking American man.

A mother whose son was among the last of the

A. E. F. to go overseas and the first to return, remarked anxiously: — "I can't understand Bert at all. He was never near the Front, yet he is a bundle of nerves. He is never without a cigarette. He cannot stay home in the evening. He finds fault with his food, with nearly everything the girls and I do or say. And he hasn't made any effort to get anything to do yet."

If her boy had been gassed or wounded, if he had fought under the rain of Hun fire, she could understand his present condition. These would be the tangible war conditions of which she had read in newspaper reports, in magazine articles, in books like "Carry On" and "Over the Top." The subtler influences of army life are not so easy to grasp. Her son had not been wounded nor gassed, — but he had been removed suddenly from a quiet, uneventful existence, from a comfortable home and well-served food, to training camps in America and France. For nearly a year, he had slept in the open in all sorts of weather. Throat irritation due to exposure and constant smoking had been his daily companion. Accustomed to the environment of a refined home, he had eaten coarse food from tin or aluminum mess kits, had worn ill-fitting clothing, and had been deprived of all privacy. Nothing serious in any of these conditions or deprivations, but enough to affect the entire nervous system. And, as a mere incident, the transport on which he had sailed for France had had a narrow escape from being sunk by a submarine.

The problem of adjustment for just such boys is the common problem in thousands of American families today and will be for many months to come.

To those of us who went overseas during the War, the mental and nervous condition of the unwounded soldier is easily understood. Some of us were fortunate enough to share the environment, the events, the experiences which are responsible for the sensitiveness of these fighting youngsters who try so hard to seem normal and casual.

I recall a lovely May day in Paris when an American friend invited me to lunch at one of its most delightful cafés. And though I had had nothing but a cup of coffee for breakfast, I could not swallow my food. I made a valiant effort — and failed.

"I really can't imagine what has come over me," I explained apologetically. "My stomach seems just an aching void in my anatomy. Perhaps it was the bad water at the Front —"

My more experienced host looked at me shrewdly and smiled.

"More likely it is the big gun and the air raids."

This made me quite indignant, for I had hardly jumped when a shell from the big gun which was then bombarding Paris, had crashed through the concrete paving of a small park half a dozen blocks away.

"I DON'T mean that you *feel* afraid, that you *are* afraid, but that the air raids" (we were having two or three a night then) "and the big gun striking Paris half a dozen times a day, together have broken down your nerves. You have plain nervous indigestion. Your stomach does not want to be fed. That is exactly the psychology which guides the Huns in shelling Paris. They are trying to break down the spirit which stands behind the army at the Front."

And the constant strain of being *almost* under fire, of being within the sound of great guns, of listening night after night for the *alerte* which preceded an air raid, must leave its mark on the home-coming soldier who may never have gone over the top.

Wherever I went in France, I had odd experiences which will prove these statements.

I recall one night when, with a group of Y. M. C. A. entertainers, I made a trip just behind the Lorraine front.

A sudden downward plunge, a terrific leap, a sharp, pistol-like protest from a tire,— and the trick violinist, the Hebrew monologist, the pretty singer done in French-blue velvet, the accompanist and the writer squirmed and strangled in an undignified heap on the floor of an ambulance.

For half an hour, the driver, forbidden the use of headlights because of air raids, had guided his machine craftily through shadowy woodroads, on the way from a camp just behind the trenches to divisional headquarters at B ——. For all the sounds which greeted us the little forest may have been uninhabited, but a silence followed the tire explosion, the underbrush rustled and men sprang up as from the ground, their whispering voices proffering help. We had come to grief in the heart of a company of machine gunners.

Those whom the gods of war had thrown into their arms, they welcomed, but in subdued tones and without lights.

Always a cigarette serves as a conversational wedge in France. Under its mellowing influence half a dozen bronzed doughboys from the south were soon expressing their true sentiments on the subject of war.

"It wouldn't be so bad, lady, if it wasn't so damned dull." A heavy foot rustles through the leaves. "Ouch — that kinda slipped out! But it's this way — fighting's what we came for — it's waiting that gets our goat. Night after night like this, sitting round in the dark — can't read, can't write home, no billiards, no movies. Germans right over there and we can't take a pop at them — and don't know when orders'll come. I used-a-think the old home town was dull — tried to run away when I was a kid — enlisted to see the world — and here we are stuck in a wood for God Almighty knows how long!"

The sigh which concluded these observations was echoed by the entire circle.

"Ever been south, ma'am? [*Continued on page 44*]

On Terms to Suit the Lady

by Elizabeth Jordan

Illustration by Clarence F. Underwood

THIS is the story of David Devereux Black who sat on the side of a single bed in the bedroom of his modest "suite" in an uptown bachelor apartment house, and pondered. This occupation, in that environment, was new to him. It was not his habit to tax his brain with reflection in his supposed hours of ease. He left that sort of thing for his office — and this was Sunday morning. But now his youthful brow was corrugated by the strain of thought. His blond hair, somewhat resembling the down on a newly-hatched yellow chicken, stood on end from the effects of the nervous fingers he incessantly thrust through it. His clear blue eyes were clouded by uncertainty. The single pillow beside him showed numerous hollows left by recurrent thumps of an uneasy fist. The disheveled condition of the bedclothing also offered testimony to the fine frenzy into which the unusual exercise of home thinking was throwing David Black. He himself, suddenly sitting up straight and gazing around him, was struck by these evidences of mental stress.

"By George!" he ejaculated solemnly, "that's what love does to a fellow!"

For a moment he meditated with mournful satisfaction upon the discovery that he himself was capable of as much emotional upheaval as a chap in a book.

"It's got me going," he reflected, in a mood of combined misery and pride. "Couldn't work yesterday, couldn't sleep last night, couldn't eat this morning. What the dickens does a fellow do in a mess like this? Got to think it out, I guess."

He took his yellow head between his hands, fixed his blue eyes on a spot in the rug at his feet, and again gave himself up to thought. Thought was a familiar habit during working hours, but — no, he really could not remember having indulged in it elsewhere before to-day, except in an instinctive and fleeting fashion. He had "thought" that a meal was good or bad, that work was "bully," that a girl was "easy to look at," or the reverse. He had never before seriously sat down in his rooms to summon before him a battalion of facts and to review them. And the battalion was such a large one! Just as David thought he had got it all arranged before him at attention, another fact would stalk forward and stand around waiting, thus messing up the whole thing! He began to feel like a sleeper who is trying to woo slumber by counting imaginary sheep jumping over a stile. His facts began to jump about, to crowd one another, to push and press for a place in the foreground of his attention.

"I guess," reflected David, "I've got to forget the little fellows and keep to the two or three big ones, if I expect to get anywhere."

The two or three big ones, arranged in a mental and impressive row, were these:

First, the Girl.

At this point David forgot all the others. The drawn lines of his young face relaxed. His blue eyes lost their shadow.

"By George!" he muttered again, and stared in front of him.

For She was there, swept into place by the impulse of his thought. The sense of her presence was so overpowering that he thought he even caught a faint whiff of the perfume she sometimes used — a delicate white rose. It was just the right thing for her, David had decided, for she was "mighty like a rose" herself, and the clear perfection of her complexion was like nothing less than the petals of that flower. Most appropriately, her name was Rose, as if her parents had realized from the first exactly what she was going to turn out to be!

FOR a long time he held the picture of her standing before him, in the white linen skirt and pale green chiffon smock she had worn yesterday, out of which her small, lovely head rose like a flower above its leaves. Her hair was as fair as his own, but Rose had brown eyes, wonderfully deep and soft, and with a little twinkle in them which they usually wore when they looked at him.

Even as the twinkle approached, David's moment of happiness passed. Another fact had taken its place beside Rose, and stood there stolidly, demanding consideration. It was a fact that was hard to face, for suddenly it leered and jeered at him. It was the fact that never for one moment, since he had met her six months ago, had his Rose taken him and his love seriously. The moment he appeared, her irresistible twinkle also appeared, followed by her adorable smile and the frequent soft laughter that was like no other laughter in the world.

At first, David had joyously laughed with her. He was an exuberant young person, to whom life up till then had been very kind. Without especially exerting himself, as he secretly admitted, he was getting ahead surprisingly in his work. He had had promotions and rises of salary every year, somewhat to his own astonishment. His employers had realized, what David did not, that it was his habit to put all his superabundant vitality into whatever he was doing at the moment. From the instant he entered his office daily at nine o'clock, up till the time he left it at five, David Devereux Black worked like a young steam engine. From the latter moment he dropped the office from his mind and played as vigorously as he had worked. So when he met Rose they had laughed together over life and the joy of living until — he had begun to be wretched.

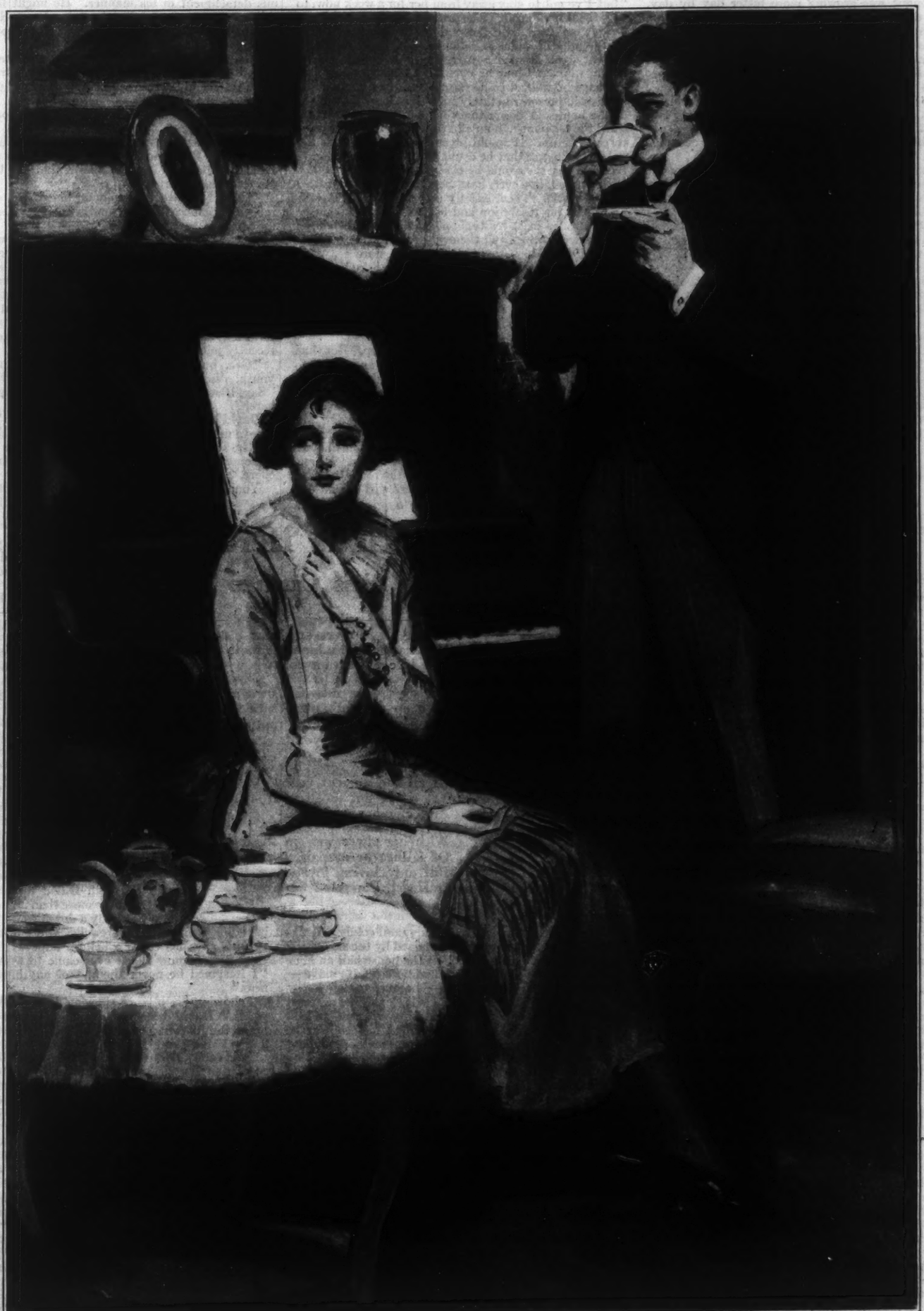
Of course he had kept on laughing for some time after that, but it wasn't by any means the same kind of laughter; and of late it had been infrequent and of the hollow variety one reads about so often and so rarely hears. Rose had observed it, but had continued to twinkle. His rival had observed it and had called attention to it with careful brutality.

"What's the matter with you, Black?" he had demanded. "Your laugh sounds as if you had swallowed a coffee-grinder!"

David's chin sank deeper into his cupped hands. His eyes grew more sombre. For now the facts before him had grown to three — had taken in the bitter fact of his Rival. Side by side with Rose that objectionable youth appeared — tall, dark, slender, amusing in a sardonic way, successful (his income was larger than David's, but that, young Black knew, was merely because he was two years older), and honestly devoted to Rose.

His tongue was a weapon with a rapier-point, sharpened by constant practise. Friend and enemy alike felt its cruel power. Only Rose escaped it. His special attractions were a beautiful baritone voice and the fact that his parents had given him the fitting and manly name of Duncan King. Rose loved the name of Duncan, and once said so in the presence of Black. She had never expressed any liking whatever for the equally dignified name of David Devereux Black.

So now David's important facts were before him; but as yet, as he honestly admitted to himself, they hadn't got him anywhere. He wanted Rose. So did Duncan. Both had told her so. Both were in a position to marry. Each seemed equally acceptable to the well-trained and placid pair of human beings who stood adoringly in the background of Rose's life and were recognized on social occasions as her father and mother. But Rose had declined both young men, so sweetly and charmingly, however, that each had lingered on and loved and hoped week after week, month after month, until now, to David, at least, the strain had become unendurable. He had begun to suspect that King was feeling it, too



He was exhilarated by his little triumph, and hid a grin behind the rim of his tea-cup

King's tongue was growing more bitter day by day. But this discovery did not cheer David. He was too deep in an abyss of misery to find comfort in companionship. He preferred having his abyss to himself One sane and saving reflection, however, had to-day occurred to him, as the result of a little business blunder, made two days before, when he had been trying to decide what Rose really meant by something she had said.

"If it's going to keep me from doing my work, I've got to get her or get over it"

Thoughts in the train of this reflection now occupied his mind.

"If it were a business matter," he told himself for the tenth time, "I'd find some way to handle it"

Even as he muttered the words, the first illumination came to him.

"See here," he said to himself, "why don't I take it on as if it were a business matter? Why don't I work it out that way? I — believe — I — could — do it. By George, I *will* do it!"

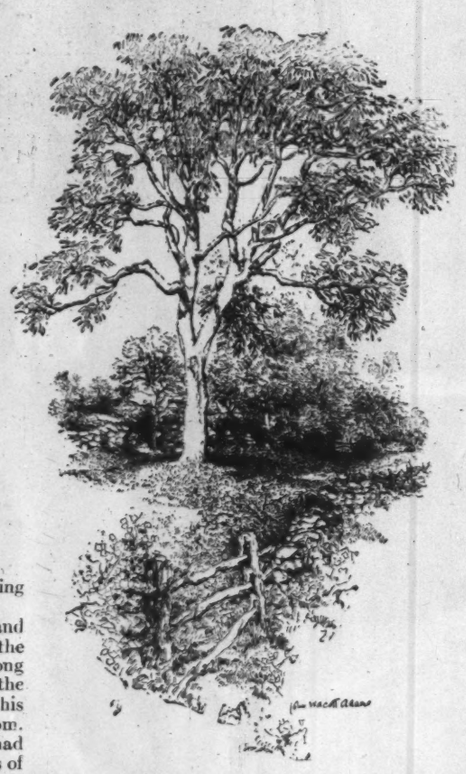
He was on familiar ground now. His thoughts obeyed him as well-drilled soldiers obey their officer. They advanced, stood for inspection, retreated.

"Now, let's think it out as a business problem," mused young Black, rapidly "There's an article I want to get, and I've got a competitor who wants it, too."

He interrupted this summary with a frown of distaste.

"No, hang it, I won't put it *that* way," he loyally told himself. "There's an article I want to sell — myself. No, that doesn't sound right, either!" He grinned wanly at his own expense.

"I might as well face the cold fact," he resumed. "My job is to force on an unwilling customer an article she doesn't want — meaning me. Now, how would I go about that in business? Let's see. First of all, I'd have to make the article seem desirable — very desirable. Then I'd have to make her think that perhaps she couldn't get it, even if she wanted it That's the idea, I guess — desirable, but unavailable. All right, we will try working along those lines."



He leaped to his feet and began to dress, indulging the while in an outburst of song that seriously disturbed the Sunday-morning peace of his neighbor in the next room. David's mercurial spirits had mounted under the stimulus of his new plan. He remembered but ignored the fact that the "article" he wished to dispose of had already been rejected, and that its value was seriously lessened by the experience.

"Now that I've got things on a business basis," he reflected, cheerfully, "I'll know how to handle 'em."

He was still in this mood of buoyant confidence when he presented himself to Rose at tea-time that afternoon He arrived late, and his loved one was already drinking tea in company with the ubiquitous Mr King and several other callers. David greeted King with a warm cordiality, which greatly surprised that young man and made Rose look thoughtful.

"Just dropped in for a minute," he said blithely, as she handed him his cup. "I'm off on a business trip early to-morrow morning, and I've got to pack to-night."

The white petals of Rose's cheeks showed a delicate pink, which, with her, was a sign of annoyance. She made no comment on his news, but King rolled it pleasantly on the tip of his sharp tongue, and punctured it with a sentence.

"That'll be a nice rest for your office, Black!"

David laughed with easy tolerance, put down his empty cup, and rose.

"Well, I'm off," he said cheerfully. "See you when I come back."

He shook hands, smiled into Rose's startled brown eyes, and bustled out. When he had left the house and turned the nearest corner, however, all his new-found exuberance died within him. A weight of depression, too familiar of late, settled upon his soul.

"I'll be out of town only two days," he muttered, "but I've got to stay away from her for a week now, to make that bluff good. The principle's all right, though. I can't make an article seem desirable and hard to get by thrusting it under a customer's nose every minute!"

That week seemed a year long Often, afterward, David wondered how he ever lived through it. Three evenings he walked to her street and then, summoning all his will power, resolutely turned back within a block of the house. A dozen times his hand reached out toward the telephone, in an almost overwhelming impulse to call her up. It would be such rapture to hear her voice, to suggest that he could drop in that evening, to have her say she would be glad to see him

He waited, however, until Sunday afternoon crawled around again. Then, exactly a week from the day he had made his resolution and his brief farewell call, he again strolled in at tea-time, nonchalant and debonair. He nodded to Rose and the ever-present King as casually as if he had left them half an hour before

"When did you get back?" Rose asked as she dropped a lump of sugar into his tea.

David seemed to reflect.

"Back?" he said vaguely, as one trying to recall the dead past. "Oh, from my little business trip? Several days ago."

He hid a grin behind the rim of his tea-cup. Rose had bitten her lip, and her delicate cheeks had flushed pink again. She was furious with herself for having asked the question, and he knew she was. He was so exhilarated by the little triumph that he lost his head a trifle. Rising, he crossed the room to where Rose's best girl friend sat with a bachelor uncle of the family, and coldly dislodging this annoyed gentleman, remained by the side of the startled Miss Joyce until he left the house half an hour later. This, he then realized, had been a false move — "old stuff," and bad business — because too obviously planned to annoy his hostess. Under it she had resumed her usual poise, and had said good-bye with her old look of twinkling friendliness. He ground his teeth as he walked away. If he'd keep to business methods and not mix in with them the rot one reads in books, he'd be all right.

Under the influence of this revelation, he called again four evenings later. He found Rose alone — an unusual and highly exhilarating experience. But by a great effort of his rapidly developing will power, he took no advantage of this opportunity to fall back into the attitude of the yearning, persistent lover. He was cordial, friendly, matter-of-fact, and businesslike to the last degree. Indeed, he was obsessed by business For the first time he talked to Rose of his office — not of his work or progress or opportunities there, but of the big business itself, of its problems — as met by others — its exhilaration and fascination He let her see that it was taking hold of him and absorbing him.

"I'll show her that she's got a rival," he had decided, "but the real thing — the one that all women have to face and are afraid of — a man's business."

She saw it. She saw him, too, eager-eyed, keen, enthusiastic, talking of the "boss" and "the fellows" and "the job" as she had never heard him talk of anything save herself. To-night there was complete but courteous detachment in his manner. He might have been talking to some man But he did not over-do it. At half-past ten he glanced at his watch and rose with a spectacular start.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed. "It's later than I thought I've got to make a dash for my train. I'm off to Harrisburg on the ten-fifty." He was hurrying to the door, where he held out a casual hand.

"I've always enjoyed talking to you, you know," he ended kindly.

As he walked away in the outer darkness, he grinned to himself Rose had longed to strangle him after that remark of his, and she had shown that she longed to. He was making progress.

"She'll begin to think about me pretty soon," he reflected comfortably, "and wonder what it all means."

When he got back from Harrisburg he kept away from Rose for several days. He had, as it were, removed the article from the counter and put it on the shelf, still in view but apparently forgotten. What he wanted now was to make a new move that would carry the matter forward, but no inspiration came to him until the end of the week. Then it suddenly presented itself in the form of a depressed young man from up-state who had recently joined the office staff.

"Gee, but this is a lonesome town," quoted that youth, disconsolately, lounging across David's desk. "Say, Black, how does a fellow ever meet any nice girls here?"

David looked at him and his Idea came. "I'll show Rose a new line of goods!" he decided in a flash. To the boy he said: "I'll take you to call on some friends of mine next Sunday. You'll meet half a dozen nice girls there."

Young Perkins was inarticulate with gratitude, until the torpedo of suspicion rushed his way.

"No string on this?" he asked, guardedly. "No silly joke. or anything of that kind?"

"Nope," said David.

Perkins was a nice, clean, presentable chap, and David was glad to give him a social lift. He extended the invitation to another lonely youth, and, after going through the form of asking Rose's permission, took the eager pair to call on her the following Sunday When he had presented them, he left them radiantly chained to the tea-table and their hostess, while he himself fluttered airily about the big living-room He was careful this time not to linger by the side of any girl. He talked business to Rose's mother, to the bachelor uncle, who wholly failed to appreciate his attentions, and to King, who was obviously annoyed by them and made no effort to conceal the fact In all, though David remained in the house more than an hour, he had hardly a dozen words with Rose, including their careless farewell. Quite unconsciously, Perkins gave his cause a helpful impetus

"I didn't know Black ever came to teas," he said. "I imagined he never thought of anything but business."

Following his plan of showing Rose "other lines of goods," David brought two more friends to Rose's home the following Sunday, and a week later another appreciative pair He selected these youths with the utmost care. They were delightful young fellows, whose regular presence after that drew like magnets the girl friends of the hostess and insured a series of successful "afternoons" Any girl would have appreciated such additions to her circle, but David knew that in her heart Rose did not.

"I've got her guessing," he reflected buoyantly He was right. It was about this time that Rose's brown eyes took on an expression of mingled surprise and resentment that threatened to become permanent.

In the past David had frequently taken her to the theatre and, between the acts, had assiduously made love to her, explaining that it was his only chance, as elsewhere he never found her alone. In the carrying out of his new campaign he took her only twice in a month, and fervently talked business during all the intermissions.

His third invitation she declined. The fact worried him. He had suggested a play he knew she was anxious to see. When, the following week, he discovered that she had since seen it with King, he had a moment of actual panic. King was still [*Continued on page 38*]

April Is Here

by Bliss Carman

WHEN April came with sunshine
And showers and lilac bloom,
My heart with sudden gladness
Was like a fragrant room.

Her eyes were heaven's own azure.
As deep as God's own truth.
Her soul was made of rapture
And mystery and youth.

She knew the sorry burden
Of all the ancient years,
Yet could not dwell with sadness
And memory and tears.

With her there was no shadow
Of failure or despair,
But only loving joyance,
O Heart, how glad we were!

Let us openly cuss each other's faults a little, making good fun of them. For now, as never before, the future of the world lies in the hands of the humorist

"That Damned Englishman!"

by One of Them

Lieutenant Nichols, who wrote this article

YOU come on him in the train wearing clothes of a strenuously modest cut, with a wicker suitcase set beside his feet, swathed in spats, with a hat that has no appreciable brim to it, with an unnecessary walking-stick clasped in entirely superfluous gloves, with a tie of a sobriety that is ostentatious, a mustache that is first cousin to an indestructible tooth-brush, and with a manner of speech that would arouse bristles of irritation on an alligator. He surveys you with an air of meticulous boredom through a monocle, and you say to yourself, "Holy Mike! another of those damned Englishmen!"

Following a lapse of time, since after all you both speak the same language, and since silence, though golden, is not such common currency as speech, you address to him the remark, "Fine day, eh, what?" But apparently he has not heard you. Well, it is probably deafness; so you offer him a cigar. If he can't hear, he can, at least, possibly, see.

It appears he can; but only with difficulty. The monocle comes into play. He peers at that cigar. Perhaps he doesn't like the looks of it. In another minute he will, you expect, lift it to his ear, to see if it will squeak, like a rag doll. Yet he doesn't. Instead, he turns that glassy arc upon you, and enunciates: "Eh . . . um, thank you, I don't think I will." The glass arc travels on, seeming to be looking through the back of your head, and so away to the landscape that dips past the windows of the car.

"THIS peace conference . . ." you begin. Alas! he has not heard you. For now his swivel-chair begins to turn away very slowly and majestically. Its back presents itself appallingly to you, and there is the ominous rustle of the opened newspaper.

And, after a little, you feel that your pores have opened; that you are in a cold sweat; that George Washington was even greater than you imagined; that, after all, thank God, there will be a Day of Judgment, and that it is good to gather yourself together, murmuring, "Jehoshaphat, tar and feathers are too good!... Isn't he the damnedest of all damned!"

Yet when you reach the journey's end, your neighbor, countering your scowl with a certain gentle calmness of the eyes, remarks: "Good day, sir," in a pleasant voice. "Yes. . . . The weather is remarkably fine for this time of the year."

He goes. You survey his retreating form. You shake your head. By gosh, he's a queer specimen—that damned Englishman!

I am going to try to explain, not to excuse, one or two peculiarities of that phenomenon.

On the boat, when I said "Custom House," the young American beside me instantly replied, "Hell!" I had heard it put that way before, of other custom houses in other countries, and I was not abashed. I am proud of my non-inflammable elastic temper, warranted proof against duns, vegetarians, boot-lace sellers, salvations, flag-day girls, and custom-house officers. I could be, I told myself, as polite as the official might be rude. . . .

Now, whether it was the result of a communication from the British Mission to which I belong, or whether it was admiration for the natural beauty in the scene of a bewildering island, a poet landing wholly dumb and delirious with delight at the spectacle of Manhattan, or merely the descent of a supernatural benevolence upon the hearts of the custom-house officers, I cannot say; but at any rate, I received what they call the "Freedom of the Port." That is, my luggage, terribly laden down with suspicious-looking books, actually only volumes of English poetry, was put through the Custom House with but the most cursory of examinations. Yet, mark you, this Freedom might have been granted grudgingly. But my young American friend had been wrong in his so-conclusive monosyllable.

You picture me squatting by the trunk, gingerly lifting the lid, a-tremble rather at the opening. There were ladies not far off. Purple pajamas token perhaps an impulsive disposition. Such a display at ten o'clock in the morning savors almost of the indiscreet, even in so sacrosanct a person as the member of an International Mission.

Then it was the crime was committed! As my fingers explored beneath the lid wondering whether . . . A hand fell on my shoulder, a heavy hand, and a musical bass voice intoned: "That's all right, sonny; don't you worry. I like you." Then the hand executed a series of pats.

King Alfred and the Shepherd's wife's cakes! Lady Godiva and Peeping Tom! What a sacrilege! The nerve of it! Just think of it — this official whom I had never seen before in my life, who was only a minor custom-house official, actually dared to lay his none too clean hand on the back of a member of the British Mission! 'Twas monstrous! Monstrous! The red crosses on the Union Jack turned green at it, and the British lion, folding paws over lower bosom prepared to give way to sea-sickness.

Can you conceive one Englishman going up to another Englishman — whom he'd not seen before — who was away, away up in the dizzy heights — a public school — Oxford University — the Army — a special service — an International Mission — all these written indubitably in my face — and — oh, think of it — solemnly and, yes, *repeatedly*, patting him on the back, addressing him moreover in hearty accents as "Sonny"? History quails and hides her face.

WELL, maybe I'm not quite such an Englishman as I used to be. War has weakened me, or perhaps (horrid thought!) I have learned something in the last four years of my terrestrial jog trot. What would the pre-War Englishman have done to one of his countrymen who dared — ! He would have stood up very, very deliberately and with a good deal of modest majesty. He would have disentangled his monocle with his right hand, polished it with his left, screwed it into his eye, and surveyed that official with a rock-like stare. He would probably have said nothing; but his silence would have been more portentous than any speech. The official, had he in a state of temporary insanity ever been so bold as to commit that unpardonable indescretion, would have remembered that stare and that silence until his life's end!

Well, I confess I was more than mildly surprised. But I knew it was to be a country of surprises. And no Englishman must ever show surprise. Oh, never! That is unpardonable. Quiet indignation, perhaps, but not surprise. Yet I had resolved never to bring this so-famous quiet indignation into play. I pulled myself together. Perhaps unwittingly I stared. I hope not. I did my best not to. Anyway, it suddenly came to me that this official was not transgressing unwritten laws. He was doing two things. First, he was obeying some natural inclination, which was to be big and friendly — and thank heaven in this country there is no written or unwritten law against that; secondly, a certain dignity in his bearing assured me of this: he was being an official. In his own person, as a functionary of the Custom House of the United States of America, he was welcoming me to the States. It was his way of saying, "Stranger, first as a big, friendly human, enjoying equal rights in this country with anybody else, be he millionaire or my mouse-trap vendor, I bid you welcome. Secondly, I bid you welcome in the name of my country — you who have landed here as a foreigner. Between ourselves, I think you're lucky to have struck these States, where I have, by my own unaided powers, risen to a certain official position, carrying with it responsibilities and, I am glad to say, a pension, and where I hope you will, by the practise of similar true citizen virtues, also

ROBERT NICHOLS, the English poet, was wounded in the War, and is now lecturing in America, reading from his own works

perhaps rise to such a position, or one corresponding to it. If you should happen to do so, remember that it is chiefly owing to the Constitution of this country, where everybody has a chance, where we are as brothers, and where I was the first to bid you welcome in my own name and in the name of the State."

That was my impression. If you come to think of it, it is very flattering to a stranger. Things being so, I endeavored to rise to these heights, a task of not such difficulty as it first appeared, because the official was so big and so friendly that I liked him as one likes a St. Bernard dog or a Great Dane, dogs whose friendship, if perhaps a trifle intrusive or persistent, is nevertheless very ingenuous and real. That official was a gentleman, that is — a man who is gentle. And I hope I shall always be able to recognize one when I meet him. So we began to talk. He told me how he was the father of three children, that his wife had just had the grippe, but was now becoming quite a lively body again; how he had arrested several Huns in misendeavor to fly the country. I in turn told him how I had been scrapping with others of the same kidney, but how my real taste was for the milder forms of literature; how I had written one book of poems which went "Phut!" and another which didn't; and how I was getting on quite nicely, thank you, for a young man. A most interesting exchange it was. We parted, I like to think, the best of friends. I gave him a book, an act I should never have dared to venture upon with an Englishman at a first meeting.

Perhaps when I go back, he will wave from the wharf a not unaffectionate farewell. I hope so.

Were you surprised when you read "St. Bernard dog" and "intrusive and persistent"? It doesn't sound quite polite, does it, to refer to another's countrymen as dogs, or as intrusive or persistent? But when I say intrusive and persistent, I mean that official was those things only from my island's point of view. He was not so in the eyes of the angels.

For this is where the difference between the American and British concepts of freedom comes in. Yours is a communistic freedom, ours an individualistic. You say, "I am a man; therefore in my rights I am free." We say: "I am an Englishman; therefore I am free." For we were practising that freedom which we learned from our ancestors and your ancestors at Runnymede, at the English Reformation, at the Conquest of the Spanish Armada, at the Parliaments of Cromwell, long before the Rights of Man had ever been formulated by the French Encyclopedists. So, in the process of centuries, as is customary in lands which possess both isolation and freedom, every Englishman has become an individualist. Such is his passion for liberty that each Englishman considers himself a state within himself. And just as no state would send even the friendliest soldiers across another's border, so no Englishman would place his hand on the shoulder of another whom he had not known for at least ten years. It would be, as we say, "cheek." It would be interfering with the other fellow's freedom. Similarly, he wouldn't tell me that he was the father of three children, and that his wife had had the grippe. You see, I, in my besotted love of freedom, might not want to be burdened with these confidences. For, in a way, it might seem to be implied that I ought to do something about it. Certainly no Englishman would tell me about the Huns whose machinations he had so gloriously succeeded in thwarting, for that is to pre-suppose, to some extent, that I have done nothing, that the custom-house official is a better man than I — and that assumption is an unwarranted reflection on me, and as such, an infringement of my liberty. What is more, to tell me these things, takes up my time and attention, which is again an infringement of my liberties. . . . So we come down to perhaps a final way of putting this matter of the psychological curiosities between our two nations in this matter of freedom. Both countries are free, and, therefore, in both countries a man is to his fellow citizens as a brother. In this country it is, therefore, possible to treat any man as you can treat a brother — that is, to tell him everything. In my country, it is, therefore, usual to treat any man as one does usually treat a brother — that is, to tell him nothing.

So the slow turn of that railway-car chair was not due just to darn rudeness but to the realization of a particular concept of freedom, [*Continued on page 38*]

OUTPOSTS — *by* Andrew Soutar

Illustration by W. T. Benda

THEY had marked his sullen, hangdog demeanor on the way up from Warsaw, and though they were exiles, even as he, they sneered openly. Vasili, with the beard of a patriarch, and the head of a Grecian poet, stood by while the *nachalnik* of the convoy at one of the *étapes* prodded Meldrake with the point of his scabbard, and all that he said to Csiky, the Hungarian on his right, was, "These English!" For Meldrake submitted tamely to the insult, and moved into position like an animal that must obey its master.

Csiky, the tall, attenuated Hungarian with the flowing black locks, knew that Meldrake was an Englishman, and recalling all that he had read of the race, could not understand how the authorities had been able to substitute without protest the name "Tarasof" for "Meldrake."

"For I tell you," Csiky had said, "he was no more than a friend of Tarasof. He had supped with him but once, and there was no charge that he couldn't have refuted. Tarasof was sent to Kara, and this man — they make of him an exile, *neblagonadiozhni;* we, my friends — are untrustworthy, but this Engishman — he hasn't the soul to be untrustworthy. Is it not so?"

And Katrina, the dancer, who had been taken at a political meeting in Moscow — she, too, shrugged her shoulders as she looked at Meldrake and murmured: "These English!" as though he represented the race.

Vasili, fingering his bush of a beard and making his eyes speak in sympathy with his deep musical voice, said: "We left Tomsk in the early morning, when a blizzard raged, and Tarasof, the Englishman" — here he broke off to smile contemptuously — "was on my chain. I whispered to him: 'There may be a chance if they push us on through the night.' 'Of what?' he asked, and I had no patience to answer him. He was content. There was no life in his voice."

"I," said the Hungarian, "spoke to him of the liberty of his nation, of the deeds of valor that run through history like streaks of silver across the Russian sky; and all he said was this: 'I don't know your tongue; you speak too fast!'"

Perhaps these good people would have preferred the Meldrake of twenty, when, as a social dilettante, he handed dainty cups of tea to simpering women, had a man to brush his hair and another to choose his ties. Perhaps they would have regarded those touches as typically British. I cannot say.

Vasili, who had daubed canvas in the Latin Quarter, and imbibed a little of Voltaire before he took to the socialism of Marx, said in Meldrake's hearing, but without drawing resentment: "Some men, and among them even Englishmen, deserve not their liberty; they are born serfs, and a man can be a serf to the idle conventions of a country as much as to a rigorous discipline. Some men are as mongrel dogs, caring not which master's collar they wear."

And in his highly provocative, yet soft and languorous voice, Csiky, the poet, had wondered aloud whence came the boast that all Englishmen were free.

Not one of these exiles, caustic, bitter, cynical, unafraid, ever plumbed the depths of Meldrake's character. No, not even Katrina, with her witch-like eyes and long black plaits, and hands and arms that were made to gleam in the white light of the stage. She was afraid of Meldrake, but her fear was not a physical one at first. This man of thirty, who walked with the stealthy movements of the thief, and hung his head as he moved, shattered one of her most cherished idols — the Englishman of her books.

"Friend Vasili!" she cried, while the patriarchal beard nodded to unexpressed thoughts. "My father said to me, 'You must go to England; there everyone is free, everyone may say or do what he pleases. You will love the English, because there is something in the English character that is not to be found in all Russia — in all the world!'"

"COMMENT!" exclaimed Vasili, who loved his Paris more than his Kiev. "What is it that lies in Meldrake's character that lies not in ours? No, Katrina, your father was ill-read. Maybe he had never traveled."

"He died at Kara," said Katrina, in a little broken whisper.

Vasili sighed, patted her head, and said, "He was a martyr, child."

Meldrake deserved all that these people said of him, and yet, as already suggested, not one of them understood him. Even his own father had tried to put him out of his mind, to forget that he was his son. Colonel Meldrake fought through the Abyssinian campaign, but his son showed the white feather when the service was indicated as a career for him. Then followed ten years of world-wandering. He may not have had the stomach for fighting, but his father was wrong when he called him a "drawing-room ornament." There was some kind of independent spirit in Meldrake's constitution. He went out into the world without a cent, and without more efficient preparation for the rough roads of that world than he had picked up in my lady's boudoir. His father had said to him, "You're weak in the knees and in the head; you've never done a single act that was calculated to make me proud of you. Since you came down from Oxford you've been a slave to all the painted puppets of society, who like nothing better than to have a tame dog running about their heels. You'll never be capable of one manly act until you purge your mind of the flattery of men and women who dance all the summer and gamble all the winter."

Meldrake, looked at through the eyes of Vasili, the painter, was a young man with an old man's face; of medium height, with drooping shoulders that might imply strength or the lack of it; listless, despondent eyes that seemed always to be looking at a reflection of his own unworthiness; and hands so big and knotty that they were a salient feature of the whole caricature. Through the eyes of Csiky, the poet, Meldrake was a man without a soul, a cold humble drudge, content to take his floggings as though they were part of the punishment for which he was destined. He spoke Russian fairly well, and told them when they questioned him that he had picked it up at one of the eastern ports. He didn't tell them that under another name he had served two years in the mines at Irkutsk.

Csiky was present in Tarasof's house when the police surrounded it, but he did not know that Meldrake offered to take Tarasof's place when the arrests were made, and thus mutely confessed to complicity in the crime of free speech. Meldrake was not the man to talk about these things — not because his character was strong, but because his mind had become so phlegmatic through hardships that he didn't always remember them himself when in conversation. By degrees Meldrake had slipped back to the primitive, and in setting forth this, the story of his great redemption, the motive is to emphasize the value and beauty of sympathy. It was Katrina, the dancer, who showed Meldrake, the erstwhile fop of society, that no man was made indifferently, that for every man there was something to do, and that in the doing of it he should prove himself worthy of the name man.

Meldrake met the real Tarasof in Warsaw, and was easily seduced by political controversy, but at the time of the arrest he had come to the conclusion that there was no particular niche in life for him. He was one of the "don't cares."

In Semitinsk, whither he was sent, there were thirty or forty political exiles, whose servitude differed from that of those in the mines only in this respect: they were allowed to walk about the streets and meet each other of an evening; they might engage in some occupation, and thus add a few rubles a month to their possessions. Meldrake became a carpenter — a very poor one.

Nevertheless, servitude is not even modified if there be restraint. East, west and north of the settlement or colony of Semitinsk stretched the white, heartbreaking snow. The southern horizon was kinder to the minds of the exiles. Ten miles toward the post — and there was the frontier, the golden gate through which they might pass to blessed freedom. Every minute of the

Coming: "The Dawn Patrol"—by an American Airman

waking day their thoughts were of that gate. Only ten miles! For the perils of the drifts they encouraged a fine contempt. Nature, they argued, was not cruel; she would hold her breath — the winds would die to a whisper, the blizzard turn its head — if they should seek to break the bonds that held them. It was the outposts, with their carbines, that preached the wisdom of toleration. Somewhere in the snow — yonder, yonder — there was a gray-coated menial of the Autocrat who had but to press a trigger.

Vasili, the painter, the student, the thinker, the diplomat, matched his wits against the vanity and vigilance of his wardens. They appreciated his dainty turning of a phrase; they waxed complacent under his subtle compliments, and proffered privileges because of his well-timed self-reproaches. Vasili's house was of wood and iron; he enjoyed the company of others, and since he welcomed the presence of officials, there was no harm, no relaxing of vigilance, in allowing exiles to gather in his house, there to sing or play or exercise such artistic talent as was theirs. Meldrake, of the hangdog expression, was welcomed at Vasili's house. The Englishman visited the house but infrequently, and then only for the sake of the light and the warmth; he himself had lost interest in life, and he couldn't understand it in others. It is characteristic of the Englishman that if his own people lose faith in him, the faith of another race is no compensation.

Katrina, the dancer, shared a house with two women who steadfastly refused to share her temperament. She often — almost nightly — visited Vasili's "forum" as they called it, and the scarlet cloak, the only colorful garment the officials had allowed her to retain, furnished the one touch that was needed to soften the drabness of the whole. The men who gathered in the house were disposed to regard Katrina as a child. Perhaps that was because she was so prone, with her lively imagination, to think of them as martyrs, heroes, pioneers who were sacrificing themselves on the altar of Young Russia.

"Your chance!" he said, his hot breath on her face. "Here is your passport. You are going to your lover, at last, Katrina!"

Csiky's violin was wailing through a Chopin Nocturne, and the tall, thin figure was swaying to the rhythm and the sadness. His eyes were closed, yet there was wonderful expression in the face. The visions that were floating past him were not unseen by Vasili, whose big leonine head nodded slowly to the music; nor by Katrina, who was crouching rather than sitting a few paces in front of the swaying Csiky. Her elbows rested on her knees, and her chin on her clasped hands. Sometimes her lips moved, as though she were putting into words the sighing phrases of the composer. Dmitri, the Russian Pole, who made ornamental hair-combs in Semitinsk, in place of the swords that he used to fashion in Kiev, was stretched at full-length on a pile of sacks on the other side of the room, facing Katrina. His face was rutted, as though every emotion was of bitterness. Frequently he gripped the sacking with his long fingers and bared his white teeth.

The Englishman came into the room, with the mien of a trespasser, and found his way into a corner where the shadows cast by the oil-lamp above the musician's head prevented the others marking any change in his sullen features.

The official surveillance was relaxed that night, though outside the thin partition two gendarmes stood on guard. The Hungarian, stirred by his own playing into treasonable dreams, suddenly ceased, lowered his violin, and looked about him. Vasili, the painter, was breathing heavily.

"That touched the heart, Vasili?"

The patriarchal beard shook in response.

"And you, Katrina?"

Katrina sobbed, so that all heard her.

"Csiky!" she whispered.

"And you, Dmitri; you heard your wife calling to you across Siberia — was it not so? And I —" His knees doubled beneath him. He sat down on the rough-hewn stool that Dmitri pushed toward him. He placed the violin on the floor beside him, and, like Katrina, rested his elbows on his knees, and his esthetic chin on his thin, tightly-clenched hands.

"Chopin! O my master! And yet how you scourge the soul! This exile — you show me the barrenness of it all. You teach me how to hate those who rob us of our years. These hands!" — he held them up as he spoke — "these hands that serve you! The pain of the manual labor they perform is increased a hundredfold. And these —" with a rapid movement he flung off his coarse-spun jacket and laid bare the welts — "and the pain of these," he cried, "bites to the very soul when you speak."

Katrina slid forward on her knees, and stretched out her hands until they touched the bruised shoulders. Dmitri raised himself on one elbow to watch. Vasili sighed aloud.

"Csiky!" she murmured, and in the quiet of the room her voice seemed to blend with all their harrowing thoughts. Her face was very close to Csiky's. He smiled tenderly, and laid his hand on her black hair.

"They flogged you, Csiky?"

And again he smiled.

"'Twas nothing, Katrina," [*Continued on page 39*]

Repopulating the Earth

In the Great War Britain's Casualties Amounted to Two Millions and a Half. The Problem of the Repopulation of England and Her Colonies is a Staggering One

This Is the Third of a Notable New Series

by

Newell Dwight Hillis

Illustration by P. V. E. Ivory

WHEN a long time has passed England doubtless will carry away the chief honors of the cruel War. Once more, St. George has gone forth with sword of flame to slay the dragon and has returned home victorious. Rather than play false with her Allies and break her pledged word, England, separated by the North Sea from the Continent, jeopardized her sons, her navy, her wealth, to lift a shield above Belgium. England was the Good Samaritan that had pity upon the poor man fallen among Hun thieves, while the United States, hard as it is for an American to say it, was the priest and the Levite who passed by on the other side. To-day Great Britain has the confidence of all the leading nations of the earth. Despite her heavy losses on the battlefield, she still has 41,000,000 odd people and rules 360,000,000 more, controlling one-sixth of the farming land of the earth. In no age have slaves ever been able to breathe in England. The sceptered isle, this fortress guarded by floods against the Hun, "this precious stone set in a silver sea, this land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land, this blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England," has never before had so vast an influence upon the destiny of mankind.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has told the story of Great Britain's appalling losses. She has buried one million of her sons, including those from the colonies, has another million and a half of cripples and invalids, has expended forty-two billions of dollars and must, in caring for the soldier's widow and his orphan, spend eight billions more during the next twenty years — fifty billions of treasure, which is one-half of her total wealth. She sent six millions of men into ten battle-fronts; her cannon roared on four continents; she forged twenty-five million tons of munitions; she loaned hundreds of millions to her Allies; she placed her navy at the service of the United States for the transportation of American troops; she loaned six hundred ships to Italy and nine hundred ships to France; she placed her battleships at the entrance of Kiel Harbor and kept Germany from transporting an army of veterans across the Atlantic to assess billions on the United States. All these achievements on land and sea, and in the air, tell but a tithe of the story of the world's indebtedness to Great Britain, and her overseas dominions. It was Britain's men who held the Hun at bay and gave the United States a chance to prepare. Our losses are seventy-five thousand dead, two hundred and twenty-five thousand wounded, out of one hundred and ten millions. Had the United States suffered losses in the same ratio as England, we would have had lost, killed and wounded, seven millions of men and have had sacrificed one hundred and twenty-five billions of property out of our total wealth of two hundred and fifty billion. To many a British boy came the rallying inner call: "England hath need of thee; she expects every man to do his duty." And noble men of light and leading sprang to her defense and, saving England, they saved freedom, civilization, and religion itself.

Remembering the industrial value of every young worker, who represents a capital of fifteen thousand dollars, or a house, a ship, or shop, of that amount, and bringing in annually, at five per cent., seven hundred and fifty dollars, England's industrial losses through the death and crippling of two and a half million young men mean $37,000,000,000 additional burden. How any nation can carry on, despite such a staggering waste, is more than the human intellect can understand, and yet the British people have lifted up their hearts and coerced their lips to smile and are carrying on toward a better age. These considerations become the more serious when it is remembered that the first men to enlist were the university men from Oxford and Cambridge, Edinburgh and Aberdeen. Within one week, all the lecture halls and libraries of Britain were deserted. For the first time in centuries there were no students in Kings College, Cambridge, or in Corpus Christi, Oxford. These university men were given commissions as officers, and almost to a man suffered cruel wounds or death.

THE old families of England, with their titles, their estates, their historic houses, have been all but annihilated, and the quality of the men slain is the signal and heartbreaking fact. Remembering, therefore, that these two and a half million young men ten years from now should have been the center of as many homes and been surrounded by ten millions of folk, the human loss to England takes on staggering proportions. Little wonder that many an Englishman, now that the War is over, has found himself stifled and choking for breath, while the very earth has reeled beneath his feet as in anguish he staggers like a drunken man through weight of pain and grief and love for the dear, dear motherland.

The problem of the repopulation of England is the more important by reason of England's losses through emigration. It is Great Britain that is the architect of the new states and the builder of new commonwealths. No other nation has related herself to the civilized world of all continents as has England, through English settlements, English investments, and English trade. During the ten years between 1900 and 1910, Great Britain sent out two million five hundred thousand emigrants to Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa.

England's motto was "The mother must decrease, that the daughters may increase." No other nation in the world could have survived this constant drain. There is a church in Aberdeen, Scotland, from whose central aisle, splendid families in sixteen different pews, moved from their Scotch city to Canada, Australia and New Zealand, during a single winter. During all the years when leaders of thought in America were declaiming against our people bearing the burdens of the Philippines, Cuba or Porto Rico, Great Britain was thrusting her shoulder under the burden of the enslaved and wretched in every continent. Wherever England went she carried not only commerce and trade, but also a warfare against slavery, barbarism, cruelty to children, the bondage of women, and therefore, in this war the men of India, Africa and the Isles of the Sea, hurried to France and Flanders. "What does my Emperor-King ask of me?" cabled that old native prince from Haidarabad. Americans who were in France and who have watched these Indian soldiers with their turbans, going into battle near Arras, can never forget the devotion of these colonists for the motherland that has become the symbol of progress, liberty, education and social prosperity and peace.

The repopulation of England is further complicated by climatic conditions. Every European visitor who has traveled through the United States has commented upon the stature of men and women in our factory towns as opposed to the factory classes in Manchester, Sheffield, Birmingham and Leeds. The Blue Book Reports of the British Parliament have stressed the number of British workingmen with dwarfed physique. Investigation shows an abnormal number of young men whose optic nerve was so imperfect they could not see the sights of a rifle; whose auditory nerve was weak; whose vital force was not sufficient to develop enamel upon the teeth; whose heart action was feeble and whose respiration was sub-normal. British students find the explanation in dark tenements, insufficient food, want of playgrounds where boys and girls could exercise and build their bodies, in child-labor, in pregnant women who worked up to within a month of their confinement. The physique of the British factory operators has suffered serious injury. But there is also an underlying source that is climatic. Provided the Britisher lives much in the open air, hunts, rides, golfs, shoots and tramps, he can maintain a high average of strength despite what Americans call a deficiency of oxygen in the air incident to an island that breeds fogs and is wrapped in mist and rain. It is this lack of oxygen that explains the rosy cheeks of many English people; it is the

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The pattern shown here is Congoleum Rug No. 356. If your dealer cannot supply you with Congoleum Art-Rugs and Floor-Coverings, write us and we will.

excessive oxygen in the American climate that burns away the red corpuscles of blood and leaves the cheek pale and sallow.

The American complexion is the result of an atmosphere with too much oxygen while the English complexion is derived from a climate with too little oxygen. The workingmen, therefore, in the tenements and factories of central England need more light in their tenements, more parks, more sunshine, richer food, than this same class of people would need in the United States. Thousands of factory families in central England have been permanently dwarfed and broken through the factory life.

The trouble with South Ireland is that the big, tall Irishmen left Dublin and Cork to come to New York and Boston to be our policemen and to run our politics, while the big, splendid Irish girls left Ireland to marry the handsome policemen. This left the thin-chested, spindle-shanked and nervously weak at home to reproduce and increase poverty for Ireland. All this has brought about an Irish problem that is becoming very serious. But Britain's losses through the War and through the emigration of her tallest, strongest, healthiest and handsomest sons and daughters have brought England face to face with a possible English problem that some day may be just as difficult to settle as this Irish problem.

The geographical isolation of England and the long distances that separate the motherland from the colonies have complicated the problem of building healthy children and strong workingmen. In the mood of exaggeration, Buckle, in the "History of Civilization," explained everything that a city or a nation has wrought by the food the workers ate. The late Senator Ingalls carried this idea up to the *n*th power; vegetarians are subjects not kings; rice and potatoes are the diet of slaves; beef eaters rule the world; cannibals in the South Sea Islands, dimly struggling toward the light, ate their missionaries that they might become leaders, and finally the argument culminated in the suggestion that some philanthropic Liebig or Armour put in tin cans some thousands of tramps and send them out to the Cannibal Islands in the form of "potted apostles and desiccated saints" until through food savages became civilized. All this, of course, is an overstatement but it remains to confess that Great Britain is six thousand miles from the orchards of British Columbia; seven thousand miles from the melons and plums of South Africa; twelve thousand miles from the nuts, fruits and grains of Tasmania and Australia. Happy the growing child that can go out every morning into an orchard, jam his little stomach with juicy apples, and before going to school fill four pockets and the bosom of his shirt with eight or ten more winesaps and yellow pippins to eat at recess, as a mere stay against the starvation that may overtake the growing child before noontime. To-day England is a land without apples, without grapes, and without fruit juices, and yet body-building for millions of her children demands fruit that must be imported at great cost. Her working people cannot afford enough berries, fruits, vegetables and grain, but in building the body as an instrument of fine thinking "enough" is not enough; "enough" means an *excess* of every fruit the child can eat. Out of abundance of fruit come boys and girls with legs of iron and arms of steel, and nerves as delicate as silk, and brains compact and healthy that can be driven at high-pressure action for many hours without fever and without friction.

If new blood is always coming to the United States from European emigrants, we must not forget that emigrants are almost unknown to Great Britain, more than 95 per cent. of whose people are of British and Irish blood. Burbank explained his new roses, his new geraniums, his new grapes and oranges, his thornless cactus, by what he calls "the shock of a new creative life." Now, the American heart is always being stimulated by the new blood currents and the shock of this new creative and crimson life. It is a singular thing that this war has brought in its train a new era for England's family life. More than a million young men from Canada, Australia and New Zealand have for the first time seen the motherland. In the trenches they formed close friendships with young men from England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland, and when their nine days' rest came they went to London for the holiday. Little by little they formed close friendships with English homes. Several hundred thousands of young Americans also, have spent more or less time in Great Britain. Tens of thousands of young British women, have been at the Front, in the hospitals and reserve stations. Innumerable friendships have been established, and many thousands of young men from the colonies have already settled in England. They are marrying British girls, and have cast in their lot with the motherland, so that families that left England two generations ago are now sending the best products of their life in another land back to the "Old Home." No one can paint in colors too rich the future of the English family that is based upon the meeting of the blood of two lands as widely separated as England and Australia. Once the Normans poured new blood into England — leavening the heavier Saxon mind with laughter, wit, humor and fancy; with love of the beautiful in the home life and public buildings, and the result was a new England. Now the new blood from her Dominions is working like transformations for the British temperament; and the human losses, therefore, that have been very heavy, are not without compensation through the return of the fine old stock back to the sceptred isle.

Another result of the Great War will certainly be, when a little time has passed, more food, and cheaper, for the children of English working people. England's two new battleships that make nearly forty miles an hour foretell a time, when four days will suffice for ships to carry meat, flour, apples, peaches, oranges, from the United States, and six days from South Africa and South America, make us realize that a new food era is on for England. New railway systems are being developed in each one of the Dominions, and new trade relations are being established with nearby countries. England's factories, also, have been Americanized and rebuilt, and during the War her tool power has been doubled and tripled. Despite the fact that millions of men have been withdrawn from the factories, by the increase of her tools and machines, Great Britain has produced more wealth and goods during the War than in the corresponding period before the War. Hundreds of thousands of acres of land in England, also, have been thrown open for agriculture. Intensive farming has been developed, and not in a century has England come so nearly being self-supporting. Nothing has been more striking for American visitors than to find the industrial towns of central England surrounded for miles by vegetable gardens. This open-air life and the increased vegetable food has wrought vast good to the children and youth of Great Britain. Therefore, the food controller of England is saying that a new era is on for English agriculture and horticulture, and that, when a little time is past, the children of the working people of England will be enjoying better food, more fruit, and more vegetables, with more open-air life than have been known at any time since the incoming of the factory system, that began the breakdown of the physique of the English workingman. "For our children I foresee," says Clynes, "the return of the days of abundance and the old Merrie England."

The victories of England in this war, and her new place in the world, are trumpets calling the children of Great Britain and her colonies to unrivaled ambitions. What satisfied the youth of Great Britain yesterday, will never be enough again. Gone forever the little Englander! The day of the Federation of Mankind and the Parliament of the World has fully come. Already the League of Nations is essentially in existence, and at the head of the advancing columns of mankind float two banners — the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes. With sublime imagery Daniel Webster spoke of the morning drum-beat of the English soldiers greeting the rising sun and sounding with the advancing hours around the globe. In his study of the "Greater Britain" Sir Charles Dilke said that if a scholar would understand England, he must leave England and spend a month in Egypt; that he must leave Egypt and spend three months in South Africa; that he must leave South Africa and journey a thousand miles unto that interior lake — Nyanza; that he must leave Nyanza and make his way to Ceylon and India; that he must leave India to study Australia and New Zealand; that he must leave the New Hebrides to study Canada. It is literally true that the sun never sets on the British Empire. Great Britain controls one-fifth of the farming land of the globe, and one-quarter of the human race. But these four hundred and more millions have but one heart, and that heart is full of love for the motherland. It has been said that colonies are like fruits — when they ripen they fall from the bough. Because the American Colonies were ripe in 1776, they dropped away, but let no one think that Canada, Australia, New Zealand and India will drop away from the motherland. The union between England and her colonies has been cemented with blood, and the Great War has brought about a federation of the English-speaking nations. Cobden once said that the relations between England and Canada were so vital that the lifting of an axe upon a tree in western Canada would make itself felt upon the House of Commons and this war has witnessed the fulfilment of those words. Never were there so many young men in Great Britain and her colonies who are dedicated men, who have sworn an eternal pledge that they will live and die to promote the freedom, the laws and justice for which England stands, and this fact throws a flood of light upon the problems of the repopulation of England.

Remembering that her human losses of dead and crippled are more than two millions of young men; that tens of thousands of boys from her colonies are remaining in England to marry and live; that many other thousands have married French girls and have taken them back to the motherland; that international marriages between American soldiers and British girls are more numerous than ever; that the food question for English boys and girls is rapidly being solved; that the incentives to ambition were never so numerous nor so powerful; it remains for us to consider that the children of the poorer classes of Great Britain are finding the doors to advancement thrown wide open for the first time in England's history. Before this war it was not the thing for any British boy to aspire to a position outside of his class. The English tradesman was separated from the English patrician by a gulf as deep as that which separated Lazarus from Dives. But for four years the sons of members of the House of Lords have slept in the same dug-outs with tradesmen, while Tommy Atkins and the titled youth have become chums. The time was when men spelled king with a large "K," and House of Commons with a small pearl type. Now they spell king with [*Continued on page 31*]

Visions of the Winged

by Hamlin Garland

WHAT *see you, eagles of the dawn,*
Wide-winged birds with beaks of bronze?

"We see thin, creeping lines of gray;
We see small broken lines of brown.
In swarms the gray go up the hill,
In flame and smoke the brown are hid.
Ants in battle, beetles in strife—
All these we see on the flat earth—
Insects that leap, insects that writhe
In silent grapple on the pitted soil."

What see you, condors of the noon,
Condors with hearts of flame?

"We see squat cities bursting into blaze
And peasants swarming frenziedly in flight.
Shining turrets tremble and fall.
Along thick walls the gray gnats stream.
A line of vivid flame leaps out—
In dusty heaps the brown forms lie.
On pigmy steeds brown leaders ride.
In tiny fists flash beams of light.
We hear no sound, yet one by one they fall;
They disappear like motes upon the sand—
All this we see between the clouds."

What see you, vultures of the night,
Haughty vultures with wings of steel?

"We see mad kings desert their thrones.
In Lilliputian kingdoms banners burn
To welcome exiles to their own again.
Through arching lines of flaming stars
They ride, while thousands shout in ecstasy of joy.
Their leaders speak, but no sound comes
To our high place; the cannon's roar
Jars but faintly, and torches flame
Like glow-worms in the dark.
This, this we see from the star-lit sky."

"Forever After" *with* Alice Brady

Idle moments are as rare with her as "plain moments," which, in the face of this photograph, we venture to say never occur

"There is nothing in life that counts like work," says Alice Brady, who when not in the theatre can almost always be found at her motion picture studio

Photograph by Ira Hill

YOUTH and romance, beauty and patriotism, now and "Forever After," will hold the center of the stage, whether that stage is real life or the kind made of boards and footlights. Despite lukewarm praises of the play at the beginning of the season, despite the advent in the New York theatres of many successes and artistic novelties, Miss Brady's simple, girlish acting has brought her play through from early autumn until spring with flying colors.

Repopulating the Earth

[*Continued from page 29*]

the small pearl type, and the House of Commons in huge capitals. The monarch has become a mere social figure, while Lloyd George has become everything. The reason is very simple. The eldest son of an earl succeeds to the seat in the House of Lords, but the five younger sons have no seat therein. A strife, therefore, has developed between the eldest son, who falls heir to the title and estate, and the brightest boy of the other five younger brothers. The Commons also draws in the brightest boys of the remaining forty millions of English people. Always, therefore, you have the cleverest intellects of forty millions forcing their way into the House of Commons and there pitting themselves against the six hundred young Lords, each one of whom is the eldest son of a titled father. The result is inevitable: genius in the House of Commons and mediocrity in the House of Lords that represents whatever the stork happened to leave in the cradle on the occasion of his first afternoon call at the castle. The one thing that has saved England's House of Lords was the incoming of new blood. Men of commanding intellect, like Lord Northcliffe, Lord Cromer and Lord Curzon, have restored the note of genius to the chamber that was heavily handicapped by heredity. All this has broken down the barriers between the classes. Farmers' sons also are buying the home farm sold by the owner of the estate, and inevitably the population of England will be affected thereby.

MANY business men in this country are very apprehensive of the financial future of Great Britain, as well as of her repopulation. Crushing debts always react upon the size of the family and the health of the children. One of the leading bankers of this country has prophesied the waning of England, and looks forward to her decline and fall, somewhat after the fashion of Rome. Every financial consideration argues the speedy release of England from the burden of debt. Granted that Great Britain carries a load of fifty billions, which is one-half of her total wealth, it remains to be considered that the United States in 1865 had losses of seven billions, five hundred millions resulting from the Civil War, and that in 1860 her total wealth, north and south, was only fifteen billions, so that if England has consumed one-half of her wealth in this war, the United States consumed one-half of her wealth in the Civil War. Whenever a nation accepts a war rather than see crime succeed and civilization ruined, that war has been overruled for wings instead of weights. In 1865 American business men set themselves to pay the war wastes. They planned four forms of advancement. To pay the war debt, it was necessary to first quadruple the production of wealth; and finally to multiply it, ten and twenty times. First of all, therefore, the Homestead Law was passed and great states like Illinois and Iowa, Minnesota and Dakota, Kansas and Nebraska, were opened up. Second, when the soil was torn up by the plough, and these states were covered with wheat stacks and corn shocks, with herds and flocks, it became necessary to have railroads to carry these harvests, and the Union Pacific, Central Pacific, the Northern and Southern Pacific were built, uniting the oceans. Every little valley was reached, until it was found that we had over two hundred and fifty thousand miles of railway.

To take care of these new states, commissions were sent into Europe, and within a few years ten millions of farmers and working people were brought to America, and our population grew by leaps and bounds. To clothe and equip these farmers it became necessary to open up iron mines and develop coal and oil fields, to build factories for tools, and found looms for cotton and woolen goods, and soon we became a nation of inventors. The result was inevitable. In paying the debt of the Civil War, America became the richest nation in the world, with two hundred and fifty billions of dollars. A development that would have taken place slowly came about very rapidly.

This Great War has been a stimulant to the financial heart of Great Britain. Indeed, this war may make Great Britain fifty years from now the richest nation in the world, when the federation between the Dominions and the motherland for the joint development of their resources has been fully consummated. Where America in 1865 had ten or twelve little states to develop, England and her colonies, Canada (90 per cent. of her resources untouched), Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Central Africa, represent treasures by thousands, where we had *tens*.

Already the various colonies and Great Britain are developing a system of railways for Canada, Australia and Africa; moreover, they can immediately secure ten millions of workmen from China, Japan and India, who will come without their families into a country like Canada, and, without expecting to become citizens or to hold land, can remain on short-term contracts of two or three years, to rip up the wild grass of all western Canada, which can later on be taken care of by tools, the tractors, self-binders and machines, leaving the yellow man to return home. To take care of these immigrants, working on five-year contracts, England would have to double the output of her factories, that she may multiply by ten her food products of wheat, rye, barley and flax, as well as the herds and the flocks. By intensive farming America can increase slowly the production of wealth, but Great Britain and her colonies can rapidly raise two billion bushels of wheat a year, and ten billions of other treasures are spoken of by experts as a very conservative estimate of what is easily possible; and all this means an opportunity for England's boys and girls. This wrestling to pay the war debt will turn to strength. England's suffering is about to turn to song. By bearing the burdens of other races and continents, Great Britain has her chance at world leadership. Responsibility and creative work make little men large, and turn weak men into giants. Now, all these new conditions for Great Britain will not only react upon the size of her families, the number of her children, but upon the quality of the soul. Another generation, therefore, should witness in Great Britain an outburst of genius akin to the era of Elizabeth.

Our natural alliances, therefore, are with Great Britain and her colonies, and with France and her Allies. The folly of one inadequate German king brought on the American Revolution. Now comes the clearing away of all clouds and misunderstandings, and the rewriting of histories of that era. The American Revolution was England's last civil war, that ended with a victory over the remnants of feudalism,—a war in which Burke, Pitt and Fox were all on the side of Washington, and against the German king, George the Third. Now the English language is turning the world into one vast whispering gallery. The white people of England and her colonies are 65,000,000, and of the United States over 100,000,000. With France and her colonies, our Anglo-American ideas practically control the world of farming land, commerce and property. Alliances with other races are partly artificial, but these alliances with Great Britain and Ireland, Canada and Australia and France are natural alliances. Artificial alliances represent iron bands, while natural alliances represent vital growths. Of both England and America, therefore, let it be said:

"We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held. In everything we are sprung
Of earth's first blood, have titles manifold."

Has any one ever asked you "What Are You Getting Out of Life?" And have you ever been able to answer that question satisfactorily? Do three meals a day, a roof and a bed satisfy all your longings and ambitions? Or is there something else—? Lieutenant Coningsby Dawson, who wrote "We're Coming Back to You," has some pretty stiff ideas on the question of making ourselves pay handsomely to life, and making life pay handsomely to us. Read his article in May.

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The See-Saw

These Chapters Bring to a Close This Remarkable Story of Married Life

by Sophie Kerr

Chapter Thirteen

AS she asked the question, Marcia became aware that Leila was near to tears and that her hands were shaking as if with cold; likewise that she was disheveled and untidy. Marcia leaned forward, her heart beating madly.

"Come in," she said. "Don't stand out there. What's the matter?" And as Leila obeyed her, her mind leaped to the only thing she could imagine that would have brought Leila to her. She shut the door behind her unexpected guest and seized her by the arm. "Tell me — is anything the matter with Harleth?"

But Leila only looked at her dazedly. "I didn't know you lived here, Marcia," she said, slowly. "I — I didn't expect to find any one I knew. I went — I went away from the Inn — I meant to ask some one — any one — to give me shelter for the night — and I saw your light —"

"But why?" asked Marcia. "The Inn's all right. They're really very nice people. Why couldn't you stay there?" Then she remembered what Justine Burd had said about the man and woman who had come to the Inn by motor in the afternoon. "Why —" she went on, "why, you must have been the woman Justine Burd saw come to the Inn this afternoon! Oh, what's the matter, Leila? You look ghastly. Sit down. Is Harleth with you? Have you quarreled?" She pulled a chair forward for her. Leila sank into it dispiritedly. But at the last question she raised her head.

"No — Harleth isn't with me," she said.

"Then you came just with a chauffeur?" asked Marcia.

There was a moment of silence. "No," said Leila, at last, looking past Marcia. "I didn't come with a chauffeur."

It was impossible not to understand, and Marcia stood staring at her in horrified silence. Leila roused herself a little.

"You needn't look at me like that," she said, with something of a return of her usual spirit. "It's not what you think. I'm in a frightful mess, but I'm not eloping with another man, as you evidently imagine." She pulled herself up out of the chair. "I won't bother you any further, Marcia. I'll go on and find some other place to stay. I suppose this little hole isn't entirely populated with old friends of mine, is it?"

"You're not going away from here until you tell me what's the matter," said Marcia firmly. "I'll help you, no matter what sort of a mess you're in — not for your sake, but for Harleth. I'm not going to have Harleth's — wife," she hesitated over the word, "trailing about the Beach at this hour of the night and asking strangers to take her in and starting all sorts of wild surmises. You told me you came down here with a man. Now, who is he and why did you come?"

Leila sank back again. "I'll tell you, Marcia," she said, "because I don't know what to do — I simply don't. I don't want to go hunting around the town for a place to stay and I can't stay at the Inn. Oh, what a fool I was to let myself get caught like this! I never suspected — I never suspected for a moment."

She looked up at Marcia fretfully. "Do sit down," she said. "I can't even think with you towering over me."

Marcia sat down. "Go on," she said.

Leila pressed her hands against her forehead with a tired gesture. "I'm not used to this sort of thing," she complained. "Everything's been so uncomfortable — I'm half dead."

"Who is this man you came down here with?" reminded Marcia, inexorably, after a little silence.

A half-sullen, half-defiant look came over Leila's face. She did not look at Marcia, but she began her story. "His name is Otis Vail," she said. "Do you know him?"

Marcia shook her head.

"I've known him for a long time — before Harleth and I were married. And he — well, you might as well hear the whole truth of it — he's always made love to me. Harleth doesn't like him and insisted that I shouldn't know him and, as bad luck would have it, he happened to see me with him after I'd practically promised to drop him. And so, after that, I couldn't see him at all in public, but we used to meet just the same in Dorothy Macoin's rooms at the Palais. Do you know her?"

Again Marcia shook her head.

Leila's eyes flamed with anger. "Well, she's a mean, traitorous little cat — that's what she is," she exclaimed. "She's been pretending to be my devoted friend and all the time she was plotting and planning to get me into this scrape. She arranged it all, I'm sure of that. I'll never forgive her as long as I live."

"But what did she do?" asked Marcia impatiently.

"She told me she'd heard of such a lovely little quiet beach down on the Jersey coast — and proposed that we come down together for a few days before she went west for the summer, and I, like an idiot, agreed. Two days ago she called me up to say that she had to go to Philadelphia, but would meet me here to-day, and that I should take the train to the Junction and Otis Vail would meet me there with his car and bring me over."

"Then it was part of the plan that he was to come, too?" asked Marcia, drily. "Go on."

"THAT'S all," said Leila. "I got off at the Junction and Otis was waiting for me and brought me here and Dorothy wasn't here and hadn't intended to come! I believe he had paid her to get me here alone with him. When we first arrived and Dorothy wasn't in sight he said she was coming on a late train. I kept expecting her and *kept* expecting her, but she didn't come. Then, something he said after dinner, made me suspicious and I went down and asked some questions of the landlord — and — and found out the whole thing. There isn't any late train — it was all a vile, contemptible plot between him and Dorothy. Oh, I'll pay her for this! And him, too!"

"What did you do then?" asked Marcia.

"Oh, I had the most frightful scene with Otis," said Leila. "And he said the most terrible things. He said no one would believe that I thought Dorothy meant to come — and — and all sorts of things. I was afraid of him and I lost my head and ran out of the Inn to see if I could find another hotel or boarding-house or something — anything where I could stay to-night and get away from him."

"You can stay here," said Marcia, briefly. She set her lips in an angry line. "I'll telephone to the Inn and let this Otis Vail know you're with some one who will be responsible for you. And then —" she stopped to think. "Then long-distance to Harleth."

"I will not!" cried Leila. "He'd never forgive me."

"Nevertheless, you've got to do it," persisted the other. "He's not going to be kept in the dark about this. Don't you see, Leila, that it's your very best protection if he knows?"

"No, I don't," said Leila. "It's no protection at all to me. Heaven only knows what Dorothy Macoin will say or do!"

"That's exactly the point," said Marcia. "If Harleth knows about it, he can deal with her before she has a chance to do anything. If she really has let you into this thing without your knowledge, as you say, she'll hold it over you as long as you live, and threaten you with letting Harleth know. Can't you see that?"

"You can't long-distance to Harleth to-night, anyway," said Leila evasively. "He's on his way to Boston."

"I suppose you knew that when you planned this little outing," said Marcia.

"Of course I did," returned Leila, with some asperity. "I had to use some forethought."

"There's no use saying anything to you, of course, Leila," said Marcia.

Leila was recovering herself. She had patted her somewhat disarranged dress into place, adjusted her hat and pushed back her hair into its usual smooth soft order. "There's no use your preaching, Marcia," she said. "I've told you everything with perfect frankness and I don't expect you to see it in a sophisticated, woman-of-the-world way, but I *don't* want to hear any moral platitudes. If you'll let me stay here to-night and get me away early in the morning, I'll be eternally grateful. No one will ever suspect you of lending your assistance to anything improper certainly, and even though it is rather droll — that is, your being Harleth's first wife and I his second ——"

"Leila, be still," exclaimed Marcia. "You are absolutely the most vulgar woman I ever knew. Yes, you can stay here, and what is more, I'm going to see to it that this Vail person leaves the Beach to-night. Go up-stairs and take the first room at the right. You'll find everything there you need."

"If there was any way for me to leave here to-night I wouldn't trouble you, Marcia," said Leila. "But the man at the Inn said he only had one little car and his son had taken it to go somewhere, miles away, for their meat supply. That was one of the first things I asked."

"I'd send you in my own car," said Marcia, "only it happens that I sent Wasson home to-day to come down to-morrow with another cook. No, you'll have to stay to-night, Leila. Please go up-stairs and let me deal with this person you brought with you." It was not until Leila had gone up-stairs and Marcia had taken down the receiver that it suddenly occurred to her that Vail might not have used his own name. But she did not hesitate. "Mr. Broadnax," she said to the proprietor of the Inn, "this is Mrs. Crossey. I want to speak to the man who arrived late this afternoon, in a motor, with a lady. Will you tell him to come to the telephone, please?" [*Continued on page 45*]

Why Germany Quit

WE all feel pretty sure that we know why Germany quit. She was short of food, she was short of men, she was absolutely bankrupt of morale. The American fighters, fresh on the job and just looking for trouble, swung a powerful weight into the battle-line. Before this pressing weight, after years and years of being worn down by the French, and the English, and the Belgians, Germany succumbed. That's what we think! But that's not the whole truth of the matter. It wasn't the American army then in France that scared off the Hun. It was something right here at home that he knew about that turned him into the arrant coward of the world. Read in next month's McClure's what this something was. Cleveland Moffett tells the vivid tale.

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Bolshevism in the Kitchen

Face to Face With The Home Food Problem

by **Mabel Dulon Purdy**

THE food problem of the world is not yet solved. It will be with us for a long time to come — until food production and distribution and cost can become more nearly normal again. And there are many knotty tangles to be patiently unraveled before the happy ending!

Side by side with this world problem, definitely connected with it, closely interwoven with many phases of it, will go the equally difficult and complicated food and feeding problem in the American home. Difficult and complicated, because the housekeeper, while struggling with her own particular family problems, must at the same time face not only this unsettled world food condition but also our shifting labor troubles, the tremendous increase in the cost of every-day living, the now definitely recognized woman problem, and — in spite of the teachings of the past two years — her own still serious lack of practical food knowledge. And the result? The present era of kitchen confusion and waste, personal exhaustion, and family disruption — or, as it might almost be termed, Bolshevism in the kitchen.

The housekeepers of that remaining three or four per cent. who still indulge in "servants," the woman who does all her own household work and family raising, and the woman who, in addition, must help swell the family income by outside work, are all affected alike. In one way or another, each, at the moment is up against household disorganization. Each has been caught in the same rough current. Each is struggling, too, blindly, hoping for a smoother, better trend of living to again assert itself.

And what is to be done? As housekeepers, we cannot longer ignore our problem, or hide it behind a closed kitchen door, or go down under it. We must bring it out into the light and face it. We must get on top of it. We must look for help in new fields, not among the old exhausted haunts, and then bravely apply the remedies which can be found, *if we will see them.*

What We Must Do

We must bring the home food problem out into the light and get on top of it. We must not try to hide it, nor ignore it. It is here, and it cannot be eliminated — but it can be conquered if we are willing to face it.

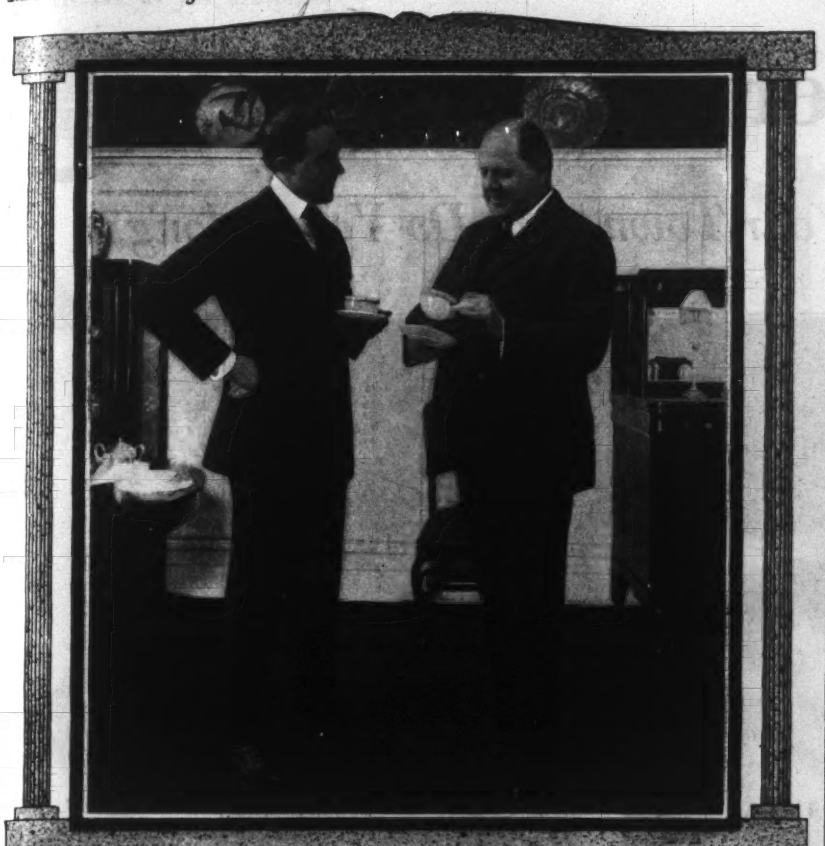
WHAT we need first of all, and can have, and free for the asking only, is food knowledge — economic, dietetic, practical. We have the United States Department of Agriculture working overtime, through state colleges, county agents, community centers, farm bureaus, clubs, bulletins, personal correspondence to spread the facts that can give us so much of the help we need. We have, too, all the educational material that has been so widely distributed by the Food Administration — if we will only use it. We have free libraries, lectures, demonstration classes, moving pictures, visiting teachers.

But in addition to the help that comes from knowing what and why and how, we need practical help as well — another pair of hands, a little more time, less to do, as it were. And this we can have, too, through simplified living — fewer things, less form, more reality — and the establishment of efficient working conditions in the home. We can have kitchens and tools and clothing and system and science and art that transform the whole weary, complicated problem of family feeding into all play and no work — if we only will. While here the question of cost may affect many, if we do our part in recognizing the value of this kind of help, and demanding it, some day the state may help us, too, in this particular, as it is now so freely giving us our household education. And we have, further, the help that can come from the community kitchen, a cooked dinner sent to the door, or a trained assistant for some special job. Help is here — if we will only see it — and take it.

BUT perhaps the greatest difficulty lies in the fact that no one solution, or set of solutions, applies alike to all homes. Each woman must find the key to her own troubles. She must learn how to choose and use to best advantage the help that can be hers — if she wants it. She must realize, and act on the fact, that a new order of intelligence, state interest, home partnership, competent food knowledge, improved kitchen conditions, professional service that may be purchased, at established rates, by the hour, and the many fruits of modern industry — cooked food service, ready-to-eat foods, labor saving equipment, materials, utensils — must replace the old-time order of home making and slavish household service, and the present reign of Bolshevism, uncertainty, and personal agony in the kitchen. And she must by her recognition, her demand upon and endorsement of these emerging institutions, hasten and hold them, and strengthen their power to give her continued and increasing help.

The woman who weeps because a valued maid turns deserter, or her own household work consumes her, is to be pitied, not because of her loss, or her weariness, but rather for her lack of understanding, self-reliance and capacity. To-day, it is only a woman's own independence and knowledge that can replace the now rare, faithful personal service she may lose, or that can give her own frayed nerves and aching body the relief she is entitled to. If she cannot, will not, see this for her own sake, she must see it for the sake of the race. The national importance of this is demonstrated in the fact that even now food and housekeeping knowledge, with self-service, is receiving attention in our schools. The schoolgirl of to-day will know how to arrange a family budget, build a kitchen, plan meals, buy food, bake biscuits, and create a whole small world of romance out of a painted table and a pottery pitcher long before she dares to attempt to make a home.

There can be, there is, no grimy, boring, exhausting, dreadful side to household work unless we ourselves may choose to make it so. Housekeeping, family feeding, can be simplified, ordered, beautified. It must be — or our world will go astray. It cannot be eliminated. That is the problem we must be willing to face, and to which we must apply not only all our knowledge, but even more, — the right spirit, the deepest understanding, the widest kind of vision, and the biggest soul. But we need not fear the results, ultimately, for the wonderful woman spirit that has come out of the War, that has triumphed over one difficulty after another, that has won the right to say what her life shall be, has enough fire left to burn away the remaining clouds that fog her world, and to see the real light behind.



What! Postum?

"Do you mean to tell me this is the drink I have read so much about!"

"You're like many others, Jack, who think they must have coffee—you're surprised to find that this healthful cereal drink has a really delicious, coffee-like flavor."

"There's a Reason" for POSTUM

Ole Hanson On the Job

[*Continued from page 15*]

and my appointee as Superintendent of Public Utilities, ran the first car through the crowded streets, unguarded but unafraid.

I gave orders to shoot on sight any lawbreaker; and Joe Warren, Chief of Police, a dead shot and a true man, stood ready with fifteen hundred men under him to quell disorder. We used no soldiers for any purpose, either as guards or policemen, although one thousand stood ready to help. No martial law was declared. The American spirit of our people burst into flame and the Bolsheviki, the I. W. W.'s, the Internationalists, the traitors—all of them cowards—crowded the railway stations and wharves to make their escape. Seattle stood four square and loyal, and in my judgment its citizenship and its love of country prevented the spread of the hell-inspired doctrines of Lenine and Trotzky.

I am proud to be Mayor of such a people and of such a city; proud to know that misled and befooled union labor realized its error in time. The leaders must be deported or sent to the Penitentiary. The betrayed workers will be forgiven. Seattle may forgive but it can never forget.

The War was won by unflinching determination and untold sacrifice. We assisted in the destruction of Hun-ism and all it stands for in Europe. To-day we are facing a still greater peril right here at home. We have welcomed to our land with open arms the peoples of the world. We have allowed folk to come here without question, and they have partaken of our bountiful resources. Most of them have become true, liberty-loving Americans, but many, so very many, have enjoyed our hospitality and now stand ready to destroy our Government, the best, freest government on the face of the earth. Our late trouble has proven to me that our greatest danger is not the foe across the sea, but the alien anarchists at home. The Bolshevist propaganda was spread by aliens who owe no allegiance to any country on earth, and whose policy is destruction of all we hold true and dear. There can be no compromise when the issue is Americanism. We must not only do the best thing or the wise thing, but we must and will do the right thing. Immigrants desiring to come to the United States should file an application and sign a questionaire before leaving foreign soil. All should be investigated before taken on board ship, if possible.

Any alien who repudiates his first papers should be deported; all aliens should be compelled to register and reregister with each change of address. The Bolsheviki and I. W. W.'s should be outlaws. The National Government must forget everything but the danger to our institutions. There must be no equivocation, no evasion, no mildness. Deportation or incarceration for one and all. Mildness breeds contempt with these people; kindness only encourages continued agitation. Iron-handed justice and not pity is the remedy. They who are with us I would foster and care for; those against us I would remove from American society forever.

This is the land of freedom, but not the land of license and lawlessness. This is the land of opportunity and promise, but it is not, and never shall be, the refuge of anarchists and criminals.

Let us clean house; let us clean house now!

A government that will not defend itself cannot stand. Let us not hesitate to shed blood if necessary. Let us be real men and not eunuchs. *Either we destroy these vermin now or the time may come when they will destroy us.* All who are for this Government are my friends; all who are against this Government are my enemies. As to the first, God bless them; as to the last, to hell with them.

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By WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT
Automobile Editor of McClure's Magazine

Partial List of Contents

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The "My America" League

Is There a Branch League in Your Town, and Do You Belong?

Photograph by Lejaren Hiller

Our Part

ARE you wearing a "My America" button? If not, write and ask us for one. Let us help you form a League in your town, among your neighbors, and suggest a few plans for League work.

The "My America" League has spread through the country at an astonishing rate, and every mail brings us new applications for membership. We are helping some of these Leagues to plan receptions for welcoming home their soldier and sailor heroes; other Leagues wish to undertake relief work abroad, or to adopt a little French or Belgian child. There is work for every man, woman, boy and girl in the country, and if each one of us doesn't do our share, it means that someone else must carry a double burden, or that the work will not be done at all, which is still worse.

We can all learn a splendid lesson in the spirit of service from our soldier sons, brothers and husbands. They answered the call to serve humanity in its need — and remember, it was not easy for all of them to do so. It meant the breaking of home ties; the sacrifice of good business positions; the giving up, often, of cherished ambitions for the future without knowing whether they would be able to return and take up the work where they had laid it down; the offering up, in many cases, of their splendid young manhood, their lives even. But they did it cheerfully, uncomplainingly, without a thought of hesitating, or shirking. Their work is done — magnificently, effectively done. Ours is still before us. They have beaten back the Hun, silenced the destructive guns, and brought the wreckage of homes to an end. Now it is our part to take a share in building up again, to send food to the starving women and children, to keep alive the peoples our boys have saved, until they are able to get on their feet, and help themselves. What are *you* doing toward this end? What are you willing to do?

Please!

YOU cannot hear their voices crying to you — they are too far away; and you cannot see their faces pleading with you, because they're on the other side of the ocean! But our hearts, opened wide by the first drum-beat of the War, have not closed yet to the needs of our brothers and sisters. We have not gone back to the old time carelessness that made us pass serenely on our way if only our own dear ones were happy and protected.

In Belgium, though the Hun has left that brave little country forever, there are children and babies who are not happy — who are not protected, who are not cared for, and who are still hungry. In a little while, perhaps, they won't be hungry any longer; Belgium will be able to feed her own babies, so it isn't a question of feeding and feeding and giving indefinitely. But the need now is poignant. *They must have food.*

Were you ever a child? That, of course, is a foolish question. But were you ever a child and hungry? And do you remember it? Perhaps not. Most of us, thank God, had our porridge bowls full to overflowing. Well, then, did you ever see a hungry child? We do not mean one of our own youngsters who flings in from school or play, saying that he is dying of hunger, and making a raid on the pantry. That's a different story. But did you ever see a little waif in rags, with a little white face, and great eyes that searched yours for help? Do you think that if you were walking along the street bent upon your day's work or your day's pleasure, and a little child should run along beside you, touch your hand or pull your sleeve and say, "Please, please!" you could deny him? If you looked down into that little face and saw in it hunger and hopelessness and pitiful needy babyhood, what would you do? Why, you would say: "Here, wait a moment." And you would put your hand down in your pocket and you'd try to keep your mouth steady and you'd try not to think of your own kids at home and you'd turn out every bit of loose change into that grimy, thin, cold little hand. Wouldn't you? Just ask yourself!

Please!

Will you help us? All we want from you is ten cents for one cake of chocolate for one Belgian baby. There is a woman in Belgium working in close connection with the "My America" League who is buying this nourishing food for us over there and giving it where it is most needed.

Please send us your coupon to-day, and help her buy just one more cake to go with all the others that are being sent.

The "My America" League

McClure's Magazine, 25 West 44th Street, New York

Send a bar of chocolate to a hungry Belgian baby for me.
Here's my ten cents!

Name .....

Address .....

Making Americans

PERHAPS in your place of business there are foreign-born employees. Perhaps they have never taken out naturalization papers, or perhaps they have been planning to do so, but have let the matter slide.

What are you doing to make good Americans out of such men and women? If you work side by side with them in business hours, you have a wonderful opportunity to teach them, simply, by little unobtrusive words and acts, the meaning we as Americans attach to citizenship.

Just suppose that each one of us could say that we, personally, had made one loyal American for this country of ours; one new citizen devoted body and soul to serving her against enemies without and within. Wouldn't that be something worth working and sacrificing some of our time and leisure for? And it is an opportunity that lies within reach of almost every one of us. Men can use their influence in business; women may find their chance right at home, with some man or woman in their employ; children can talk to the little foreign-born child at the next desk.

These new Americans will make loyal, earnest citizens, but they must be taught first what the words "My America" stand for. That is the purpose of our big "My America" League. That is why our members wear the little red, white and blue emblem with those two words written across it. We want to remind ourselves each day in the year, each minute in the day, what high privileges and duties are ours. And we want to rouse interest in others who may see the little button.

Write today to the "My America" Editor, McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, 25 West 44th Street, New York City, and ask for one of these buttons for yourself, and for several to give away. Let us help you by every means in our power, to be able some day to say proudly, "*I* have done what I could to give one more *American* to my country!"

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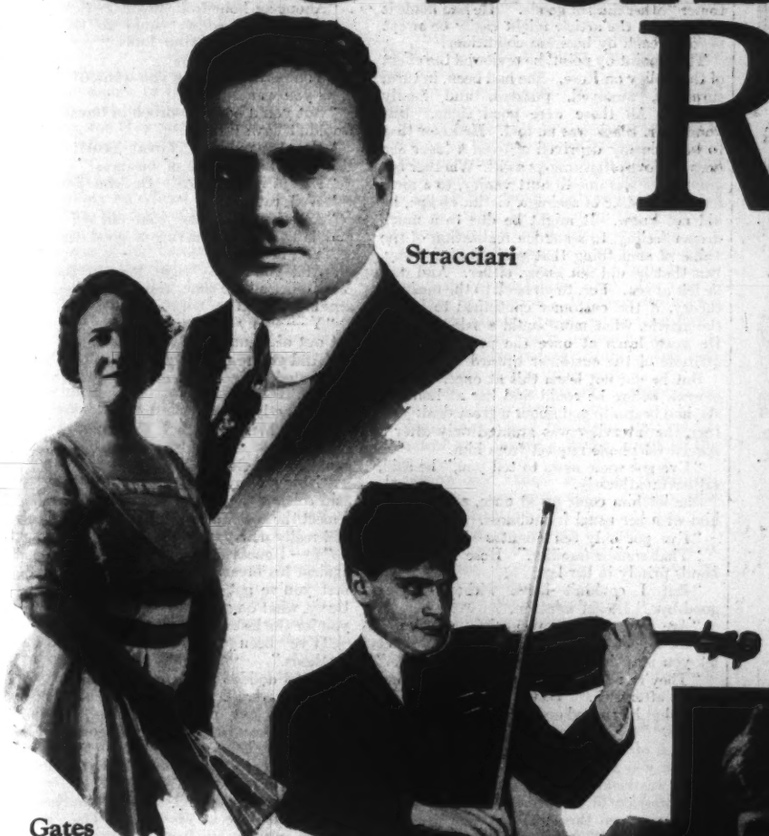

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On Terms to Suit the Lady

[*Continued from page 22*]

consistently following his old lines of conduct. Perhaps, after all, King was right, David reflected, miserably.

He reviewed what his "business method" had accomplished. He had ceased to urge the article upon the customer. He had even ignored it and talked of something else, like a good salesman, while still carefully leaving the article in sight. He had shown the customer "other lines of goods." He had made it appear that the article might easily be swept beyond reach by business conditions.

Then, point by point, he reviewed the effect of this policy on Rose. She had been, in turn, surprised, annoyed, puzzled, and finally furious. All these were good signs. But young Mr. Black was no fool. He knew that to be suddenly deprived of even a lover she does not love often annoys a girl. Whether her annoyance was due to hurt vanity, to a mere feminine dislike of seeing a victim escape, he did not know. It might be due to a much deeper feeling, to a sudden realization of the value of something that was slipping away. But that he did not know, either. And now he felt at sea. For, to go back to the business theory, if the customer continued to ignore the article, what more could a salesman do? He must learn at once the present mental attitude of the customer toward the article.

But he did not learn this at once. It was a week before he could find her at home—she had begun to gad about a great deal; and then the interview was granted only after a special telephone request from him.

"I've got some news to tell you," he said, rather breathlessly.

She let him come up at once, and greeted him with her usual friendliness.

"I've got only ten minutes—" he began.

"That sounds familiar." Rose folded her hands primly in her lap.

"But I couldn't leave without saying good-bye," David went on.

"Are you going away again—so soon?" Rose's delicate eyebrows lifted. "They don't let you stay in town very much any more."

"They're not going to let me stay in town at all, after this." David was so full of his news that he rushed on without observing her silence. "They've just offered me," he said, "charge of a branch office in San Francisco.

"Are you going?"

She was looking at him at last. There was an expression in her brown eyes that David had never seen there before.

"If—if you'll go with me," he stammered, still staring into the eyes fixed on his. Their expression changed at once.

"I don't like San Francisco," she said, sedately.

The mentality of young Mr. Black wobbled. He caught one of the folded hands.

"Do—do you mean that—that if I didn't go——"

"I just said I didn't like San Francisco."

"But New York, with me thrown in—if I stayed—oh, darling, would you——"

David was babbling incoherently. The situation was developing unexpectedly.

"I like the country better—the country near New York."

"Westchester!" yelped David, excitedly. "A dandy little house——"

"About an hour from town."

"Of course—so we could go back and forth often and see your folks——"

"And the new plays——"

"You bet. Anything you wanted! *Everything* you wanted!"

"But you'd be so absorbed in business you wouldn't have time——"

"No, I wouldn't. Great Scott! Why, Rose, I'd never *think* of business!"

"Except in the office. Do you *promise?*"

"Well, rather!"

"And you'll be like your old self—jolly and laughing and having a good time?"

"You bet I will."

"And you'll stay right here in the New York office all the time, and not let them keep sending you off on trips?"

"Y—why—yes, of course—I—I'll get out of as much traveling as I can."

"And you're perfectly sure you'll be interested again in golf and motoring, and all the other nice things?"

"Perfectly sure."

Young Mr. Black has had time to catch his breath. Taking both her hands, he caught and held her eyes.

"Now it's my turn to ask a question," he said solemnly. "Does all this mean that if I meet the conditions you have just made you will really marry me?"

"I—I guess so." She pressed both hands against his breast and held him back. "But first you've got to tell me one more thing. Davy, what on *earth* has been the matter with you for the last two months?"

"I've been winning you by business methods."

David nodded at her convincingly.

"They were dead right, too," he went on. "But, oh, my precious darling, I'd have saved six months of time and agony if I had had sense enough to put myself on the bargain counter at the start, and let you pick me up on your own terms!"

Something soft and thrilling touched his face—the cheek of Rose. The barrier of her arms rose from his breast and encircled his neck, shutting the world away from them.

"Don't think I don't love you," she whispered, "just because I—bargained. Oh, Davy, darling, you could have had me any time in the last six weeks, on *any* terms!"

For the shortest and most wonderful moment in life they silently clung together.

"That Damned Englishman!"

[*Continued from page 24*]

a realization so instinctive as not to be discernible from habit. For, mark you, he has probably never thought the matter out. At most, if he knew something to your advantage—say, that you had just inherited $800,000—of which you were at present ignorant, he would murmur to himself, "Well, it's best not to be intrusive . . . never know how people will take one's interference." No, he will not butt in on you even to inform you that you have come into a fortune.

"Ah, but I'm American," you say to yourself. "All very fine, but I'll bet with his own people . . ." As a matter of fact, with his own people he will be more silent than ever.

Have you ever traveled from Carlisle to London in a full first-class smoking carriage? Personally, I have a private theory that it is in such a carriage that undertakers receive their final and most intensive training. There will be growls about the exact amount of window to be open, of course. If you call that conversation, I won't contradict you, but if that is so, the dumb beasts of the pen are downright eloquent elbowing each other out of the food's way and setting up a grunt over it.

So much for the justly celebrated bad manners of the English. For the rest, having been in America for a little while, and having gotten to know America a deal better in a short while than I ever thought I should, I return to say to my countryman, "Try and throw this Least-said-soonest-mended stuff overboard. America is a country which takes nothing for granted. Why should she? Why should any one?" And to the Americans, I say, "Excuse me putting it this way, but would you mind cutting it out for a minute? I can feel your enthusiasm in the pressure of your hand: no need to crack my ear-drum over it!"

The future of civilization lies in the hands of the English-speaking peoples. Let us have a fair exchange. Let Englishmen be a little less cool and Americans a little more. There is wanted, moreover, a larger exchange of thoughts characteristically British and American. Personally, believing as I do in laughter as the greatest educator on earth, I should be happy to see you send us Al Jolson in exchange, say, for George Robey. And let us openly cuss each other's faults a little, making good fun of them. For now, as never before, the future of the world lies in the hands of the humorists.

Outposts — *Continued from page 25*

he said, "for every blow they struck only added to my hatred of them."

"Flogged you!" she repeated, as though she hadn't heard his last words, and as though she were reconstructing the scene. She smoothed the shoulders with her white fingers, and shivered as she did so. There was something more than sympathy in her streaming eyes. There was in her voice the high note of encouragement. She was the martyr standing on the edge of the yellow ring: he was the victim on the pile.

"Flogged you!" she said for the third time, and then touched his bare shoulder with her lips.

Meldrake, the sullen Englishman, broke the dramatic silence of the moment, and loped stealthily out of the room. None noticed his going, for they were each of them thousands of miles away from Semitinsk.

MELDRAKE was flogged at daybreak for striking an official who had called him "dog." On the night of the same day he crept into Vasili's house, while Dmitri was reciting some poem of his flamboyant youth. And he didn't seek the shelter of the shadows this time; he sat on the bench near the spot where Katrina had seated herself the night before. There was a livid mark on his right cheek, and from above the collar of his coat a similar welt showed itself. No one spoke to him, but Vasili said: "One day they will try to flog me!" And, saying that, he took a thin-bladed knife from the cunningly concealed hiding-place in his heavy boots.

Then Katrina came in, and she sat near Meldrake. She was full of laughter, for at work that day Csiky, the poet-musician, had tried to teach her some of his philosophy. She had come with the avowed intention of making light of her sorrows; she had come to dance, to sing, to mimic, as only Katrina was able, in the days when Moscow knew her as an artiste. She came in with quip ready to her tongue. She had unlaced the black plaits, and her hair fell in wavy masses. Her eyes were brilliant; her feet danced even as she walked across the floor.

And then she saw Meldrake, and that scar on his cheek blanched her own. She ignored the presence of the others. She went near him. He did not raise his eyes. She placed her hands on his shoulders, just as she had done on Csiky's, and she said: "Oh! Englishman! They have flogged you!"

And still he did not move. He seemed to be waiting for something. Vasili threw a glance at Csiky, the Hungarian. Csiky made a motion with his hand, and Dmitri, catching it, burst into mocking laughter.

Katrina turned her head in amazement.

"Nay, kiss him, little one!" said Vasili.

Her hands were still on Meldrake's shoulders, but in a fit of anger and embarrassment he pushed her roughly from him.

"Come!" cried Vasili, whose own broad shoulders gave him a sense of security, " 'tis a poor way to play the lover."

It was Katrina's turn to spring to her feet, and she stamped the floor in a fury.

"He is no lover of mine!" she cried. "And you, Vasili, you insult me!"

"Vasili was only jesting, Katrina," said the Hungarian, laying aside his violin to come over to where she was standing.

Meldrake set his heel on the instrument, then rushed from the house.

Vasili's bushy beard jutted upward in anticipation of a storm, but after staring in dismay at the fragments of his beloved violin, Csiky summoned to his ruffled soul some of the crude philosophy he was in the habit of expounding to his fellow exiles.

"These English!" he sighed, stooping to gather up the pieces. "And yet if jealousy possess him he cannot be so hopeless as we thought. . . . Vasili, my friend, have I not said to you that Chopin was the master of them all?"

"He was a Pole," said Vasili, with a significant glance at the silent Dmitri. "Poland is but a sob in the ears of those who cherish liberty."

"There is no nationality in music," said the Hungarian, and his fingers trembled a little as they picked up the broken tail-piece of the violin. Katrina was watching him intently; there was a glimmer of fear in her eyes, as though she felt that she was responsible for the wreckage. Csiky, having gathered all the fragments into a little heap, covered his face with his hands, not melodramatically nor sentimentally, but like one who has reached the limit of endurance and is prepared to resign everything, even life.

Katrina's rough-spun skirt made a weeping noise as she crept to the side of the Hungarian, saying: "I grieve for you, Csiky."

In rising, he lifted the girl to her feet.

"You have soul, Katrina," he said softly, "but even you cannot say what that meant to me."

She helped him to pick up the broken pieces; he entrusted them to her, and, saying that he would be gone only a little while, went out of the house.

"They will not fight?" Katrina asked of Vasili, who was fingering his great beard reflectively.

"Csiky may," he muttered, and shrugged his shoulders.

She went back to her corner, stooping to the ikon on the wall as she passed.

Dmitri yawned, stretched himself, and turned over on his sacking; his head touched a piece of the violin that had escaped the notice of Csiky; he picked up the fragment, and tossed it toward Katrina.

The Hungarian came on the lone Englishman no more than forty paces from Vasili's house. Snow was falling; there was a peculiar whine in the wind. Without waiting for a challenge, Meldrake said, between his teeth:

"And I'll crush you in the same way."

The Hungarian halted abruptly, and held out his hands, palms uppermost.

"Friend," he said suavely, "there is no anger in my heart toward you."

"Drop that," said Meldrake, heaving his shoulders and taking a firmer stand in the snow.

"Sorrow and exile," said the Hungarian unheedingly, "are responsible. I was saying to the child Katrina —"

"What were you saying to her?"

"Hush!" said Csiky. "I can hear you quite plainly if you raise your voice no higher than a whisper."

"You were talking about me?"

"And why not, my friend?"

"That woman — what is she to you?" demanded Meldrake.

Csiky stretched out a hand; a flake of snow fluttered down upon it; he watched it melt, then sighed.

"We, all of us, are bound together by common misfortune."

"Do you love her? Or are you merely pretending?"

Csiky made an expressive gesture with his shoulders.

"You English are so terse, so brutal," he said. "You have no emotions — no sense of the artistic — no tenderness."

"I asked you a question. Are you unable to answer it?"

"Why should I answer it, my friend?"

"I'll give you another minute."

"I? Love Katrina? Why — yes; but I do not gather the import —"

"You have a wife. I heard you tell Vasili."

" 'TIS true. A wife and three sons, my friend. I was taken from them. I shall never see them again. . . . There are tears in your eyes. You marvel that I should be so resigned to my exile?"

Meldrake shook his head.

"I asked you about this woman, Katrina."

"Then, I answer you: Yes, I love her; that is part of my philosophy — the philosophy of an artist. My heart lies yonder, beyond the snow-ridge, but my soul craves for sympathy. Katrina gives me that sympathy, yet I feel no pricking of conscience. Here we are exiles shut out from the world. What can it matter to those yonder?"

Meldrake brushed the snow from his bare head.

"Curse your philosophy!" he growled. "What would you do for the woman?"

Csiky frowned.

"These English!" he said, with a sigh. "They are cold — cold as death!" And with that he strode away, leaving Meldrake, the lone Englishman, struggling with a fragment of philosophy that was as dark and obscure and as contradictory as his own benighted character.

"It was the way she looked at me when she saw the mark on my cheek," he muttered, his mind moving readily from the abstruse to that which the heart helped it to understand. "The way she looked," he repeated, with a sob.

And the little gods whose duty it is to

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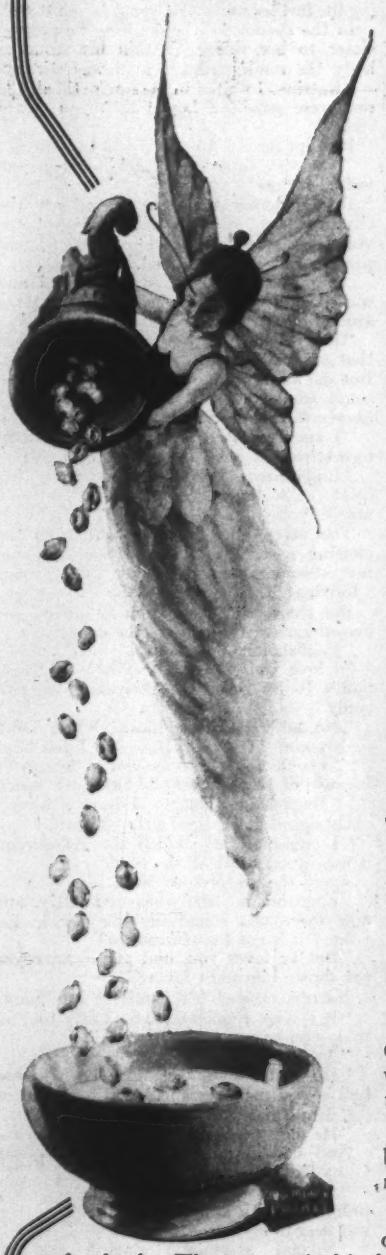
Yet Shot from Guns



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Also crisp and lightly butter for hungry children to eat dry. They are better than peanuts or popcorn.

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watch the seed, whether it fall on barren or fertile soil, smiled to themselves as a tiny green blade thrust itself out of the earth.

That same night, Yagodkin, the warden who had ordered the flogging of a few hours before, knocked on the door of the house in which Meldrake, the exile, lodged.

"Tarasof — Meldrake," he said, biting at his words, as though he were loth to give his message: "His Imperial Majesty, the Tsar, has listened to the pleading of your friends. . . . You are pardoned!"

Meldrake picked up the official envelope, and carried it away to his cubicle.

Chapter II

PARDONED! And yet there was no appreciable change in the sullen cast of features; he was as morose and unimaginative as in the day when he arrived at Semitinsk, when the gendarmes pushed him roughly from the *drosky*, and caused him to fall headlong in the snow.

A passport in his pocket, and English friends — his father among them, if Yagodkin were speaking truthfully — awaiting him, just over the frontier, yonder, up the slope, five *versts* beyond the pine clump, where the gray sky rested on the razor edge of the hills. And yet there was no light in his countenance, no elasticity in his step; he slouched, slunk through the street, his head down, his eyes moving slowly from right to left.

"No soul! No soul!" the Hungarian sobbed in the ear of Vasili. "Freedom means nothing to him. Oh! my beloved wife, incline your ear to the north and hear my heart cry in bondage."

"English," said Vasili, in a short, sharp breath. "You speak truly, Csiky. Freedom can mean nothing to him. He has no soul to appreciate it."

Nevertheless, the exiles surrounded him and poured forth their congratulations. He listened unmoved: Katrina was not among them, though he looked anxiously for her scarlet cloak. Of one he inquired, coldly and without interest: "The dancing woman — Katrina — have you seen her?"

The youth questioned said: "She is alone in her house; I heard her sobbing as I passed the door."

He wondered why she should be sobbing, but gave no visible sign of concern.

The exiles fought with each other to gain a place by his side. They brought with them letters for their relatives and friends and they adjured him, if he would remain in their prayers till the snow covered them forever, to seek out those friends and convey those messages by word of mouth.

"My wife," said one, thrusting a woman aside as he spoke, "lives but six *versts* from Moscow. Take this — this chain of hair; 'tis from my own head, though there will be no need to tell her that. Say that never for a minute in all the ten years of my exile has she been out of my thoughts."

"My son," cried an old, sorrow-lined woman, "is in the University at Warsaw. Bid him be strong in the faith. Let Liberty forever —"

And the voice of Vasili behind her fell like the knout itself.

"Thy boy at Warsaw, old woman! That was fifteen years ago." He pushed a way through the crowd, his great figure dwarfing all others. He held out a hand to Meldrake.

"Farewell to thee, Meldrake or Tarasof," he said, with a bitter, ironical laugh. "Convey my compliments to the Tsar of all the Russias, and the tribe of sycophants that fawn upon him. And say to him that of all his enemies isolated in Semitinsk he has chosen to free the one least calculated to repay his munificence with ingratitude."

He moved away, and while the little crowd laughed feebly at his feeble jest, the eyes of the lone Englishman lighted up.

"Vasili," he called out, "have you no message for your artistic friends?"

Vasili turned, and then half-seriously answered:

"Tell them to keep open my studio no longer; it was a sentiment of theirs, believing that one day I should return to finish my masterpiece. Let them take it from the easel."

"And must I commiserate or congratulate?"

Vasili's shoulders shook with momentary passion, but slipping his arm through that of Csiky, he walked out of earshot.

As he passed along the street in the evening, Meldrake saw Katrina in the doorway of the house which she shared with two other women. She had been waiting for him; that was obvious even to his unobservant eye. He halted in the doorway, and held out his hand; she touched it lightly with her fingers. She was looking at him as never before had he seen a woman look. In her eyes, now blinded by tears, he was the most wonderful being she had ever met. For he was free — free to go where he chose, free to walk abroad and look at God's world as He intended it should be looked at — free to talk, to sing, to love.

"O God!" she sobbed, and her fingers tightened on his.

"Katrina," he said gently, "have you no message — no word for those outside?"

"O God!" she said again, emotion drowning the further words she would have uttered.

In the shadow of the doorway he pressed closer to her side. Within his scourged body the semi-moribund man was stirring.

"Katrina, I waited in the square till all the rest were gone. I hoped that you would come."

Her lips moved pitiably.

"You — Tarasof — Meldrake — you waited for me?"

In the darkness she could not see the changed face, but this voice was not the voice of Tarasof; it throbbed with a great passion only half-restrained.

"Yes, for you, Katrina. I waited and waited, and though my heart bled for those around me, it was of you that I thought."

"Englishman!" she murmured, as though that were all she could say at the moment. But she was straining toward him. Why she could not have said. It was the breath of liberty that he breathed.

"I am free to go to-night, but I shall go to-morrow."

"Englishman" — she turned away her head — "go before the dawn. I — I could not see you go and — and live."

The man — the lover — broke from the clinging past. He flung his arms around her shoulders, crying in a thick voice: "Katrina! Katrina!"

But she freed herself from his grasp, and leaned against the jamb of the door.

"Englishman," she sobbed.

"I love you, Katrina. That's it, I love you. It has come so strangely, so suddenly."

"No, no!" she checked him. "You didn't understand. O God! How can I tell him? . . . I could not bear to see you go because — because of the mockery of my poor heart. . . . Englishman, listen. I have a lover."

He sighed like a tired girl. Then:

"I ought to have killed the Hungarian; it was in my heart all the time."

Again she grasped his hand.

"Englishman," she whispered softly, and now there was something like joy in her voice, "it is not the Hungarian."

"But he loves you, and you — have you not shown him some favor?"

Katrina clasped her hands to her bosom.

"It is true, Englishman, for Csiky told me that soon he was to be freed —"

"And then —"

"He would never rest until he had helped me to escape."

"Brave man!"

"He meant it, Englishman."

And he did not tell her that Csiky had lied.

"Your lover, Katrina," he prompted, with a tenderness that was near to reverence.

"Nikolai Martianof, Englishman."

"Moscow? I shall go to Moscow."

"No. Petrovsk, Englishman — on the edge of the Caspian Sea."

"He loves you dearly, Katrina?"

"Dearly, Englishman. He prays for me nightly."

"And you, Katrina?"

"I pray for him," she answered simply.

"How long since you —"

"I have been in exile seven years."

He nodded, and felt for her hand.

"I will seek him out, Katrina."

"O God!" she cried hysterically. "You will see him!"

She pressed her face against his coat, and her sobs shook his whole frame. Presently he raised her head, and, placing his hands on her cheeks, he said:

"Hope, Katrina, hope. Love like yours is not allowed to die, even amid the snows of Siberia." He paused; a fierce tumult was in his heart. "God! How I love you, Katrina," he cried, but his very passion terrified her, and wresting herself from his grasp she fled into the house, leaving him there, leaning against the doorpost, his breath coming in violent gasps, and paining him as it came.

A feather of cloud shifted uneasily across the moon, and the shadows cast on the snow were fantastic enough to kindle the imagination of the chilled guard. He watched those shadows from the shelter of his guard-house, and when the pad and scrunch of feet in the snow broke on his ears he was only half conscious of his duty. He went out of his shelter, and walked ten paces along the whitened road that led to the "colony." He never went back. The shadow that detached itself from the others moved swiftly — it leaped. It came from behind, and it sighed as it passed on toward Semitinsk — passed on, its work done. The snow filtered down through the argent light, and mercifully covered the white face and the staring eyes.

Katrina was kneeling before the ikon in her room when the voice of the lone Englishman crept up the wall of the house and brushed the window-pane.

"KATRINA! Come down — at once."

She drew the scarlet cloak about her shoulders and stole softly down the stairs. Meldrake's face showed red in the light of the oil-lamp in the passage.

Head and shoulders were white with snow.

"Katrina, it is I — the Englishman. Come with me."

She started back affrighted, and was about to close the door in his face. He thrust his foot forward to prevent her, but she was too quick for him.

"Katrina," he called desperately, "Csiky, the Hungarian —"

She reopened the door a foot.

"He is lying out yonder — in the snow!"

"Englishman!"

"He tried to escape — to get past the guard."

"He has been shot?"

"Come quickly, Katrina! I will take you to him. He's asking for you."

She stumbled out, clutching at his proffered arm.

The clouds slipped quickly past the moon as though they were privy to the thoughts of the pair.

"Csiky," she sobbed, and her teeth chattered. He tried to steady her a little.

"You told me that you didn't love him," said the Englishman.

"Not love — sympathy, Englishman," she answered.

They headed south, and the wind drove the snow full in their fevered faces. She was holding tightly to his arm. Soon the clump of pines reared up before them.

"You love Csiky," he said, with the last flicker of jealousy.

"I love Nikolai," she answered. "I pity Csiky."

"What's that?" she asked in a horrified whisper.

It was the knees of the dead outpost, showing above a mound of snow.

"Nothing," he said impatiently; and then, as though he could no longer hold it back: "God! I love you, Katrina!"

She stopped and faced him.

"I will not go another step," she said, with resolution.

He was bewildered; he had no further subterfuge with which to allay her fears. He looked about him helplessly. Far back the colony lay black and squat in the snow; a single light showed from a window. The silence of the waste appalled him. He marked the footprints up the slope, and seeming to forget all else, he said slowly: "God send the snow to cover our tracks."

She believed that his mind had given way under the strain of unexpected pardon, and she took a step backward. He seized her roughly by the arm. She struggled fiercely. He gripped her around the waist, and she beat his poor face with her hands. The scarlet cloak fell from her shoulders, but he gave it no glance. He carried her on, and there was that in his eyes, if she could have seen it, that would have set the whole world at defiance.

Beyond the clump of pines he set her down, and rested his hands on her shoulders while he fetched breath. Then he said to her:

"Katrina, I lied to you about the Hungarian, but I knew that you would not come — you would not dare the risks unless I lied. Listen! This is your chance to escape."

"Englishman!" she wailed. "What are you saying?"

"Your chance," he repeated, his hot breath steaming her face. "Less than a *verst* ahead — straight through the pass, yonder — is the gate to liberty, to your lover, Nikolai, who lives on the edge of the Caspian." He fumbled in the pocket of his rough-spun coat. "Here is the passport for 'Malcolm Meldrake.' You are a clever woman. I have seen you act the man for the amusement of Vasili; now you must act for your life. See!" he pointed to a fallen pine. "I am going there to change my clothes. And you must change yours. . . . Don't speak. I have thought it all out very carefully. . . . You are going to your lover, Katrina."

They changed clothes, and when again they stood together in the moonlight she held up her face, whiter now than the snow around her. He drew her to him. There was a great peace in his English eyes.

"Katrina," he said, and the wind caught at his voice, "I love you as I have never before loved a woman, for you were ready to give me sympathy when all the world was arrayed against me. You must march straight forward, praying to your God for strength and tact. Call to your aid all the talent that is yours. Now you are Malcolm Meldrake. Stay —" he produced a knife — "I am going to cut off your hair. I will keep the plaits to the end. There! Go forward, Katrina. In the village, through the pass, you will be challenged, but my friends are there — my father is there. Say, gruffly, in the presence of the official: 'I'm Malcolm Meldrake, and I'm going to St. Petersburg to demand a reckoning.' And when you are safe — when you may speak to my father with freedom, tell him the truth. . . . Say: 'Your son never understood the meaning of sympathy until he met Katrina; then — then he tried to do one act that would wipe out the shame of the past — the shame of an idle, aimless life. . . . Katrina, kiss me."

She laced her arms around his neck. She kissed him twice, full on the lips. She dared not refuse this great chance, and she dared not allow herself to think of the sacrifice he was making. From the depths of her heart came the cry:

"O God! These English!" Then she turned toward the gap in the distant hills.

He followed her with his eyes until her form blended with the snow. Then he faced about, braced his shoulders, and set his brave face toward Semitinsk.

Slavery

by Archie Austin Coates

OH, I have so loved the open sky
And I have so loved the sun,
And the mottled trees that stand at noon
All shimmering, every one . . .
And I have loved the small gray mice
That through the field-grass run.

And in the office-bondage fast
When Spring calls from the trees,
I've watched a slip of paper float
Borne on the swinging breeze
And envied it, that it could dance
On those ethereal seas.

The stretch of desks about my own
Is arid, wooden, bare . . .
And at my shoulder seems to stand
The wrinkled wraith of Care;
And I watch the sun its fingers run
Across the floor and stare!

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☐ Mechanical Draftsman	☐ ILLUSTRATING
☐ Machine Shop Practice	☐ Cartooning
☐ Toolmaking	☐ BOOKKEEPER
☐ Gas Engine Operating	☐ Stenographer and Typist
☐ CIVIL ENGINEER	☐ Cert. Pub. Accountant
☐ Surveying and Mapping	☐ TRAFFIC MANAGER
☐ MINE FOREMAN or ENG'R	☐ Railway Accountant
☐ STATIONARY ENGINEER	☐ Commercial Law
☐ Marine Engineer	☐ GOOD ENGLISH
☐ Ship Draftsman	☐ Teacher
☐ ARCHITECT	☐ Common School Subjects
☐ Contractor and Builder	☐ Mathematics
☐ Architectural Draftsman	☐ CIVIL SERVICE
☐ Concrete Builder	☐ Railway Mail Clerk
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The Motor Truck
and
The Business Man

Give him a good road and a fast truck!

What Did the Motor Truck Manufacturer Learn in Building War Trucks for the Government?

by Waldemar Kaempffert
Editor of the Popular Science Monthly and Automobile Editor of McClure's

FIFTY master motor-truck engineers, each working with patriotic fervor on his share of a great task, each encouraged and supported by a powerful company, which, in time of peace, had engaged in the intensest kind of competition with the others, created the Liberty truck for the United States Army. They knew the motor-trucks of America as only they could know them — all of them; they praised this feature and adopted it in the ideal military truck that they had set out to design; they brushed aside that feature as a mere "talking point" for salesmen, as a thing of no military value; they kept constantly in view the torn roads of the battlefields; they wasted no time experimenting with foibles. The result was a truck that marks the beginning of a new period in the evolution of mechanical road propulsion. Such an example of whole-hearted team-work is not likely to be seen again for many a year.

It was a great war truck that these men produced — great because it was a standardized vehicle down to the last nut and bolt, great because it embodied in concrete form the lessons that our army had learned in chasing Villa in the Mexican desert and what the British and French armies had learned in shell-torn Belgium and France. The commercial truck of peace time performed the work for which it was designed successfully. But it left much to be desired in Mexico and in France. And why? Some vital part was not just strong enough to meet the conditions or to stand up under the excessive strains of war work on roads that had been blasted into so much raw red earth by giant shells.

An inquiring business man naturally wonders why the Allies were seemingly content with the ordinary commercial truck of America, which they ordered to the number of fifty thousand and seemingly used with success in the war zone. If standardized trucks specially designed for military service are so desirable why were all these vehicles ordered from American manufacturers? It looks as if the ordinary commercial truck must have met the demands very well — doesn't it?

The truth is that the Allies were driven to ordering trucks of any kind. In the early days of the War there was no time to design the ideal truck. Anything that ran on four wheels, anything that had an engine, anything that could carry from two to five tons was snapped up by desperate agents. So the Allies provided themselves with a motley array of engine-driven vehicles. Almost every make in the world was represented. For each make a supply of spare parts had to be kept on hand. A complicated system of making repairs was devised. The trucks were on the battlefield, thousands of them; they had to be repaired. More trucks were ordered and more repair parts. Standardization was out of the question.

On the other hand we entered the War with hardly enough powder "to last us from eight o'clock in the morning to half-past ten." We had no heavy guns. We even had to develop our own machine guns and rifles. As for our war-trucks, they were negligibly few.

That being the situation we could begin at the beginning, as it were. Experienced officers came to us and told us what is demanded of a military truck. They drew a picture of the racking strains to which it is subjected over roads that are roads only in name. They indicated where commercial trucks succeeded and where they failed. And with all this advice at their command over fifty experts sat down and designed the greatest military truck that the world has ever seen.

THUS reassured the business man comes back with another question: If a truck is made that is strong enough for war, a conveyance that will not readily break down, surely it must be better than the commercial truck of peace; surely the peace-time truck must be strong, too. Paradoxical as it may seem the Liberty truck, as it stands, would not meet that inquiring business man's needs.

What is it the business man expects of a truck? How does he judge it? Here are the standards that he considers in the order of importance:

1. Reliabilty.
2. Operating economy, which in turn is somewhat dependent on weight.
3. First cost.
4. Accessibility.
5. Weight.
6. Ease and simplicity of manufacture.

And now what does the general expect? What are his standards in the order of importance? Here they are:

1. Reliability.
2. Accessibility.
3. Weight.
4. Simplicity and ease of manufacture.
5. Operating economy.
6. First cost.

What is it that a general or a manufacturer demands of a truck? Service. But the kind of service that the general demands is not the kind of service that a business man expects. A general is not running the truck to make money; but that is precisely what the business man has in mind. The military truck must "get there," no matter at what cost, no matter what the road conditions may be. The army must be fed; munitions must be brought up. If the truck breaks down too easily a battle may be lost. With the commercial truck it is otherwise. To be sure, it, too, must "get there." But it need not be inordinately heavy in construction if the roads upon which it is to run are the smooth highways of New Jersey, New York or Pennsylvania. Heaviness means expense. No business man pays for it unless there are compensating advantages.

Now what is known as the "Class B" Liberty truck is a three-ton vehicle. It is heavy — unnecessarily heavy for peace-time use. It has to be made heavy because every part must stand excessive strain as the truck lumbers along over shell-torn roads. The frame is heavy; the engine is heavy. Every part is designed to render service that is not expected of one commercial truck in a hundred. In commercial service good roads and high speeds are the rule. In war service the speeds are lower; greater pulling power in low gear is wanted. That is why the Liberty "Class B" truck is designed to run, loaded, up a five and a half per cent. grade on a good road, and a thirty-four per cent. grade on low gear. Such great pulling power is not needed by the business man. Why should he pay for something that he does not want?

The Liberty "Class B" truck had electric lights. In the later models the electric lights gave place to acetylene lamps of 150 pounds less weight. Electric lights are a luxury on the commercial truck, particularly if the tires are solid and the vibration therefore great. The business man will dispense with them when he discovers that they add to the cost of the truck and its maintenance. The Liberty "B" was designed with a self-starter — a military necessity if the engine stalls under fire. Self-starters are likewise expensive. The business man will not pay for them because they are not indispensable.

Examine the earlier Liberties and you will discover that they had two ignition systems. Mind you, a military truck must "get there." Probably more trouble is experienced with the ignition system on the battlefield than with any other part. If it fails miles and miles from the nearest repair depot the truck must be ditched to make way for the endless stream of

[*Continued on page 44*]

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The Moreland

The Motor Truck and the Business Man

[*Continued from page 42*]

trucks behind. The Liberty truck was originally provided with two ignition systems. If one failed the other was at once pressed into service. A knowing business man will object to paying for two ignition systems if one will answer. And one does answer adequately on the commercial truck of peace. Where is the garage that cannot be reached in half an hour on a good American highway?

The Liberty "B" is slow. It does not have to be fast, so long as it "gets there." But the business man wants speed. Give him a good road and a fast truck and he will haul more loads in a day than is within the power of the Liberty. He would object to the Liberty, even if he were willing to pay for its heaviness, because it can't earn enough money for him.

It must not be supposed that the work our fifty best automobile engineers did in designing the Liberty truck is utterly devoid of any commercial value. In the 1920 commercial trucks (all makers will be hard at work in 1919 carrying out old orders) we will probably find many of the features that were novelties in the Liberty trucks. There is the matter of fuel supply, for example. Gasoline is becoming heavier and heavier. It is found desirable to heat the incoming fuel. In the Liberty truck this is done by casting the intake manifold integrally with the exhaust manifold for a few inches. Thus it becomes possible to heat the incoming fuel so that it vaporizes easily, and thus it becomes possible to use heavier grades of gasoline. This system of pre-heating the fuel will undoubtedly be adopted.

To make it easier to clean the engine the cylinder heads of the Liberty are made so that they can be detached. That practise has not been followed in building the larger sizes of commercial trucks. But it will be adopted in the commercial truck of 1920.

A truck driven over a shell-torn road is wrenched this way and that. So the designers of the Liberty truck provide a special three-point mounting for the gear-set. What if the frame of the truck should be wrenched or twisted? There is small chance of binding, breaking or wearing. That feature, too, we may expect to find in the trucks of 1920.

Bad lubrication is responsible for more repairs than any other species of carelessness. The Liberty designers adopted what is called the magazine system for lubricating the chassis, spring bolts, shackles and brake rocker shafts. What does that mean? Simply this: The parts are lubricated by means of wicks that carry the oil from reservoirs, as in kerosene lamps. Drivers are apt to neglect grease cups. Here there is nothing to neglect; the wicks keep on feeding so long as there is oil to feed. Besides, grease cups collect the dirt from the road; they must be turned up every day or so, depending upon the part to be lubricated. Fill a wick with oil once a month and you can drive along with an easy conscience. Dirt cannot be fed to the bearings, because dirt is not carried by the wicks. Moreover, the oil feeds only when the truck is in motion. You may be sure that this magazine system, this wick method, will be adopted for commercial trucks.

And then there is the front wood bumper installed on the Liberty truck for safety's sake. This, too, you will find in the truck of 1920.

On the Liberty truck there are radiator guards of metal. Their object is to save radiator cores. You will find these radiator guards on the 1920 truck, I think. The smallest possible number of bolts and nuts is used. The engine parts are designed so that they can be mounted with remarkable ease; the brake-rods are effective at all loads. The advantages of all these features are so obvious that the designers of commercial trucks are sure to adopt them.

The Liberty truck is so made that it can be easily repaired. It is standardized. Every engine, every front axle, every rear axle, every change-speed mechanism or gear box is made interchangeable with every other similar part in every other truck. And this applies to every part — magnetos, carburetors, batteries, headlights, fuel tanks. Shoot away the engine of one truck, and you can drop another one into place and put the vehicle back on the road.

About eighteen thousand Liberty "B" trucks were built by seventeen assembling plants from parts made by specialist companies. Orders for twenty-five thousand more were canceled when the Armstice was signed. Of the seventeen assemblers only one has thus far decided to make Liberty trucks for commercial use. But they will differ markedly from the real Liberty. His commercial Liberty will be rated not as a three-ton but as a five-ton truck. The parts of the Liberty "B" are of approximately the correct weight for such a commercial rating. Even when thus reclassified the commercial Liberty weighs a little more than an ordinary commercial five-ton. It will be faster than the Liberty — this new peace-time vehicle. It will have oil lamps instead of electric lights, single instead of double ignition, standard makes of axles, and a different form of drive. It will be a business truck. Will it succeed? Let us wait awhile and see.

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Nights to Remember — *Continued from page 20*

Ever been to G ——, S. C.? Recollect the Elks Club — white with big pillars? Did you speak there? When? Well, I reckon my mother heard you. Recollect that street leading south from the club house? Our house is two streets down that-a-way. France is a fine country, but I reckon G —— will look mighty good to me when I get back."

The late moon shot a beam between branches. A mud-covered boot came into view.

"Wouldn't your feet dry sooner if you scraped off a few pounds of that mud?" I inquired.

The owner of the boot laughed shortly.

"I ain't had dry feet since I landed in France."

He looked away.

"I'm thinking that lots of us fellows will feel different about mothers when we go home. You can bet that when mother tells me to scrape my feet before I come into the kitchen, I won't kick. I'll like it."

"When did you leave the States?" asked another doughboy, the type of lad whose Adam's apple defies collar bands and cravats. "Were they wearing stuff like this when you left — the ladies, I mean?"

He handed me a scrap of rose-colored georgette, a trifle the worse for handling. Assured that it was quite the preferred fabric for personable young women, he sighed, folded the bit of crêpe cloth with fingers whose nails were blackened and broken by war's grim work, pulled out a grimy, khaki-colored Testament and laid the rosy scrap between two pages. Then he reopened the little book to show a snapshot pasted against the back cover.

"That's her. Gee, I bet she looks a peach in that dress!"

You could have heard a pin drop in the silence which followed those wistful words. Then a deep voice growled —

"I ask you — ain't this a hell of a war? Oh, I wisht I could get my hands on a Heinie to-night! All we ask is a chance to clean 'em up quick — and get back to God's country. And that's what we're fighting for — God's country. The French are fine — but oh, you American girls!"

. . . . . .

Overhead, a canopy of royal blue, studded with silvery stars; underfoot, the grim paving of war, freshly-dug roads, nosing out toward newer camps and warehouses; newly-laid rails on temporary steel ties to replace those torn and twisted by bombs from German airplanes; and beyond the repaired rails heaps of wreckage, distorted iron and steel, crushed engines and cars.

Our train had stopped near one of its suburbs, once rustic in its charms, now transformed by the stern necessities of war into a railway and transportation center. The German bombing machines, foiled in their efforts to reach Paris, had taken their revenge on the railway yards just ahead. Our train, creeping in from the Lorraine front, had arrived just a few minutes too late to participate in the hideous spectacle. Only the echo of high explosives had touched us.

As the train slowed up, we crowded to the windows. To the south lay a long, snaky train of freight cars, its open doors crowded with American troops, bound for the Front. They had escaped the bombing raid by less than five minutes. To the north, another train pulled in slowly, headed for Paris — a hospital train, but no cries, no groans came through its open doors and windows.

And there we all waited,— inexperienced, untried American soldiers, staring wonderingly, wistfully from the wrecked earth to the unchangeable heavens; experienced, helpless French wounded, listening for the possible return of the bombing party, and the huge train filled with officers, French, British and American; relief workers, men and women, all bound for Paris on leave. Those around me were so accustomed to the strange tricks of war that they were unmoved by their narrow escape. They turned from the windows and resumed their tales of life near the front lines. Said a popular American lecturer, who had spent three months among the doughboys:

"The real test of a soldier's character is not going over the top, his soul thrilled by zest for battle and victory; it's standing up to dulness and dirt. The toughest experience I have seen over here was the life of some boys who had been living in dugouts for four months. They were under fire practically all the time, and always in danger of gas raids. They lived like rats underground, with rocks piled on their dugouts to make them bomb-proof. They were not permitted to come out by daylight, and at night they were not allowed to congregate in or near the Y. M. C. A. dugout. The Y secretaries and the K. of C. men visited the dugouts singly, carrying stationery, cigarettes, chocolate and so forth. These men had reached the point where a raiding party across No Man's Land was a treat.

"The ingenuity which they employed to make their dugouts livable and to pass time amazed me. Some of them had feather beds, left in deserted houses by refugees, all sorts of queer decorations and dishes, too. One squad had found a piano and dragged it to their quarters, painfully, slowly, through the dark. I spent a day with those boys, and the most poignant memory I carried away was that of a clean-cut college man staring through candle-light at a great whiskered rat and inquiring: 'How many times have I got to throw you out before you stay out? This is the fourth time!' Almost any man can fight with the enemy just in front. It takes a hero to wait in grime and filth and lice and everlasting night."

The returned soldier may be intolerant of family traditions, especially of religious creeds. "Over there," they served their country and their God without raising such questions as political parties and church doctrines.

In the group in that dark railway compartment was a young lieutenant bound for Paris on furlough, who threw a fine, sweet light on such matters in just a few words:

"A Salvation Army man working with a mopping-up party after a raid found a dying doughboy, and offered to pray with him. The soldier was a Catholic and begged for the last offices of his church. The Salvation Army man sprinted off after the Catholic chaplain, stumbling over shell holes and bodies — all the hideous wake of battle — and brought the priest back to the dying boy. In telling of it, the Salvation Army man said, 'I figured the man ought to have his own chaplain, but his chances of lasting till we got back weren't very good, so while I hopped those shell holes, I kept right on praying for his soul!'"

It is easy to understand why the Salvation Army gets so close to the men.

Here is how a young lieutenant viewed its

popularity. "We hit it up for the Front when the mud of spring was at its best. Our boys were wearing the old-fashioned, long-tailed overcoats and campaign hats. What with the overcoats dragging through the mud, and the wind turning campaign hats into sails, we had some hike. When we settled into our training quarters, a bunch of Salvation Army workers settled with us. Woman-like, those lassies were much worried over the fact that the boys didn't have the up-to-date stuff in the uniform line. It did make drills and hikes a bit harder and the long-tailed coats were always wet, but it looked as if the worst would be over before army red tape would unwind and deliver the new field uniforms. Finally there was a conference between the C. O. and the Q. M. and the wife of the Salvation Army captain. The latter rustled two out-of-date sewing machines and thread from the nearest town, and those Salvation Army women actually cut the superfluous tails from the overcoats and made them into trench caps. After that they owned our regiment, body and soul."

If *your* soldier turns restive in the family pew, derides the creed of his forefathers, do not argue with him. He is not profane. He is not headed for atheism. He has just been nearer to his Maker than perhaps you have ever been — and he resents only the trappings with which religion of civilization drapes itself.

Your fighting man may amaze you by strange outcroppings of sentiment. I recall finding on a Y. M. C. A. bulletin board, within a stone's throw of General Pershing's headquarters, this poem by a "dub private."

There's a little spot in Chaumont,
In Chaumont, far off France —
Graveyard of Yankee soldiers
Dead in the first advance.
And their graves have plain inscription,
But their records are on high.
With this faint and poor description,
Pray for them as you pass by. L. F. D.

Again I recall a night in Paris, with the Soldiers and Sailors Club on the rue Royale crowded to its doors with men in American uniform. A Jazz band from Broadway, U. S. A., playing as it has never played for civilian audiences; a grand opera star wearing an amazing head-dress and singing high notes with the nasal twang which is peculiarly Parisian; a man in French-blue playing in a fashion to remind one of Harold Bauer in happy mood; a French girl making a brave attempt to sing ragtime with a Parisian accent!

The doughboy on my left moves restlessly as the others applaud.

"Great, ain't they?" he inquires. "Trying to make us feel at home. I bet the kid has worked hard over that song. I wonder would we do as much if they came to America to fight. We're strong on fighting, but we're weak on the parley-vous and manners. And that man coaxing the ivories — he's just a private — but he'd make Paderewski take notice. Yes, they're mighty decent, the French."

Your soldier may have sudden tempests of rage. He will be especially bitter toward Germans, toward anything made in Germany, toward any of your neighbors bearing German names. From the safe vantage of American soil, you may be a little more tolerant. You may have said: "It was not the German people — just the war party — the Prussians."

Do not argue this point with your returned soldier. He will never see it in your way. And again, I would carry you back to another night in France.

A heavenly spot nestling among hills and reached by winding white roads; huge hotels burst through its century-old trees.

The hotels are filled with wounded now. As darkness settles over the picturesque avenues and lanes, tired nurses rest on the benches of the Plaza, drinking in the sweet, clear air. Surgeons lounge on the terrace of the officers' club.

And then on the quiet night air sounds a horrible clanging and clamoring. From under the low railway bridge they come, a long line of racing ambulances, bearing victims of a gas-raid near the Front. In the semi-darkness, the entire hospital base seems to spring into action. The benches are empty of nurses, the terrace of doctors. But no lights appear at doors or windows. The Hun bombing machines have an ugly fashion of following the wounded and gassed to the very hospitals.

Inside the hospital, behind heavily-draped doors, scores of people are at their posts and the procession of stretcher bearers starts. With each arriving ambulance, the volume of this heart-breaking sound increases. And with each fresh complement of stretcher bearers, the nervousness of patients in the surgical ward grows. Directly opposite the door, opening on the principal corridor, a wounded German prisoner lies watching the grim procession.

And suddenly he laughs, an ugly, unhumorous laugh!

In an instant hell itself has broken out in that ward. American men whose breath still reeks of ether struggle to pull themselves out of their cots. Other men curse the splints and casts which hold them fast. A man who might bleed to death if he moves wrings his hands impotently, crying —"Let me at him. I want to feel my hands at his throat!"

The nurses, scurrying from bed to bed, use calming words, but their hands tremble and their own eyes flash. The chief of staff walks from patient to patient.

"It may have been hysteria. Nerves. After-effects of ether. Give him the benefit of the doubt, boys!"

"Hysteria, nothing," screams a lad who has had his second operation for a hideous shrapnel wound. "One of 'em threw up his hands and called 'Kamerad' to my Buddy, then blew out his brains with a hand grenade. Men like that would laugh at God!"

It is not a pretty sight! The hideous spirit of hatred, the throbbing desire for revenge spread from ward to ward. From my room across the tree-lined street, I hear it hour after hour, the sound of men gasping for breath in the darkness; the soothing voices of nurses who must meet all sorts of emergencies without light, the occasional outbreak of men whose nerves have been stretched taut and have snapped at the laugh from German lips!

Experiences like these lie behind the new hatred, the soul-tempests of our fighting men. Only time, tact, love, can work the miracle of readjustment in mind and soul.

The See-Saw — *Continued from page 32*

"Mrs. Crossey," came back Mr. Broadnax's troubled voice, "there is something queerish about that couple. Excuse me for asking, but do you know them? They had a quarrel, or a row of some kind, out on the porch after dinner, and she, the lady, went off and the man's been walking up and down watching for her."

"I know them," said Marcia, steadily. "She is here with me. Tell him to come to the telephone, please."

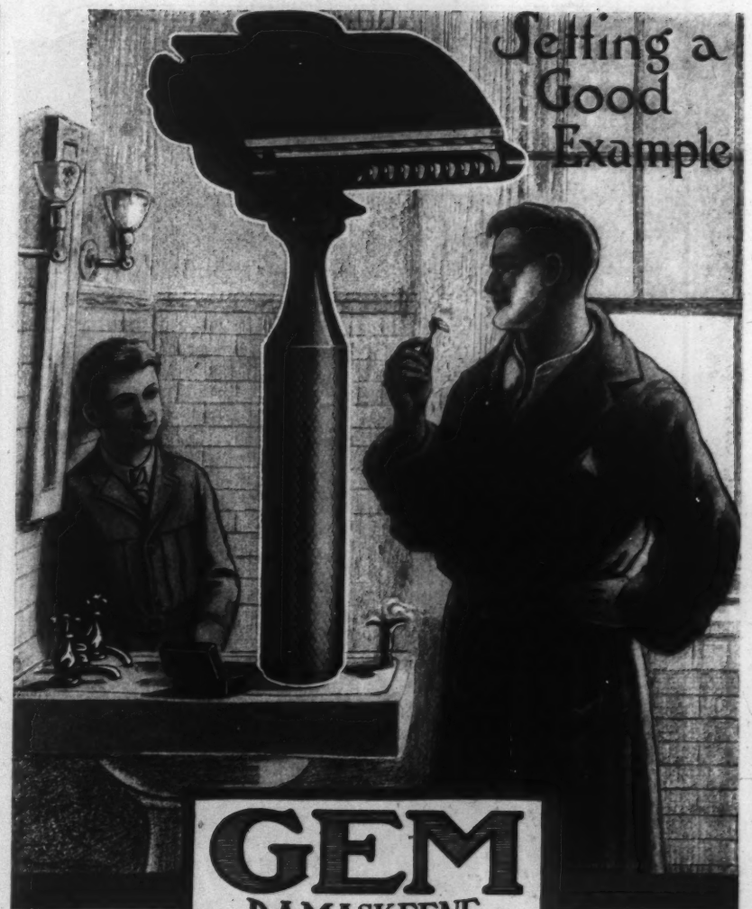
There was a longish wait and then a man's voice, anxious and troubled. "Leila — is that you?" he asked. "The man said Mrs. Crossey wanted to speak to me. What made you give your name away like that?"

For a moment, Marcia could not answer, she was so chcked with disgust and anger. "This is not Leila, Mr. Vail," she said, at last. "This is another Mrs. Crossey. But Leila is here in my house and she wil stay with me to-night. To-morrow morning I shall communicate with her husband and tell him this whole affair. I asked you to come to the telephone to tell you that you must get your car and leave the Beach to-night. If you don't go, I shall speak to Mr. Broadnax and have you put out of the Inn. And there is no other hotel in the place, and no one who will receive you."

"Look here," said the invisible man; "who are you to think you can bluff me like this! I don't know what sort of a story Leila has told you — listen — can't I come and see you a minute, myself?"

"You cannot," said Marcia, decisively, "and if you're wise you'll lose no time ordering your car and getting away. I'll give you just twenty minutes, then I shall call up Mr. Broadnax and tell him to put you out. He'll do it. That's all." She hung up the telephone decisively.

She went out on the broad veranda and peered at the lights of the Inn through the rolling mist. She would watch there to see whether or not a car was brought round — or if she would have to carry out her threat to appeal to Broadnax. But she could see no stir, no lights, at the Inn garage. She waited,— counting her heartbeats, straining her eyes toward the turn in the drive down which the car would have to come.



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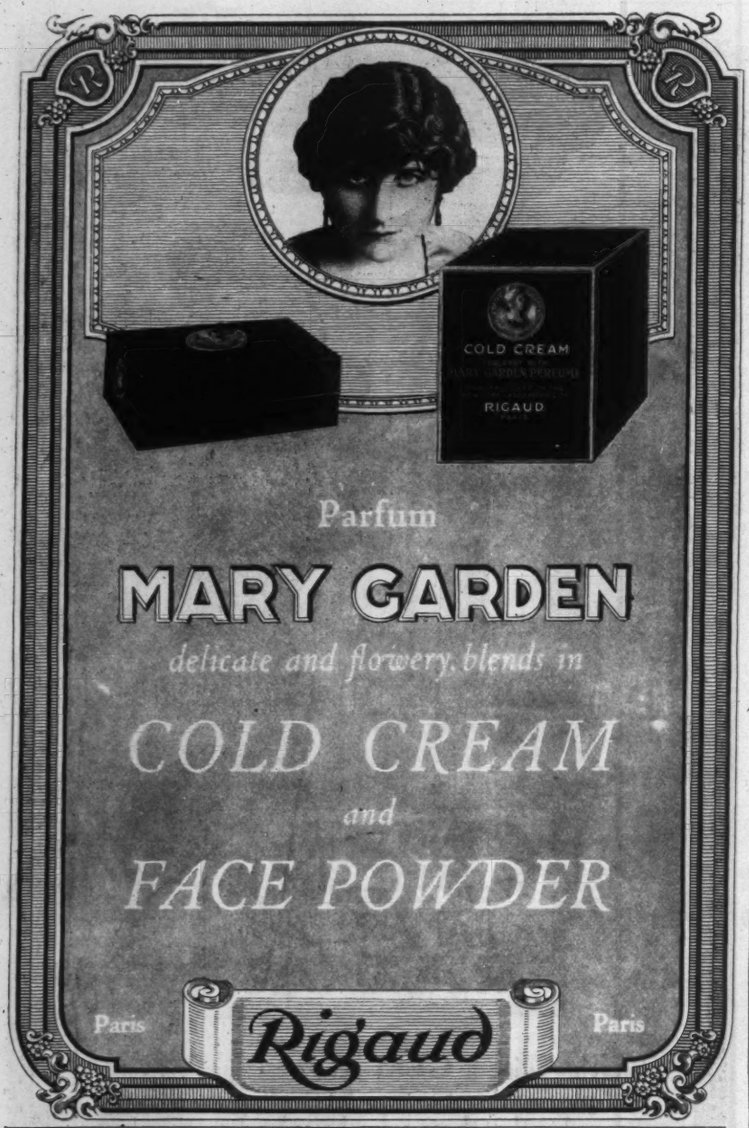

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And then she became aware that some one was stumbling toward her in the gray mist and she knew, without a word, that it was Otis Vail. He came near to the house — uncertainly — and she felt that he had seen her standing there in her white gown, for he stopped, and then came forward again, doggedly, as one who bolsters up a faltering purpose. At the foot of the veranda steps he stopped again and looked up at her. "Are you the Mrs. Crossey who telephoned to me?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, but did not stir.

He came up two steps. "Won't you let me see you — let me explain?" he asked, in a queer, gasping way.

"You see me," said Marcia, "and there's nothing to explain. You heard me tell you what you've got to do."

Otis Vail flung out his arms in a grotesque, insane gesture.

"Oh, good God!" he said. "I can't stand it! You think I'm a rotten cad and a low brute and everything else that's not fit to talk about, don't you? Didn't you ever see a woman drive a man crazy? She's got me. She's got me. I can't stand any more of it. I'm done."

"Hush," said Marcia. "Don't add this sort of thing to everything else."

"Let me come in," he pleaded. "I'm going out of my mind — I know that. I'm not responsible. Let me tell you —"

"Come in," said Marcia, on impulse. "I have a few things to say myself." But her words died on her lips when she saw her second unwelcome guest under the light. Havoc marked him. His face twitched and jerked as if he were suffering intense pain — shadows ringed his eyes — and a tortured soul looked out of them.

"I don't know you," he said, wetting his lips with his tongue. "I never saw you before, did I? But you said you knew Leila — that she was here, didn't you? What — what did she tell you?"

"It doesn't matter what she told me," said Marcia, walking over to be nearer the bell. "I'm going to let her stay here for the night and you must leave the Beach. You understood that, didn't you?" To save her life she couldn't help speaking more gently than before. This poor creature was not dangerous now, whatever he might have been.

"YOU know what sort of woman she is, don't you?" he asked, talking as much to himself as to her. "She's a ghoul. She lives on excitement — the excitement of having men make love to her. She wants to see them lose their heads and make foolish groveling beasts of themselves — but she never loses her own head. I thought I could make her do it. I've been a good bit of a beast about women, I suppose. Well, I've paid for it now. She got me. She was willing enough to come down here when she thought Dorothy Macoin would be with us and she could keep me at arm's length and watch me going crazier and crazier about her, but the minute she found she was alone here with me, she was like a wildcat. I've been sitting over there on the porch thinking about her, and seeing her eyes — and her arms — and the way she moves her shoulders under those thin frocks of hers and I — and I —" he stopped and blinked at the light. He gave a gulp, and dropped into a chair, with his head on the table, and Marcia heard him sobbing, ugly, painful, rasping sobbing.

But it only lasted a moment. He raised his head and looked at her more sanely. "I'm — I'm sorry I came over here," he said, brokenly. "I've been talking like a crazy man, I know. I beg your pardon for — for my coming — and — for everything." He rose to his feet and tried to assume his usual debonair manner, but it was the most pitiful bravado.

Marcia held out her hand. "I'm just as sorry for you as I can be," she said, impulsively. "I really am. And I'll never tell any one in the world about to-night. Only — you will get your car and go away, won't you? It's only ten miles or so to Barry's Mills, and there's quite a comfortable little hotel there. I'll — I'll take care that she —" she groped for words — "that she — gets back to town all right."

Otis Vail's twitching face pulled itself into a smile that made him hideous to see. "*You* take care of her!" he said. "My dear madam, you don't need to — she's amply able to take care of herself — and she will, too. She's never done anything else." He moved heavily to the doorway and went through it without another word. Marcia heard him stumble down the steps and out on the gravel walk. She waited, listening again, as she had listened just before he came.

After a wait that seemed a long, long hour, but was no more than a quarter of it, she heard the muttering purr of a big high-power car and saw its headlights flash past the house, twin meteors cleaving the gray mist.

Marcia Crossey's knees suddenly refused to support her and she almost fell into a friendly easy-chair.

"What a *night!*" she said, weakly. "That poor wretch. . . . How miserable, how pitiable!" Thank heaven, he was gone. . . . But Leila was still here. . . . She hated to think of sleeping under the same roof with Leila. . . . But she'd do it. . . . She'd do anything — *anything* — to keep Harleth's name clear of the scandal that might have come from a thing like this. . . .

"Has he gone?" asked Leila from the head of the stairs, guardedly. "I heard his voice and I came out in the hall. What *did* he say, Marcia?"

"Now!" it flashed through Marcia Crossey's mind. "*Now!*"

She came up the stairs and motioned Leila back into her room, followed her in, and stood, looking at her. "Leila," she said, slowly and measuredly, "that man who just left here said you were a ghoul. But he was wrong. You're a leper. You ruin everything you touch. You know what you did to me. You came into my home and broke it up, just as coolly and as calculatingly as you practise your poses in front of the mirror. You wanted to marry well, and you hadn't been able to find a man with money enough who had all the other things, too. You wanted a young man, a good-looking man, a successful man, a man who had breeding and good people besides money. Oh, I've heard you detail your requirements often enough. Harleth had all of those requirements. So you played on his various weaknesses and finally you got him away from me. That didn't satisfy you. You immediately began to look out for another man to make a fool of, and you picked out this poor Vail person. From what he said to-night I suppose, at first, it was a pretty even thing between you — he's evidently about the same sort of man that you are woman. But you were colder and cleverer than he and you've managed to reduce him to a condition bordering on the imbecile. You ran the risk of dragging your name — which is also Harleth's — in the mud of as nasty a scandal as I ever heard of. You pretty nearly put yourself at the mercy of an insane man — for Otis Vail is temporarily insane — and, as chance would have it, you came to me, who of all women has the biggest score against you, and I've been the one to shelter you, get the man out of town to prevent any scandal about you, and to start you out again, quite unscathed and merely looking for new men to repeat this thing with. What sort of woman are you, anyway? When we were girls at school you were selfish and vain and eager for admiration, but I never thought you'd come to be the loathsome creature you are. I wish I had the courage to turn you out into the night and let you find any shelter you could. It's what I ought to do."

Leila, in night-gown and negligée, black hair unbound, had shrunk away from Marcia's denunciation and stood against the chintz window draperies, like a lovely decorative picture of despair, modern style. She had not attempted to stop Marcia, nor interrupt her, but she answered her quickly enough.

"It's perfectly absurd to take this highly virtuous tone with me," she said, "and talk as if the things I'd done were criminal, Marcia. About Otis Vail — I wasn't a bit to blame. You yourself admit that he was trying to make me fall in love with him and do all sorts of silly things, the way so many women do — fling their caps over the windmills, and all that — and I was too clever. He was caught in his own trap. As for Harleth — of course, you were piqued and angry about Harleth — and I just want to tell you this, and everyone who knows him will say so, too,— that I've done wonders with him — simply wonders! He doesn't drink any more — he isn't a bit wild and reckless and headstrong, as he used to be. I've reformed him entirely — and that's more than he ever would have done for you."

"*You* reformed Harleth!" cried Marcia. "As deeply angry and as outraged as I feel about you and the things you've done, I could almost laugh at that. However Harleth has changed, it wasn't because of you. He's found himself, that's all. I always knew he would some time — I knew he was too fine and big to keep on as he was going. He was just a wild boy, that was all.

and he didn't grow out of it as soon as most boys do. But as for you reforming him — when did you ever even speak to him about it? I'm as sure as I stand here that you liked him a great deal better before he 'reformed,' as you call it. It must have bored you horribly to have him root out his faults and stop his excesses. Didn't it, now — didn't it? Yes, I can see by your face it did. Oh, Leila — you can't tell me that you reformed Harleth. I know you — and I know him."

Leila chose to disregard this. She drew away from Marcia and affected an amused scorn of the other's heat, to hide the scorch of it. She had no answer to it. "How soon can I leave here in the morning?" she demanded, angrily. "Can I get that car from the man at the Inn to take me away before anyone sees me?"

"I suppose you can," said Marcia, "and if you want me to, I'll arrange for it and you can leave here about half-past seven and get an up-train at the Junction so that you'll be back in New York at ten. But that little car of Broadnax's isn't really safe, Leila, and if you'll wait until Wasson comes, I'll send you in my own car."

"What time will he come?" asked Leila.

"About noon, I think. Not later than one or two, I'm quite sure. Then you could get to New York by six o'clock."

"No, I *won't* wait," said Leila, decidedly. "I'd rather go early. I don't want to stay here a second longer than I have to, after being insulted and sneered at."

Marcia sighed, a long, troubled sigh. She started to speak again and then closed her lips. She could not beg Leila to be kinder and truer to Harleth — she could not appeal for his happiness to a woman who talked with such glib shallowness about all the things that were dearest to her own heart.

"I'll call you and see that you go when you wish," she said, and went to her own room, without another word.

In the dark and cool of it, with the surf outside sounding its even rush and swirl echoingly, as in a great hollow shell, Marcia stood still. "Harleth — Harleth!" she whispered, and felt tears in her eyes, and her throat choking with yet more tears. She walked slowly to the window and looked out at the ocean. The mist was lifting and she could see stars in the sky. The screen in the window dripped moisture and she put her hot forehead against it. "Harleth," she whispered again. "Oh — I'm so ashamed. And yet I couldn't bear it . . . not to say it all . . . this once . . . when she might have been unfaithful to you . . . when she *was* unfaithful to you in her thoughts . . . I can't bear it for you . . . it isn't right. . . ."

SHE dropped on her knees beside the window and crouched there, her arms on the sill, her chin on them, her eyes staring out at the sea. And there she stayed all through the night. She would not let herself sleep while that — that woman was under the same roof. The dawn, creeping up slowly, found her there, stiff and weary, haggard, but all awake.

When she heard the servants stirring, she went down-stairs and told them to take some coffee to her room. Then, in the full glory of that early sunshine that comes up from the sea, she walked over to the Inn and directed the Broadnax boy to bring his little car to take a passenger over to the early up-train. She hurried back and found the coffee ready and carried it to Leila, told her to dress and drink it and be ready to leave the house in half an hour.

Leila grumbled a good bit at having to get up so early, but did as she was told. She looked rumpled and old and hard in the morning light. She climbed into the rickety little car without even turning her head to say good-bye and, after some futile chugging and fussing about with various levers and handles, the Broadnax boy got the engine started and they went away.

After they were out of sight Marcia went back into the house and up to the room Leila had occupied. She broke the cup she had drunk from and carried the pieces far down the beach and flung them violently as far as she could into the waves. Her eyes were dry and hot, her head had begun to ache miserably, and she felt like an ugly phantom in the fair morning. She stood still on her porch for a minute, trying to look and feel her normal self before she went into the house to meet Boy and Aunt Janey at the breakfast table, when she saw Mr. Broadnax running from the Inn. He called to her and waved his arms frantically. His wife ran after him, waving her arms, too, in a ludicrous frenzy.

"Oh, Mrs. Crossey," called the man, as he came panting down toward her. "There's been an accident to Buddy's car. Steering gear broke, I guess. He's up the road there — he's broke his leg — somebody just telephoned in from a farmhouse 'bout half way to the Junction — and — and that lady — that he was taking over from your house — why — why — she's killed."

Chapter Fourteen

IT was true. The steering gear of the little car had refused to respond at a sharp turn at the foot of a hill, where a low cement buttress held the road from crumbling and washing away into a little creek that ran below. The car had smashed into the concrete, twisted half over and caught Buddy Broadnax beneath it, breaking his leg, but not otherwise injuring him. Leila had been thrown clear of the car, but full against the cement. Her neck had been broken and she must have died instantly.

After one of those ghastly waits that always come just after an accident, when help is being summoned and people are getting in one another's way with misdirected, well-meaning efforts, cars were sent out from the Beach, with all the men of the colony in them. The women gathered in little groups on the porches and talked in low tones. Only the children played on the sand in the sunshine as usual. In an hour or so the cars that had gone out began to come back. In one of them was Buddy Broadnax, his leg in a hastily improvised splint, his eyes drowsy from an injection of morphia, which the one doctor they had been able to find had given him to relieve the first agony of the splintered bone.

In another car, covered with some one's linen motor robe, they brought Leila. Though Aunt Janey had protested with near-hysterics, Marcia had asked that she be brought to her house and they carried her in and laid her on the bed she had slept in a few hours before. She was not marked nor bruised nor cut. Her oval face was quite calm and a little of her pagan, elusive smile still lingered on her lips. Marcia looked at her, once — and then went away. The telephone was busy — people came and went — automobiles rushed back and forth — strangers with little black cases in their hands and properly solemn faces went quietly up to the room of death and the servants peered and whispered. Only Boy ran in and out in the sunshine as usual, until at last Marcia sent him over to Justine Burd's to play with the children there.

Of course Harleth must be sent for. They called his office and at last managed to make his secretary understand, though something was provokingly wrong with the connection and everything had to be repeated over and over. At last they made out that he was returning from a business trip that day and he would be told at once. His secretary said they would try to catch him on the way, if they could — at least they would meet him at the train so there would be no time lost and he could come on at once. Until he came they could do nothing more, make none of the necessary "arrangements," the word those solemn strangers with the black cases had so constantly on their lips.

So Marcia waited. People spoke to her now and then, asked questions, and she answered them. Imogen, awed out of her usual pertness, brought her food and urged it on her. Aunt Janey sat beside her and said things like this: "I never heard of anything so awkward, Marcia," and "It seems too dreadful that it had to happen in this way." But Marcia, though she listened and answered the questions and ate a little of the food, and tried to soothe Aunt Janey, was alone with her thoughts of Harleth. What would she say to him? How explain! Had it not been her fault that Leila had gone, in the way she did? She knew that that little car was not safe — she knew — and though she had protested against Leila going that way, she had not been very urgent. She had wanted her to go — that was the truth of it. But she had not wished — *this*. No, never. She had not wished this, not in her greatest height of scorn and resentment.

At last the day wore through, and she knew that Harleth would soon be here. They had telephoned from his office that he had been met at the station, as they had planned, and had hurried across the city to take another train immediately. What would she say to him! What would she say to to him! She asked herself over and over and over — it beat in her brain relentlessly. She kept a constant watch on the roadway-

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A. P. 402

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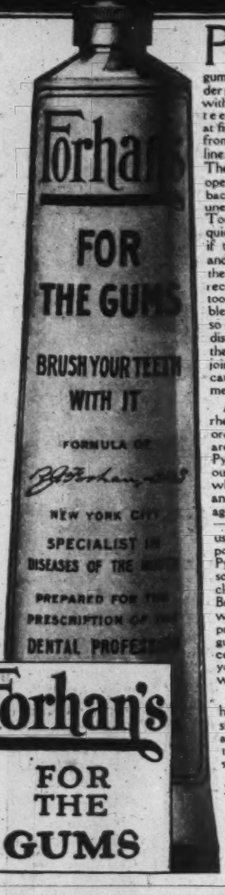
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and with each moment of suspense her overwrought nerves were drawn ever more cruelly taut.

But, as it happened, she did not see the car when it stopped, nor did she see Harleth when he came in. He had managed to take an earlier train than they had expected, had got off at a station above the Junction and hired a fast motor to bring him on. He reached the Beach while it was still early twilight and he came bursting into the house like a man distraught, and when Marcia, turning at the sudden entrance, stood before him, he gave a strange cry:

"*Marcia — Marcia — then — then — you're not dead!*"

She did not say anything, but held out her hands, and as he came toward her, half fearfully, as one who cannot quite believe and is awed by sudden joy, too great to be instantly realized, she felt herself falling — falling — and a great overpowering blackness coming over her.

Then ensued a long strange dream. She seemed to be lying still and saying always, "Oh, how my head hurts — how my head hurts," and "What shall I say to him!" alternately, for years and years uncounted. People came and went, in the dream — Aunt Janey, Belle, Justine, Imogen, even Curt's plump face, strangely drawn in sorrow, seemed to stare at her now and then. And all the while she was saying, "Oh, how my head hurts — how my head hurts!" Her head hurt so much she forgot to say again, "What shall I say to him!"

There were people in the dream she did not know — two women with gentle hands who seemed to be trying to ease the pain of her head and two men, one kindly-faced with big dark-rimmed spectacles, who came often and bent over her, and one with a beard came sometimes and bent over her with the other. Once or twice she saw Boy's face and once she thought she heard him sobbing and begging to see some one — but she could not tell who it was, though she tried to ask the people of the dream to comfort him and to let him come to her.

There was one person in the dream who was always near her, that was the way she knew it was all a dream, for it was Harleth, and she knew, even though she was dreaming, that Harleth had left her long ago. But here he was in the dream, always beside her. She could feel him holding to one of her hands, and sometimes she was sure she could hear him speak. There seemed to be long intervals when she did not dream at all, but was wholly absorbed by the dreadful pain in her head. She could not keep her head still then, but moved it constantly, and it hurt so much that she thought she could not bear it. These intervals of pain seemed to grow longer and longer and the moments of dreaming to grow shorter and shorter and the faces faded out of it, all except the strange faces — and Harleth. He was always in the dream, if it lasted no longer than a moment.

At last the pain grew so dreadful that she did not dream at all, but seemed to be sinking in it, swallowed up and extinguished by sheer agony. And then through her racking torment, she heard Harleth's voice calling to her, calling with such urgency that she must needs heed it though the effort was her last. "Marcia — Marcia!" he was calling, and again, "Marcia — Marcia — Marcia!" It reached through the numbing horror of her agony and forced her, against her will, back into the dream. She saw him quite distinctly now. He was there, his face close over hers, and there seemed to be tears — but whether they were her own or his she did not know. With a final wrench, she opened her eyes, really opened them, for they had always been tight shut in her dream — that was another way she knew it was a dream — and she said, as naturally as she could, "Here I am, Harleth," and then dream and all vanished and the pain stopped and she sank away again into blessed unconsciousness.

The man with the horn-rimmed spectacles said, quite shortly: "No, she's not dying, Mr. Crossey. That's sleep — natural sleep. She's got a chance to pull through now. When she wakes she'll probably be conscious and she'll want to see you, so you'd better lie down and see if you can't sleep, too. You'll scare her if she sees you looking like that. Yes, I'll promise the nurse will call you. Word of honor. You can stay right here on the couch. Come, man, don't break down. She's going to be all right, I tell you."

She had been sick for four weeks, they told her, later, when that first natural sleep had been succeeded by little periods of natural wakefulness, and yet more sleep, and yet more of it. The long faint that she had fallen into when Harleth came into the room was the beginning of her illness.

Her dream had all been true. Most of it she learned from Harleth, for he was there beside her, just as she had dreamed. He had been there all the while. It was when they thought she was dying that he had leaned over her and called to her and made her come back to him.

Marcia heard it all without questions. She was still too weak to think and her head was confused from all the pain. They had cut off her hair and she was close-cropped like a boy, but she did not know that. It was Boy who told her, the first time that he was brought in to see her.

"Why, mother dear!" he had exclaimed. "You're all bald!" But she did not mind. She did not mind about anything. She was living a very little at a time, content that Harleth was beside her.

BUT at last she grew strong enough to remember a little of the happenings just before her illness. She made a motion for the nurse to leave the room, and turned to Harleth, with a shadow in her eyes. "Harleth — what about Leila?" she asked. "I can't remember — what was it about an accident? And Broadnax running to tell me?"

Very gently Harleth told her, and as he told her, it became clearer to her and she remembered. Leila was dead. It had all happened a month ago and she had been sick ever since. She mustn't talk about it; she mustn't think about it. "But, oh, Marcia," said Harleth Crossey, putting his head down on the bedside with a groan, "they got the message of her death twisted somehow, and I thought all the time it was you, until I came in the door and saw you standing there. All the way here I'd been half mad with the shock of it — and when I saw you, I couldn't believe my eyes. I called out to you and you turned to me, white and startled, and then — you fainted, and I caught you in my arms. We tried to bring you to, but you went into a sort of stupor and then the delirium, and — and that was the beginning of your sickness, you know."

"But Leila," said Marcia.

"Don't talk about her now," said Harleth. "Later, when you're better. It was you I thought I'd lost — it was you I wanted — it was you I loved — just you, Marcia. Can you believe me — *can* you?"

She turned her head on the pillow and looked at him. "Yes," she said, "I believe you. I never stopped loving you, Harleth, though I thought you'd stopped loving me. But that doesn't matter now, does it, if you didn't stop?"

The look in his eyes was answer enough. She drifted off again into sleep, his hand in hers, the warm, protecting touch of it a pledge of happiness and peace.

Even so, she was a long time coming back to life and strength. The summer faded and they had to leave the Beach, but still she could do little more than sit up for a few hours each day. But there was a glint of color in her cheeks and her hair was beginning to grow out enough to curl in delectable little unruly rings over her head. There was only one nurse now and though she complained that she had very little to do, it was not until winter itself had swooped down on them that Marcia came back to her old self. It was a quiet, happy winter. Curt Jennings came often, in the old friendly way, as one who has made up his mind that as half a loaf is better than no bread, so is a peaceful friendship better than a denied love. Belle Percy came and stayed with her for two months. Boy started manfully to school. Aunt Janey got a new dressmaker and took up Pirate Bridge. Now and again — at long intervals — Harleth came and stayed an hour or so, talking and playing with Boy. He had very little to say to Marcia.

And then came spring, unruly, laughing, compelling spring. Marcia was out in the garden with her arms full of lilac plumes, feathery white and mauve, shaking out their sweetness with every move. She heard a step behind her on the gravel and turned. Harleth came forward without a word and took the lilacs from her and dropped them on a convenient garden bench. He took her hands and kissed them, and then, looking up into her eyes, he bent his head and gently kissed her mouth for the first time, very naturally, very sweetly, but unmistakably as a man kisses his wife. Then he drew her down beside him on the bench and something of the old light of mischief gleamed in his faun's eyes.

"Where do you think I've been?" he asked. He did not wait for her to answer. "I've been at Wellridge, Marcia. I've had the house there opened again — our 'golden house'— and as soon as you are well enough we're going back there. It looks just the same, but — it's lonesome for you."

"But Harleth," she said. "Do you think we should go — so soon?"

"Oh, Marcia," he cried, and his eyes were sober enough now, "I don't want to hurry you, or make you do anything that will trouble you, the least little bit — but it will be a year — and what's the use of our waiting when we've lost all these years already? We'll have to go through some sort of a ceremony, I suppose, to make the thing legal, but you're my wife, as you always were. I want to try to make it up to you a little — what I made you suffer. If I only can. You were always so right — and I was always so wrong. I was so — so cruel to you. I keep wondering and wondering whether you can truly forgive me — I don't see how you can. Do you, Marcia — do you truly?"

Marcia looked at him, saw the lines of strength and maturity that had come into his self-indulgent boy's face — the little touches of silver in his hair at the temples. This was her same Harleth, and yet new, more kind, more gentle, more wise, more understanding.

"Don't turn away from me," he went on. "Let me say it. I was just a vain, headstrong fool, Marcia. I can't even feel that I'm properly punished for what I did, though I thought I was, God knows, when I realized that you were really gone from me and I'd have to marry her — and I was all over my silly infatuation by that time. We won't talk about that, though. She was just as much her own victim as I was mine. I can see that now. But that's over and done with, Marcia. It's all between you and me, now. You're — you're coming back to me, aren't you — little as I deserve it? You'll be my wife again?"

She leaned toward him and stretched out her hands to him, fondly, loyally. "I was never away from you," she said. "I was your wife — all the time."

[*The end*]

The Cracking Knee — *Continued from page 9*

adequate fuel for a new intellectual warmth.

The river, in long monotonous stretches, flowed between low banks, bringing down on its slow brown tide the odors of a land too much lived upon by countless swarms of men. This was the China of the millions who are born and then live and die in their blue cotton with their half-crafty, half-stupid faces, none valued much since there are always more. Sometimes, during the latter days, the mountains or hills, denuded, bare, like piles of ground coffee, came down to the shores of the river and the ascending motor-boat plowed into the shadows of a gorge where shouts echoed back from faces of the rock and in the fastnesses of these jagged shores a walled Buddhist monastery, tiny and far away, would show white like a paper left by picnickers in one of the green groves of gnarled trees, or waterfalls would dangle their frothy plunges like white unraveled threads.

"The sun always sets like a silver plate in a gray sky that's always too low and near," said Dora in her soft voice.

"It is the eternal dust in the air of China," Binns mused. "China is mostly a bed of infinite particles of dust fertilized by burials of infinite particles of human beings. Personally, I never have seen any beauty rise out of the combination except the deadly mists rising from the moats around walled cities or the rape plants in flower, spreading their carpets of yellow — joyous yellow, one might say, against the drab background."

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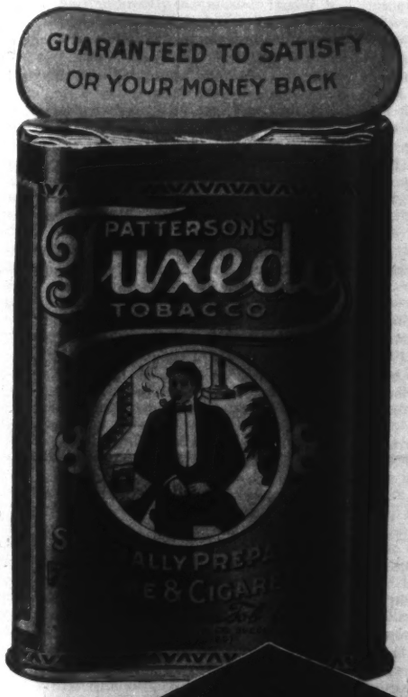

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He put down a book and gazed out at the little sampans, steered by trousered women or half-naked men, crouching monkey-like on top of their high loads of grass and husk-covered bales, and at the high-sterned yellow boarded junks. These river-craft, sometimes aiding the current with a square, cock-eared sail, dilapidated, patched, full of holes and dirty, swam around the bends in flocks like ducks, or singly like lonely water-fowl. The voices of men and women calling to each other came over the quiet waters in a raucous chorus as a great quacking of drakes.

Binns saw that Dora, too, may have felt something of the depression of the darkening river, of the squalor of the clustered brick and grass-thatched settlements within their compound walls scattered along the mud-caked shore, of the half-evil, half-sad eyes of a boatman who passed a stone's throw from them, staring at them with patient failure to understand. When she could not see, he looked at her with a troubled inquiring gaze as if he were unable to bridge some wide yawning space between them.

Perhaps he had hoped that his promise — which now appeared to be a solemn obligation — would bring him no uneasiness. Perhaps he had hoped that Dora would turn toward him sometime with a sudden outburst of spontaneous emotion.

Once — just once — when they had been sitting in the pitch dark, after every light along the shore and on the river had gone, and a dank, spicy breeze had blown across the waters, and the coolie in the cockpit had suddenly ceased singing in falsetto a gibberish chant which might have been the story of his soul, reborn over and over in yellow, restless skin through placid ages, Dora had found Davy's hand and put hers, warm and soft, into it.

He had not concealed the fact that he was overjoyed. It was not because he was fool enough to trust the leap of desire which made him wish to throw his arms about her for the first time; he would keep his word to her — the promise he had made. The joy to which he felt himself entitled was that of demonstrative human warmth of spirit — a joy of unrestraint to which his soul, habitually trained to rigid restraint and walled-in loneliness, was unaccustomed.

AFTERWARD he had tried to decide whether he had been in error in his interpretation of her warm hand clasped for a moment and then gone. Was she asking him to break their pact? He did not know. He did not know clearly anything about her. He could not remember when it was that he had felt that whatever she might be he must not lose her — that at any cost, she must not go away from Pekin and from him, off around the world like one atom which touches another and in the whirl passes on and is gone forever. He could not understand why he had acted in a way so contrary to his traditions. He remembered vaguely that he had not intended to propose that she take this extraordinary venture with him. Yet he had done so as if in spite of himself and when she had accepted, as if it were exactly the way the thing was always done in her own land, he had not been surprised.

Something had told him that it would be so, just as if he had consulted a book which was the final authority on the subject and had seen it all plainly set forth with indisputable testimony on a printed page.

He had never felt a more profound gratitude. Whatever conventions had been built around him by the thick cold stone walls of his training and something in his personality, they had toppled over without any regret from him. He had gained something wonderful. He did not regard her as his at all. But, good or bad, he had not lost her. And for that he would have been willing to do again exactly the thing he had done, casting aside as easily, his instincts against all that in human relationship is extraordinary.

It was nothing to him that he could hear in his imaginative ears the voice of his mother saying, "My dear Davy, I cannot see that you know anything of this young person but the fact that she was willing to do something quite mad and adventurous — something which isn't done, I may say."

He would have said in answer, "Exactly! Can't we all love her for that, if for nothing else?" He knew that his mother would never understand. He was like one who, tired of his herd, had become a rogue elephant and there was something glorious in the sense of freedom and in plunging into the luxurious tropical jungle of Things Not Done. No rational thinking and no shrewdness could impair that joy.

The boatman was singing of eternity again — a rambling, wistful tune punctuated by squeaks and low wails as if occasionally the faces of devils were poking out of the dark and the mists, to remind China that the days of devils are not over. Davy Binns continued to smile, however. He had no presentiments. Once Dora had put her soft warm hand in his; she might do it again at some moment when the narrow glassy eyes of the Chinese were not upon her.

"To-morrow — " he began.

"To-morrow?" asked Dora.

"At daybreak — " he went on. "To-morrow at about daybreak we ought to come to the sugar-loaf shelf of land upon which the old mandarin a century ago built the heavy walled house used by Chu Loong ever since his flight after the death of the Empress Dowager. They tell me it is an isolated old compound built on the flat top of the ledge in a grove of maidenhair trees. It is a place admirable for defense against attacks by river pirates. A flight of stone steps leading from a landing, where a tea-house is now rotting away, goes up the face of the rock until one gets a magnificent view of the gorges up the river, but the last climb is by a ladder as I could see from certain photographs which were taken last year by a Japanese officer. Loong bought the place from a tea-merchant who used to bring out the crop from the country behind the ridge of hills — a regular district of lepers, too, they say. They call it the Land of Lion Faces."

Dora was thoughtful; she rested her rounded chin in the upturned palm of one hand. She said: "Davy."

"What is it, Dora?"

"How can Loong carry on his conspiracy so far away from the cities?"

He answered that the old Chinese was profiting by the experience of other Chinese who had served the Germans in Canton, Shanghai, the posts on the Yangtse River and at Pekin and Tientsin. These others had all made the mistake of choosing large centers and their work had been uncovered.

"Loong has gone where rifles may come to his landing under innocent loads of baled silks and supplies," he said. "Prussian and Turkish emissaries may slip out of the endless stream of river traffic and up the dripping steps for conference or to bring new advances of money. You see it's a place which is on the river on the one hand and the trail up through the hills leads on the other to great areas of China. It's there in the interior where Loong and his hired Chinese agents may work their Mohammedan discontent.

"Do you know I like to have you ask me," he added. "And I like to tell you. I never thought I would feel so about any woman. There are my sisters, for instance — fine girls — but rather at their best coming out of the garden with baskets of dewy flowers."

His wife smiled patiently.

"DAVY, is there danger — real danger to us?" she asked him solemnly the next day.

She had pointed toward the patch of still dark Stygian water where the flat-topped rock projecting out into the Han, formed an obstacle to the river's flow. The surface of this dark vast pool reflected the browns and grays of the rock itself; it reflected the green of the grove of trees at the top, bright in the sunlight and the staring white patches of Loong's compound wall.

He turned away from a contemplation of this scene, this goal of their journey and looked straight into her brown eyes.

"No. I think not," he said. "I suppose there is just enough — for me — to make it unfair to bring you — "

"Hush!" she interrupted softly.

She stared again, however, at the dripping cliff glistening in the merciless light of the noonday sun and he was troubled because little flickers of anxiety came and went in a face which below the bridge of the nose was strong, firm and courageous, but in which the eyes and forehead expressed so keen a sensibility to every little breeze of the emotions.

"You have a dread?" he asked later in the day.

"No," she said firmly.

He still wondered. He felt the presence of some foreboding in her, the infection from her of some instinctive sense of evil.

He stood up.

"What was that?" she asked, startled.

"What?"

"I heard a sound like — well, just as if some one had snapped a stick of kindling into two pieces."

Davy hesitated; he smiled but his face had reddened.

"It was my knee," he said with some embarrassment. "Really it was my knee. Hit by a cricket ball when I was a youngster. Move it a certain way and it cracks — just as it did then. Something in the joint. Doesn't give any pain, you know. Just cracks — most unaccountably — usually at a dinner party."

Dora looked inquiringly into his serious eyes; then she laughed merrily and the laugh went over the water and came echoing back without its original freshness, as if old Loong were somewhere hidden there among the crags and were mocking her with an imitative cackle. It was as if some spirit of an ancient civilization were deriding these two newly-developed representatives of civilizations, quite modern, unmatured and innocent.

[*To be continued*]

Why Don't You Marry? — *Continued from page 18*

great troubles. But why should I be afraid to get married?"

"That we can tell better after we have done some psychological analysis. It is evident there are weeds in your mind that need to be rooted out. And they are weeds sown by happenings of the long ago.

"I want you to think back to the events of your childhood. Rest quietly in your chair, close your eyes, and tell me everything that comes into your mind in connection with your early years. Don't guide or control your thoughts in any way. Keep nothing hidden. Tell me absolutely everything that occurs to you, no matter how trivial or unpleasant it may seem."

This was the beginning of a long course in what is technically known as treatment by the psycho-analytic method. It is a method based on the theory that all functional nervous and mental disorders — as, indeed, most eccentricities of character — have their origin in distressing childhood happenings, perhaps long forgotten by the one who experienced them. Lingering in the depths of the mind, they act as psychic irritants to torment and disturb the whole organism until recalled to conscious remembrance and given a proper setting in the patient's mind. Then their power to harm exists no longer, and a cure results.

Again and again the soundness of this theory has been demonstrated in recent medical practise. It was demonstrated anew in the present instance.

Professing that she could remember very little of her childhood — and most people would say the same thing — the patient nevertheless found innumerable memory-images of childhood gradually emerging in her mind, episodes and incidents of which she had not thought for years. Many of them were strangely unpleasant, even repellent, presenting as they did a picture of incessant nagging and scolding by a neurotic mother and a hard, stern father. To the specialist it was clear that the habit of doubting and anxiety had its start in the lack of initiative and loss of self-confidence resulting from her parents' injudicious training methods.

But whence her morbid shyness and her special fear of marriage? Among the forgotten memories recalled in the psycho-analysis were some exceptionally vivid recollections of mental conflicts in the domain of sex. As a little girl the patient had had the usual curiosity of childhood regarding her entrance into the world. "How was I made and where did I come from?" was to her a problem of intense interest. Naturally she looked to her parents to help her solve it. They had only evaded her eager questions, and left her curiosity unsatisfied. Then she had turned for information to other children, who told her things that shocked and grieved her sensitive mind.

Obsessed with the feeling that she now had a shameful secret which she must keep to herself, her shyness was a logical develop-

ment. She avoided people because of a fear that she might inadvertently betray the secret she wished to hide. Thus in time the habit of shyness was established, to persist after she had forgotten its cause.

In other words, the young woman's failure to respond to the mating instinct was definitely traced to parental mismanagement in her early life. She had remained single because her parents' reaction to the sex questions raised by her had permitted the development in her mind of ideas constituting an effective obstacle to the instinctive trend to marriage. Nor is her case as exceptional as might be thought. There are many women — and not a few men — who fail to marry for a similar reason.

During childhood questions of sex have in one form or another claimed their attention. If they could have discussed these frankly with their parents all would have been well. But the parents have given them plainly to understand that sex topics are taboo. They must seek outside the home the enlightenment they crave; and not infrequently enlightenment comes to them in such fashion as to create sentiments of shamelessness at the one extreme or an abnormal sense of shame at the other. In either event proper development of the mating instinct may be lastingly checked.

"The normal adjustment of the sexual trend in a regulated life," truly observes the psychologist, Lyman Wells, "is in marriage, in which a man and a woman administer a household and rear children. Whatever makes this adaptation easier and better is good, whatever makes it worse or more difficult is bad."

It is indeed time that parents appreciated the anti-marriage tendencies which may flow from their prevalent custom of reticence with regard to the sex questions and problems of their children. They seem to take it for granted that sex hygiene is a matter which may safely be left to take care of itself, that the early and really inevitable manifestation of sex curiosity in children is something which ought to be rebuked and repressed, rather than welcomed as an opportunity for tactful education in a vitally important field. Because of this wrong-headed attitude great harm is continually being done, as every modern medical psychologist well knows. To the faulty notions of sex for which it is directly and indirectly responsible must in large part be attributed, not simply the failure of many men and women to marry, but also the failure of many who do marry to find true happiness in the married state.

And this is only one means by which parents unconsciously foster in their children conditions that may unfit the children for marriage when they in their turn reach the marrying age. Not long ago a physician was painfully impressed by the gloomy appearance of a lady who consulted him because of a general nervous weakness. She not only looked wobegone but was dressed in the deepest of mourning. To his sympathetic inquiry as to the reason for the mourning, she stated that she was wearing it because of the death of her father.

"He died recently, I presume?" questioned the physician.

"Not exactly recently," came the unexpected answer. "He died three years ago."

"And you still are wearing mourning for him!" the astonished physician could not help exclaiming.

"Why not?" suddenly weeping. "No one ever had such a kind, self-sacrificing father. He was goodness itself. He adored me, and I him. I will wear mourning for him as long as I live."

This woman had not married, and it was safe to predict that she never would marry. The image of her father, to whom she had been so excessively devoted, would forever act as an unseen but none the less potent preventer of marriage. That parents and children should love one another is, of course, part of the natural order of things, and is not in the least blameworthy. But there is a degree of affection between parents and children that is fraught with real danger to the latter's future.

In the normal development of every child there is necessarily a time when the trend of affection swings away from the parents to persons outside the family circle — first to a boy or girl "chum," then to some one person of opposite sex but approximately equal age. This is a process indispensable to marriage and the establishing of a household of one's own. Observation has shown that if parents permit themselves to "dote" on their children, there may result, and there often does result, a fixing of affection by the child on the parent, with non-marriage as a sequel. The girl, growing to womanhood, fails to marry because, without knowing it, she is too much in love with her father; and the boy, become a man, remains a bachelor because he cannot break away from his love for his mother.

Observation also shows that, even when a harmful centering of the love-life on the adored parent is not the outcome of a doting parental policy, such a policy may act in another way to create obstacles to marriage. When a parent dotes on a child, that parent usually is unwisely indulgent to the child. There is a continual yielding to the child's whims, a tireless planning to give the child pleasure, to keep the child happy and contented. No demands are made of the child, but every demand the child may make is promptly granted. This may indeed have the effect of keeping the child "happy and contented," but it is at the cost of making the child abnormally self-centered. When this trait is dominant a really happy marriage is out of the question, and marriage itself may become out of the question.

For marriage implies on both sides a readiness to make sacrifices, a willingness to subordinate the desires of self to the interests of the other self. One unaccustomed to subordinate personal desires, one who by training has been rendered self-centered to an extreme degree, instinctively shrinks from meeting this basic requirement of marriage. Consciously or unconsciously — more commonly the latter — the disadvantages which marriage involves from a purely selfish viewpoint bulk so large in the mind that the idea of marriage is persistently rejected. When this occurs, however, it is worth noting that the thwarted instinct to marry may take its revenge, so to speak, by causing in the self-centered one a mental conflict productive of serious nervous strain, perhaps of outright symptoms of nervous or mental disease.

Thus a medical friend of mine was once consulted by a young woman who complained of suffering from the typical "neurasthenic" symptoms of sleeplessness, indigestion, constipation, and vague fleeting pains in various parts of her body. No organic malady being found, a diagnosis of anxiety hysteria was made, and search begun for possible sources of unusual worry. The young woman herself strongly denied that anything was troubling her mind, and psycho-analytic investigation brought to light no adequate cause for worry until resort was had to a special study of her dreams. In dreams, as is now well known, secret fears and wishes, suppressed ideas of all sorts, frequently reveal themselves in queer, disguised, symbolical forms. Such now proved to be the case, a single dream affording complete insight into the troublesome nervous condition.

On the surface this dream was a mild, commonplace nightmare, to which no particular significance could by any stretch of the imagination be attached. The dreamer seemed to be in a street where she felt lonely and uneasy. A voice called to her, "Come into the dark with me!" Whereupon she was frightened and wished to run home. But her feet seemed leaden, she could scarcely move, and everywhere she turned she found a high wall in front of her. "A street full of walls," commented the specialist, when she spoke of this part of her dream, "might easily signify Wall Street; and Wall Street might signify money. I am beginning to suspect that money has something to do with your nervousness."

Do not smile. Analysis of the dream made it certain that this was a shrewd conjecture. In addition, the analysis gave the young woman a better understanding of herself than she had ever before possessed.

The street of her dream, it developed, was a street where, in girlhood, she had known much happiness going to and from school with playmates. Among the playmates was a boy who had been attentive to her. It was his voice that called to her in the dream, "Come into the dark with me!" After the two grew to manhood and womanhood his attentions had continued. Twice he had asked her to marry him, twice she had refused. She was in some doubt as to her love for him. Besides, he was a poor man, and could not give her the luxurious home of her self-centered desires. Lately she had heard that he was engaged to another young woman. The news seemingly had made no great impression on her — she had put him out of her thoughts and her life. Nevertheless it was then that her nervous malady began.

"Indicating," the physician pointed out to her, "that after all you do love this young man more than you love your ease and comfort. It is a great pity that you did not follow the urging of your heart."

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Happily, events made it possible for her to do this even now. It turned out that the engagement rumor had been false, the former sweetheart renewed his proposal of marriage; her acceptance put an end to the mental conflict that had been raging in the depths of her being, and there was an immediate recovery from the various symptoms that had been so much in evidence. In this she was more fortunate than many other victims of conflict between the impulses of ego-centricism and the impulses of the marriage trend. Lifelong nervousness of one form or another may be the outcome of such conflicts, or a bitterness of heart that sometimes shows itself in curious ways.

"We are surrounded at all times," points out Doctor William A. White, the eminent psychiatrist and medical psychologist, "by innumerable examples of the effects on conduct of suppressed disagreeable or painful emotional states. Complexes (as such states are technically called) not only dominate special attitudes and condition moods, but if persistent, deep-seated, and continuous, they are often at the bottom of prominent traits of character. These prominent character traits are especially well seen in those cases in which the complex has been constellated by a painful emotion of sexual origin.

"The stereotyped example of the 'old maid' scandalmonger is a case in point. Deprived of that great boon to woman, maternity, robbed of love, living a life of bitter disappointment and unfulfilment, if she mayhap has a distinctly sexual longing she takes this method of adjustment, this method of approach and contact. The reading of an erotic novel would be distinctly improper, and if she were discovered would be severely criticized. But the scandalizing of her neighbor is a highly respectable proceeding, and keeps her quite within the conventions. And so the delectable morsel is rolled over and over again, and as life becomes more bitter, as fulfilment becomes more and more impossible, so does her resentment show more and more aggressively, more and more openly.

"The phrase, 'Misery loves company,' takes its origin from the desire of those who have failed to pull others down to their level. It is an expression of the jealousy, envy, resentment that they feel for the successful, and if they cannot succeed literally, they can at least play at it in these forms. Compensation is approached by a mental trick, a deception practised upon oneself."

This, in truth, is the sort of thing — nervousness, bitterness, and incompleteness of life — that is the likely product of a parental attitude compounded of excessive affection for and unwise indulgence of the growing child. It is no mere coincidence that the only child or the favorite child in a family is particularly liable to nervous disorders, tends to grow up with disagreeable character traits, and is more likely than other children never to marry.

Of four hundred only or favorite children who in later life were treated for more or less serious nervous conditions by a New York specialist, Doctor A. A. Brill, only ninety-three had married, though the average age of the four hundred was thirty-four years when they came under medical observation. Being only or favorite children they had been given an upbringing imcompatible with their best interests, and this harvest of neuroticism and non-marriage was the result. They had been so coddled and pampered, they had been so indulged as to develop an exaggerated ego, and incapacity for the normal adjustments of life was thus made an outstanding trait. Had they been reared more wisely, the course of events would have been far more fortunate for them.

Any mode of upbringing, for that matter, which tends to an overdevelopment of ego-centricism in children may act as a check on marriage in after years and a producer of nervous ills. On the other hand, failure to marry must not be regarded as a sure sign of undue self-centeredness. There are plenty of people who do not marry yet remain free from nervousness, are of conspicuously unselfish character, and enjoy real success in life. They are people who have managed to find in their work or in some other special life-interest at least a partially adequate compensation for the thwarting of the instinct to mate.

"Different trends," is the way Lyman Wells happily explains this phenomenon, "require different amounts of energy for their operation, and are fitted to take care of different amounts of it. Lack of balance results from the direction of more or less energy to certain trends than they are fitted to take care of. One way to restore the balance is to take away the superfluous energy and direct it to other trends, as when an unmarried or unhappily married woman interests herself in religion."

Still, under the best of circumstances, the unmarried life is an incomplete life. And, as it has been my purpose to show, the real blame for this immaturity and incompleteness nearly always rests, not with the unmarried themselves, but with the parents whose sad mismanagement diverted them from the proper fulfilling of one of life's highest ends.

Beating Mars at His Own Game

DOWNTOWN you used to see him sitting on the sidewalk at Main and State streets, sometimes disconsolate, sometimes smiling. He looked up at you appealingly as he offered you shoe-laces or pencils or red memorandum books; and you hesitated to pass him by without dropping a few cents in his hat because you felt sorry for him.

Everyone used to pity the cripple and he made capital of it. It wasn't his fault. They accepted him as a person to be pitied — a poor, helpless unfortunate for whom nothing could be done. His empty sleeve or peg leg were trademarks of charity on Main Street or Fifth Avenue, in the small town and the big city. Whether he was injured by accident or by nature made no difference. He was handicapped and therefore entitled to the compassion of the community and a life of idleness if he chose to lead it.

But war and the spirit of the times have changed the attitude of the cripple toward society, and of society toward the cripple. Of course, every city and town has its examples of the old type, but not many of them. To-day the handicapped man resents that soft sentiment which well-meaning Samaritans showered upon him. Too much is enough to drive out all the determination and courage a man might muster.

Now he has developed a strong vital philosphy of his own. This makes him view his injury not as a wasting illness, but as a barrier to be scaled, on the other side of which he will find the real success that every self-respecting man craves. This is the incentive that impels him to work harder than the normal person, and to rise above his physical shortcomings. He is thinking of opportunities, not handicaps.

Even before the war, the cripple's status was undergoing rapid changes. He was put into the hands of our wonder-workers, the skilled surgeons, who reconstructed him physically and made him as fit as he could be made. The vocational training school saw how eager he was for education and they bade him welcome and trained him. Great industrial plants saw the necessity of conserving man-power, and formulated plans for salvaging men injured at work, or for those threatened with disease.

Man-power was first salvaged in the middle west. A concern (the name of whose product never fails to amuse vaudeville audiences, established a human maintenance department. One of the first things it did was to take men with tuberculosis or with tuberculous tendencies, and put them to work out-of-doors. These men reclaimed the scrap-iron that formerly had been thrown away on the junk heap. By salvaging its men in the open air, the company saved $85,000 in cash the first year. They sold the iron, and kept the men.

There is no greater, no more important job confronting the United States Army, now that the War is over, than the elimination of the human scrap-heap. The part our Army has played in the fight for world democracy has exacted its toll, and we have paid the price not only by actual losses, but by the return of soldiers injured in battle. But the men who are back from overseas, afflicted with disabilities that follow the fortunes of war, will not be the loafing, unoccupied, pension-supported cripples that every country has had after other wars. The United States Government, realizing its debt to its soldiers who have offered their lives in its defense, will not permit them to become public charges on the community, useless to themselves and a burden to their families. That most vicious enemy of the sick — self-pity — will be wiped out.

The Surgeon General is responsible for the upkeep of our Army's man-power. When a soldier was rendered unfit for service in the fighting line, it was the task of medical officers to put him in condition to work behind it; but if he could not serve in the field or elsewhere in any capacity, then he was returned to his place in civil life and into the best possible position that could be obtained for him.

That is the duty of America, of every force in the country — surgeons, educators, civil organizations, industrial managers, and fellow-workers all organized under one military head. The work was begun some time ago. Intelligent, effective plans resulted in very nearly perfect surgical care of our soldiers as soon as they were injured abroad. At that point — in the very first recuperative stage, — the injured man was put in the right frame of mind to grasp quickly the plans that had been made for his rehabilitation and to enter into them with the same spirit of eagerness and bravery that carried him over the top.

The wounded soldier's attitude toward his future is of incalculable importance. Unless he is willing, little can be done for him; he cannot be coerced. And so, as he lay in the hospital over there a message of cheer often came to him to dispel the dejection and despair that fill a man's soul when he realizes that he must go through life physically handicapped. He heard it from his nurse or a comrade. He learned that thousands of men at home have been happy and successful even when handicapped as he was, or worse. He heard it from the crippled, the deaf, the blind back home, who have been trained or have trained themselves to become better men than they were before, and have successfully taken their places in society, made homes for themselves, raised children. After all, life is very much worth while. Gloom disappears, ambition is revived, and day by day, as he learns what others have accomplished, he becomes impatient for the time when he can enter the training schools that his Government has provided for him. This was the first seed planted in growing a philosphy which insists that no man need be a cripple unless he chooses to be. Few, if any, physical handicaps shut out happiness and success.

The secret of military reconstruction is to build up the mental resources when the physical resources are impaired; to train the invalided soldier for the occupation to which he is best adapted — industrial, agricultural, commercial, professional; to make him independent and valuable after the war, and, above all, able to lead a contented life.

Salvaging our man-power will not cease with the coming of peace. Its field of usefulness will broaden, its effect will be increasingly felt for years to come, because it is one of the biggest, humanest, most necessary movements in America's advance.

"A Cure for Swine and Swinishness" will be a joy to all patriots and a tonic to all others. This rousing article coming in May is by Campbell MacCulloch

Don't Shriek!

Have You Any Idea How You Sound When You Speak?

by Fred C. Kelly

IF you were to go into the operating room of a big telephone exchange, where hundreds of girls are busily repeating numbers and jabbing plugs into switchboards, you might be impressed with the fact that all the operators are using about the same tone of voice. The tone seems to be something like an E flat, and it is so low that one can scarcely understand what any girl is saying even though standing only a few feet away. But the subscriber at the other end of the wire has no difficulty in understanding.

The operators have unconsciously fallen into the way of using a tone to make themselves understood with the minimum of physical effort. And they have had special training to make their enunciation effective. It is a rare thing for a subscriber to have any difficulty in understanding a telephone operator. Yet when a mistake is made, the tendency is to blame the girl at the switchboard — to blame her for not being able to understand the faulty enunciation of the subscriber.

If the average telephone subscriber spoke as distinctly as the average operator, there would not only be much less annoyance, and less wear and tear on the temper incident to telephoning, but the telephone companies could give more service for less money. For one thing, if there were no mistakes to be corrected, not nearly so many operators would be needed.

AND what is true of telephone companies is true, to a surprising degree, of various other lines of business. There would be a vastly greater business efficiency if it were not for the widespread defects in American speech. Persons who have given the matter much thought declare that the standard of speech among Americans is the worst in the civilized world — slovenly in comparison with English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Russian, or even South American. Anyone who has studied French or German, under a native instructor, will recall the great stress laid upon accurate pronunciation and distinctness by such teachers. Here in the United States, on the other hand, it is so common to hear men say, "cer'nly" for "certainly," "goin'" for "going," — even "gunna" for "going to" — and a long list of similar inaccuracies, that such utterance is accepted as a matter of course. Moreover, American voices are strident and harsh. Men come in to sell us things or talk to us about business propositions of one kind or another, and their talk, not infrequently, annoys us — not because of any lack of merit in what they say, but because of the irritating way in which they say it. Somebody clever at figuring out such problems might be able to prepare much interesting data, showing just how much business inefficiency is directly due to not understanding the names of persons to whom we are introduced for the first time. There is no question about the business advantage of remembering names. And one great reason why we often do not remember a man's name is because we did not catch the name in the first place.

There is a national council of teachers of English which a few years ago appointed a committee on American speech, with a view to bringing into some kind of cooperation the various groups of persons interested in improving the quality of American utterance. Out of this grew the American Speech League, made up of teachers, actors, singers, business men, editors, doctors, lawyers, dentists, and others. The secretary of this organization is John M. Clapp, formerly Professor of English in Lake Forest College. Clapp has found that business men over the country are beginning to realize the importance of less vicious speech habits as an aid to national efficiency. One telephone company executive told him:

"We would be willing to spend thousands of dollars if we could have any assurance that it would have any noticeable effect on making people speak more plainly."

As a matter of fact we talk much more plainly over the telephone than at any other time. For we have learned that it is advantageous and time-saving to take special care of our pronunciation over the wire. A few years ago retail establishments which took orders over the telephone had a vast amount of trouble and expense correcting and remedying errors due to misunderstanding what customers said. To-day a great deal of this has been eliminated. The best grocery concern in Cleveland, Ohio, has a big store in the residential section at which a trifle more than eighty per cent. of its business is done by telephone. This enables the concern to get along with much less floor space and fewer clerks than if all these customers came to the store each day and gave their orders over the counter. And a surprising feature is that there are actually fewer mistakes and misunderstandings over the telephone than when the customers deal with the various clerks face to face. It simplifies things to take an entire order at one place.

A small amount of thought on the part of telephone users would eliminate much of the tendency to be misunderstood. The reason a telephone operator is usually more easily understood than a subscriber, is because the operator is required to give attention to her pronunciation. For example, consider the words "five" and "nine," which frequently sound alike over the telephone. If you give undue emphasis to the "i" in those two words, and neglect to emphasize the more distinguishing sounds, there is great danger of confusion. An operator is taught to say "five" not only with a long "i" but also with a strong "v", and to place special stress on the second "n" in "nine," almost as if it were spelled "nien." The words "three" and "four" might sound alike if one were to place emphasis only on the "r." But when you say "three" with a slightly rolling "r" and a good broad "e," and say "four" with stress on the long "o," there is little chance of misunderstanding. Telephone operators are taught also to speak with a rising inflection. In saying the word "number," their tone goes running up on the final syllable. This is not only because it sounds more cheerful to speak with a rising inflection, but because, for some reason, one is more easily understood than when the voice drops at the end of a word. In England nearly everybody speaks with a rising inflection. A clerk says "Thaenk you" and about all you hear of it is something that resembles "Q," but his remark has nevertheless a cheery sound. Here in America we say the same thing with a falling inflection and it sounds rather perfunctory, at times almost surly. To make a remark with rising inflection is almost like adding, "Don't you think so?" — but there is something of finality about the falling inflection which makes one's talk seem dogmatic. Taking us on the whole we are a nation of dogmatic talkers.

SOME of the schemes made use of by telephone companies to improve the pronunciation of their operators, would readily lend themselves to other lines of business. For instance, it is a rare thing for street-car and subway conductors to call out the names of streets in a way that can be understood by passengers. There has been a decided improvement, however, on the part of most steam railroad-brakemen. Several times in the last year or two I have heard brakemen mention the name of the next station in a careful, well enunciated manner which actually conveyed a meaning. The steam railroads have recognized the advantage of giving heed to such matters. On the other hand, just a short time ago, I heard a subway conductor call out "Barclay," his intention being to let passengers know that the next stop would be Barclay Street. He might as well have yelled "rock," or "rah rah," or "bow wow," and his meaning would have been equally clear. Yet if he had been taught to pronounce it, slightly exaggerated, like "Bar-r—clee," with a merry, rising inflection on the last syllable, passengers would not only have understood him, but would have received a subtle impression that it gave him great pleasure to call out the stations.

In connection with his efforts to arouse interest among business men, in better speech Clapp has talked to a number of traveling salesmen who, he discovered, were holding rather mediocre positions, for no other reason than that they lacked something in agreeable personality. He got to talking with one man, selling a line of high-grade goods, for which the man had some wonderful sales arguments. Yet the arguments were not as impressive as they should have been, simply because they were not clean cut. The man slurred his words, said "cer'nly" for "certainly" and "mou'n" for "mountain." Clapp got to know him well enough to call his attention to these defects and the man tried to correct them, but had some little difficulty. Clapp quickly noted that his trouble was due entirely to the fact that he did not make proper use of the tip of his tongue. This was readily corrected by the use of some simple exercises. To-day that man's income has considerably increased, and there is little doubt that the reason is mainly his improved personality. He is able to sell more goods because people are more willing to listen to him; he is more pleasing in conversation.

CLAPP met another man who was obliged to do so much talking that at the end of a day he was physically tired from his vocal efforts. And the reason was that he talked in what might be termed a wasteful manner; that is, he did not convert all his breath into tone. He was like the fireplace where most of the heat goes up the chimney. Still another man talked poorly because his vocal chords were too tight and needed a little special exercising and the repetition of certain sounds, to loosen them up. A noteworthy feature of a number of cases that came by chance under Clapp's observation was that many business men were laboring under vocal handicaps which could be remedied in just a few days.

One salesman had a habit of talking too rapidly. While he spoke with reasonable distinctness, and his tonal quality was good, he fell short of his full efficiency because he failed to convey an impression of calmness. There is something about the salesman who is quiet and calm and sure of himself, that tends to increase one's faith in the stuff he is selling.

Then there is the type of man who talks too loudly. He may have a musical quality in his voice, and excellent pronunciation, but if his voice keeps booming in one's ears more loudly than is necessary, the man gradually wears on one's nerves.

"The encouraging fact," declares Clapp, "is that our bad American speech-ways, our noisy, harsh voices, are merely the result of careless habits acquired in childhood.

"A general insistence on decent speech — distinct utterance, and clear, quiet voice — would not only make life pleasanter but would enable us to talk faster and be understood more easily, when dictating, and in all our business dealings. It would lessen disease, because it would promote better hygiene of the entire vocal tract — mouth, nose, throat and lungs — among all persons, and because it would lead to the detection and correction of thousands of physical irregularties which now go unhelped and almost unnoticed. If everybody spoke correctly, the child who did not, because of adenoids, or for any other reason, would quickly excite attention.

"Better teaching, by better trained teachers, in the elementary schools would free us from 'the public misfortune known as the American speaking-voice' in a generation. Train a child in the way he should speak, and when he is grown he will slough off whatever bad habits he may have picked up during adolescence. It is encouraging to know that the state of New York is beginning to move in this direction by requiring voice training for high school teachers of English. To insist that teachers in public and private schools talk rightly themselves and to see that they receive as part of their professional training instruction in the simple voice exercises which they are to pass on to the children, would be of great help. Such instruction, by the way, enabling the teacher to go through the long school day without hoarseness or tired throat, would be doubly beneficial"

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What About Oil Stocks?

Romantic Tales of Fortunes Lure Us On

by Paul Tomlinson

WHEN we speak of oil, the kind of oil produced by the many companies whose stocks are now so active, the word is used in its broad sense and we mean a certain kind of oil, — petroleum. This word is derived from the Latin, *petra* meaning rock, and *oleum* meaning oil.

Oil, or petroleum, was used in the most remote ages of which we have any records. Herodotus described the oil pits near Babylon. "Burning water" was known in Japan in the seventh century. The earliest mention of American petroleum occurs in Sir Walter Raleigh's account of the Trinidad pitch-lake. Peter Kalm, a Russian traveler, in his work on America, printed in 1748, showed a map of the oil springs of Pennsylvania.

The first real commercial exploitation was about 1850 by one James Young in Derbyshire, England. The active growth of the petroleum industry of the United States began in 1859 and in that year the production of crude petroleum in the United States was officially reported as two thousand barrels. For ten years Pennsylvania was the world's one great oil producer, but since 1870 the industry has spread all over the globe. Rumania, Galicia, Java, Sumatra, Mexico, Burmah, and Borneo are only some of the places where there are extensive and valuable oil fields.

Now that petroleum is being used more and more for commercial purposes, and its advantages are recognized, oil companies are springing up like mushrooms on every side. Romantic tales of fortunes made over night are on every tongue. Oil booms are rivaling in romance and intensity the days of the Alaskan gold rushes.

A story was recently told in one of the newspapers of a man who found in a neglected pigeonhole of his desk a certificate for one thousand shares of a certain oil stock. This stock he had inherited from his father, and had considered it worthless. It seemed his father had bought it for a few cents a share many years before and when he died the company had apparently gone out of business, and the stock certificate had been put away and forgotten. Curiosity led the son to make some further inquiries, however, and imagine his surprise when he learned the stock was worth over a thousand dollars a share. Think of finding a million dollars tucked away in your desk! Such stories fire the imagination and fill the mind with the thought that if one man can be so lucky, others can, too.

There is no denying the possibilities in oil. Moreover, this country produces approximately sixty per cent. of the world's total of crude petroleum. The demand for it is growing all the while. More than half the vessels now being built are to be oil burners; the new ships of the United States Navy now under construction are all oil burners. Locomotives burning oil consumed in the United States in the year 1917, 45,707,082 barrels. There are at least four million automobiles in the United States, probably averaging five hundred gallons of gasoline apiece a year. It is estimated that there are over thirty millions of industrial horsepower in this country and manufacturing plants are turning more and more to fuel oil because of its greater economy.

There seems to be no limit to the demand, and the potential demand is something one cannot even guess at. Petroleum was one of the important factors in winning the War; this is conceded by military and naval authorities. It will also play a large part in the work of reconstruction. Producing goods and transporting them will be the chief problems in getting the world back to normal. Motive power and lubrication are essential to production and the oil industry must provide them both in very large measure. Petroleum products are being employed more and more extensively in generating power; all machinery must be lubricated and in nearly every line of business machinery is being used to take the place of, or supplement, the work done by hands. In agriculture petroleum-driven tractors are replacing horses.

When it comes to transportation petroleum is again of prime importance. Railways, motor vehicles, ships and probably airplanes, will be used to carry goods, and they must use petroleum products. Gasoline, kerosene, and gas oil are only some of the things petroleum will produce.

The statistics of the United States Geologic Survey state that the oil requirements of this country were approximately fifty-two million barrels in excess of the United States supply in the year 1917. It makes one dizzy to think about it. In 1914 our exports of oil to the five countries — Germany, Sweden, Denmark, Belgium, and the Netherlands were nearly four hundred and fifty million gallons; in 1918 we shipped only slightly over five million gallons. Normal conditions will bring them into the market again, and with the immense demand for oil from all quarters of the globe prices should remain at very profitable levels. Oil stocks have registered sensational advances since peace was assured. Gains of from sixty to one hundred and seventy points have been made by some of the better known oil stocks.

All Europe will want petroleum, and so will the Orient. We have led the world in producing, refining and distributing petroleum, and yet we cannot even satisfy our own requirements. Production is not keeping pace with the demand, and we must look elsewhere for the petroleum needed. Mexico is at present the source of supply of practically all the petroleum imported into this country. And the fact that the Mexican oil industry has grown so wonderfully is largely due to American foresight, capital and energy. There is in the neighborhood of two hundred million dollars of American money invested in Mexican oil properties. Interference on the part of the Mexican Government has been a most disturbing factor in the oil industry, but there seems little doubt that satisfactory and lasting arrangements can and will be made.

Mexico is the land of "gushers." One company has a well producing 75,000 barrels a day; another 81,000 barrels. One well which opened in 1910 has given forty million barrels of oil, and there has been not more than a ten per cent. decline up to the present from its initial daily production. It is estimated that the capacity of all Mexican wells is 330,000 barrels a day. This does not mean that 330,000 barrels are actually being produced, however, though Mexico's production in 1917 was over five thousand times what it was in 1901. The total oil output of the United States in 1918 was 345,500,000 barrels.

Oil has many advantages over coal as a

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fuel. It burns clean, leaving no ashes; it gives quicker steam pressure; it gives a more even distribution of heat and leaves practically no soot. One pound of oil will develop over sixteen pounds of steam; from eight and one quarter to nine pounds are developed by a pound of coal. Oil eliminates most boiler troubles. It reduces the amount of labor required; there are no furnaces to feed by hand as oil is turned on like water from a faucet. Oil-burning ships require only about half as many men in the fire room as coal burners. Oil saves cargo space and can be loaded on board more quickly and economically.

But there is danger in oil. Everything about it sounds so plausible, and so easy that we are apt to overlook some features when considering the purchase of oil stocks. There is a lure about it; fortunes have been made in it, easily and quickly, and it appeals to the gambling instinct which seems to be present in nearly all human beings. Unscrupulous promoters have made, and are still making, capital of this fact. But remember, that because there is a "gusher" in the neighborhood does not mean that there is going to be one on your land.

There is not so much luck about finding oil as many people imagine. One company employing eighty-five expert geologists to locate wells found oil forty out of forty-two times they drilled for it. And yet to show how excited Americans can get, a railroad stock on the New York Exchange was recently bid up several points because oil had been found near its holdings and it was "reported" the company was planning to look for oil on its own lands. Talk about dealing in futures. This is an example, however, of the amount of reasoning sometimes employed in figuring the value of stocks.

Undoubtedly there is a market for all the oil that can be produced. What it costs to produce it and the expense of getting it to the markets are vital considerations, however. Also, the character of the men in charge of the companies is something to be scrutinized more carefully in the oil industry perhaps than in any other line of stock promotion at the present time. One company's success is no guarantee of all others. And because a stock sells for a few cents a share does not necessarily mean it is cheap. Just as there are great possibilities in oil, so there are great dangers. Knowledge of the stock you are buying is essential to profitable investment. There are many sound and well run oil companies, but as always happens in a comparatively new and highly successful line of business there are a great many more which are exactly the reverse. The investor should be careful not to allow the lure of quick profits to get the better of his good judgment and common sense.

Books About Stocks and Bonds

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WAR LOANS, RESOURCES AND PROGRESS OF CANADA

A. E. Ames & Company of Toronto, Montreal and New York, have published a new booklet entitled "War Loans, Resources and Progress of Canada." This interesting booklet gives the details of Canada's loans and discusses Canada's resources, giving statistics from 1911 to 1918 about agriculture, fisheries, forests, mines, trade, railways, banking, etc. The booklet will be mailed free on request.

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Bankers Mortgage Co., Des Moines, Ia., will send booklet 118 dealing with Iowa First Farm Mortgages and Tax Free Municipal Bonds.

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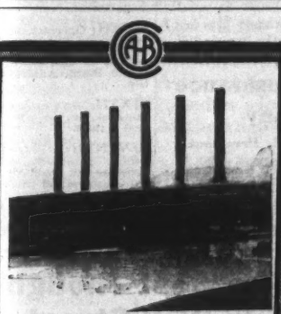

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Next month Mr. Tomlinson will write about the Victory Loan which, in a patriotic way, is a sort of Mopping-Up-Party to the battle forces of the four Liberty Loans.

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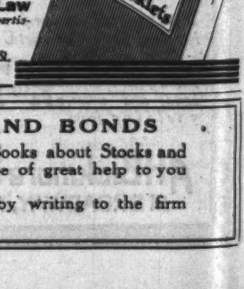

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Mobilizing Health Forces for Reconstruction

by **Edwin F. Bowers, M.D.**

NEVER was there a time when sound minds and sound bodies were more acutely needed to solve the problems of the world and heal its hurts than right now. Sanity and the ability to work are demanded of everyone, instead of the too free exercise of jaws and tongue by the vociferous few.

There is a world of work to be done — work that has had to step aside that grim-visaged War might have unimpeded passage — work that is necessary because of the wastage of war itself — and work made necessary through our broader economic obligations to the world that has learned, these past bitter years, to look to us confidently for help in their period of economic travail.

We need energy, driving power, and the stamina of vigorous bodies. We need sound nerves and pure blood. We need man-power — man-capacity. And man-capacity is found only in the healthy, in the "fit."

And so our health, which used to be a matter that concerned only ourselves, our family, the doctor, the undertaker — and possibly the life-insurance man — now concerns everybody. It has become one of the most vital issues in the world.

Indeed, nothing can be more important. For upon the state of health of our citizenry, more than upon any other one thing, depends our reaction to reconstruction problems and our ability to go through with the job, instead of blowing up like a lot of hysterical old women.

Therefore, the man who increases the number of his red corpuscles these days, or who cures himself of some chronic ailment that reduces his vitality and lowers his usefulness to the community, is rendering an actual service — not only to himself and his family, but also to his country, in putting himself on an efficient basis of health.

The man or woman whose eyelids, lips and ear lobes are pale, whose lungs are deficient in aerating power, is under obligation to take himself in hand, and correct the blood and body deficiencies that might otherwise hamper his activities in the great work of reconstruction.

Indeed, those who neglect their health forces may even become burdens, instead of helpers, in this emergency. They may crowd hospitals already overcrowded. They may require attention and service that should be reserved for those now being brought to these shores for tender care.

So no man or woman, in these times, can afford to have a preventable disease. It is bad enough to be afflicted with a condition legitimately come by through the ordinary exposures of life. But it is cheating oneself and wronging one's country to gourmandize, to overwork, to underfeed, to unnecessarily expose, to do without the proper amount of sleep, to needlessly worry, or to persist in habits that impair strength and vigorous action.

We must abstain from all excesses that deplete the system and weaken its resisting powers. We must build up the body. Right living, the proper selection of food, and care for all the minor things that the average man or woman is prone to neglect, will work a physical revolution.

Consult the doctor. Have him remedy any conditions that can be corrected by minor operation. All the vitality-sapping things — hemorrhoids, hernia, varicocele, suppurating tonsils, adenoids, or what not — the things that constantly drain physical and nervous energy — have them repaired or removed. Take a tonic, if the doctor says you need one. Put yourself in his care and follow instructions implicitly.

See your dentist also. Have him remove teeth too badly decayed to be saved, and let him put the others in as nearly perfect a condition as the wonderful art of the American dentist will permit.

If you have any troubles which can be referred to a spine out of normal alignment, take your backbone to a good, conscientious osteopath or a chiropractor, and have him adjust these vertebral errors.

Don't waste eyesight. For it is notorious that the evils that follow ocular defects are grave and far-reaching. If you suffer from headaches or from undue lassitude, after the business day, tell the oculist about it, and let him test the eyes for a possible error of refraction. If he finds any abnormality in the vision, wear the glasses he will prescribe, even though it may make you look less like the Apollo Belvedere or Minerva than ever.

Take an active part in all movements tending toward civic betterment and the improving of living conditions. For the individual reflects his environment. The better the environment, the more nearly perfect the individual. And the more perfect that aggregation of individuals we call the "American people," the happier and better everybody will be — including our brothers and sisters of the whole blooming world.

Shadow

by **Clement Wood**

MY shadow is a restless thing,
At dawn it wanly steals
Back from the western darkness,
Till it tags behind my heels.

As morning grows, it hugs me close,
Until, when noon's rays beat
Out of the blazing overhead,
It cowers beneath my feet.

At evening, it seeks the East,
Inching its dusky way
Farther and farther down the road,
Fleeing the aging day.

And when the sun's at sky-line edge,
It leaps and gaily runs
Thinly out to Aldebaran
And all the cindery suns.

A cloud has dimmed the farthest star,
A frown against its light,
My shadow's lean gray fingers touch it,
At the edge of night.

Oh, it can touch the farthest star,
But cannot bring me word
Of what pale glitter it has dimmed,
What lost sounds it has heard;

And I can speak, and I can laugh,
And sometimes I can sing.
I'm glad I'm not my shadow,
That poor dusky, restless thing!

Not long ago we received a letter here in the editorial department in which a delighted reader said that Bruno Lessing's stories which have appeared lately in this magazine, were up to O. Henry at his best. A large statement, but there's something in it. In May we will publish a story by Mr. Lessing, "The Stylish Life," which beats all to smithereens the ones we have already published.

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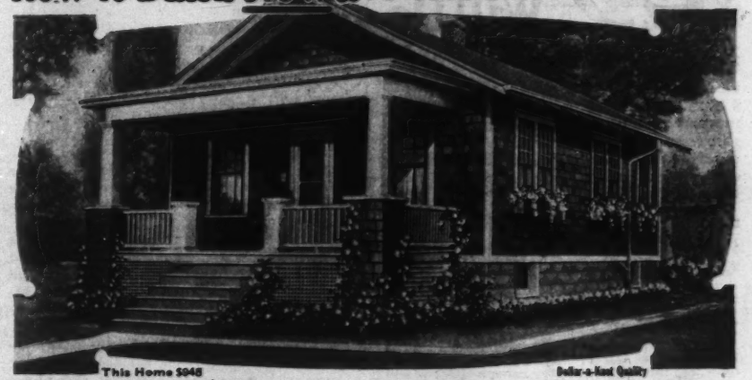

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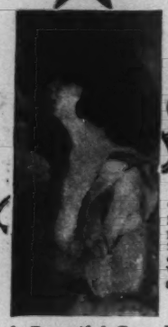

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Good-Time Evans — *Continued from page 14*

"Why didn't you say that before?" There was a shade of irritability in the tone of Good-Time Evans that filled Graves with wonder. Gerry Evans recognized it himself as something foreign to him. It passed hazily through his mind that perhaps, after all, his companions back in New York were going to be right. Perhaps he was going to have a rotten time in Chicago. Again his hand touched the telephone. "There's the club — " to Graves.

"Yes, sir. Not 'alf bad — the bridge there — I 'ear, sir."

Gerry positively restored the receiver to the hook. "I don't want to play to-night."

"WELL, it's no night to tyke a walk, sir."

Evans moved to the window and parted the curtains to look out upon the splendid chaos of Michigan Avenue at this hour. Most of the cars were slipping in one direction, and this current of throbbing mechanism, carrying tinkling, tinny youth, gleaming, iridescent women and grim forces of finance, filled Gerry with a restless desire to be a part of the moving picture. He didn't deprecate this uneasiness. Although the night was unpropitious for adventure he knew that with him — lucky from birth — the demand created a supply. His spirits returned. Life was going on about him, but better than that, he was going on about life. This, while unrecognized by him or his friends, was one of the reasons that experiences came to him — rather they emanated from him.

Graves continued with his boring inducements. "Then there's your friends on the North Side, sir. Bit of a drive and they do say one has been lost in the park for days. But no doubt you'd find your way about, sir."

Gerry shook his head solemnly. "Couldn't take a chance. I might drive into the lake."

"It 'as been reported that the lake is frozen over. So unlike our sea, s r."

"It's frozen to-night if it ever is." Gerry shivered from the cold air forcing itself through the interstices of window glass and sash A picture of two human beings he had never seen crossed his mind. He took down the receiver and ordered three cocktails.

"Company, sir?" asked the valet, worried about the room.

"No — no. One for me and two for the couple I've turned out. We three will drink success to each other."

"Not much success for them, sir. You know how it is — lost their 'old — young people, too."

"Oh, dash it all, Graves, shut up."

"Yes, sir; thank you, sir." This young man he had looked after from youth was growing alarming. Graves stepped into the hall to hurry up the beverages for the merry drinking party.

Good-Time Evans was sipping Gus's aperitif which he had reserved for the last and, in a glowing good humor again, had ordered "chicken Becker" put upon a table not too near the music at seven, when the telephone bell rang.

To Graves it was disquieting — some one would come up and see the bathless room. To Gerry it was nothing at all but a telephone which, according to custom, his servant answered.

The voice at the other end of the line crackled through the room, sharp and hurried to the correct "Are you there?" of the Briton.

"Yes, I'm here. Don't talk like a fool. This you, Evans?"

"No, sir. It is not Mr. Evans," said the nettled Graves with dignity.

"I asked for G. Evans."

"This is Mr. Evans's man, sir."

"His *what?*"

"His man — his servant, sir."

A groan. "Well, tell Evans to come to the 'phone."

"I shall see if he is in, sir. Wot nyme, sir?"

"Get Evans and get him quick."

"Wot nyme, sir?"

"Sa-ay, what is all this? Tell your marster it's the Central Vaudeville Booking Office. That'll bring him."

As the high-sounding name which was of no import to either man or master reached their ears there was an exchange of amused glances between the two, simultaneous with the transfer of the telephone. But whereas Graves was if anything graver, Gerry, mellowed by the series of healths his party had been ceremoniously drinking to each other, was once more the smiling participant in the happy moments of the world. A good time bulked in the near future.

"Hello there," very languid was Mr. Evans.

"G. Evans?"

"That's the name."

"Well, Evans, I found your cards — seven of 'em on my desk to-day. Sorry I couldn't see you."

"Loss all mine," murmured Gerry, wishful to carry on the joke as long as possible, as time hung heavily on his hands.

"You're a Small-Time man, ain't you?"

"Me? I'm a Good-Time man, me man, and don't you forget it."

There was a pause. "Am I talking to G. Evans?"

"You are. *Mr.* G. Evans."

"All right, Mr. G. Evans. Now what I want to know is, and give it to me straight: is your act good enough to close the Elysée show?"

"My act," responded the occupant of the easy chair impressively, "will close any show on earth."

"I don't ask for comedy off the boards, young man."

"Well, you don't get it — unless you pay for it. I'm all business with you fellows," chirped Good-Time Evans.

"You sound fresh to me, but I'm in a hole. The Royal Punchinello has broken a rib — we're short of turns. I'll put you on to-night and sign a contract with you next week if you oblige me. Come over to my office."

Mr. Evans retained his good humor but mild reproof crept into his tones. "Come to your office — on a night like this? How can you ask such a thing of an artist? Nothing doing."

Words sputtered over the telephone from the Central Vaudeville Booking Office ending by something and something cheek.

"Come on over," repeated Mr. Evans, blandly. "I've ordered the chicken."

"Chicken be blanked. It's 6.30 now. Your act goes on at 10.45. If you fill in to-night I'll give you next week and perhaps a season, but we gotta talk business."

"I talk business at the Blackmore."

"Blackmore? Is this telephone number on your card the Blackmore?"

"What did you think it was — Hull House?"

The voice at the other end of the telephone automatically softened. "It's irregular, Mr. Evans, but my machine's outside and I'll come over. Can you put your act on without a rehearsal?"

"Yes, but not without a drink. Step along, old darling."

"You're a strange bird."

"Eccentricity of genius."

"What's the number of your room?"

Graves, who had been indecently hovering near, taking in a large part of this stupefying dialogue, waved imploringly. Gerry rose to the appeal. "My servant will meet you at the desk, I have a number of rooms. What's your name, Central Vaudeville?"

"Jepson's my name, it's Jepson speaking." There was pride in the tone.

"All right, Jepson, toddle along—" There was a silence. "Hello? 'ello?" The man of affairs at the other end had hung up.

GERRY'S eyes shone. The effluvia of a good time was creeping over him. His brain worked rapidly. The deploring Graves stood by for orders. "Graves, go get a private dining-room — get it. Send a waiter to me — send a captain. Then stand by the desk."

"You 'aven't dress clothes, sir," working toward the door despairingly.

"I've a feeling Mr. Jepson won't be dressed — mustn't make a guest uncomfortable. Now, if possible, try to act like a theatre dresser, Graves. As far as I can make out, I'm a headliner; rather, I'm going to be if I play this game well."

"I'm not acquainted with dressers, sir, and I don't know 'ow they act."

"Nor I with headliners and I can't act at all. But I'm going to try. Have you no ambition to act, Graves?"

"I 'ave not, sir."

"Be natural. I believe that's good Belasco stuff. Keep a-moving, Graves, and remember — I trust you."

This was electrical. Responsibility rested upon a gentleman's gentleman. He paused but once. "'Ave you your gun, Mr. Evans? Chicago's a bit wild, sir."

"No gun play to-night, Graves. Play of a different kind." The valet disappeared.

"But I'll be durned," continued Gerry as he went through the mechanics of hair-brushing, "if I know the kind of play it's going to be."

Twenty minutes later the son of the house of Evans greeted a stockily built, fresh cheeked, keen eyed junior member of the great theatrical firm — The Central Vaudeville. The table was set, the wine cooling, the lights were low and there were orchids on the table. Jepson had seen all these things before. He had them in private life, and they were faithfully reproduced in Big Acts on his stages. But he had never met with them under like conditions. He might never have met with them at all, hanging up the telephone on the first impertinence of Gerry, but that, way back in his heart, he had a feeling for adventure himself. It had put him in the show business.

Moreover, while he was in need of an act to close his show that night he might not have crossed the snow-swept city had not the suddenly careless attitude of one who for seven days had left anxious cards upon him filled him with the instinctive homage we pay to the indifferent. Jepson was prepared to like G. Evans, but, contrary to his host, he carried a gun. His adventures had not always brought him a good time.

"Wouldn't take you for a vaudeville artist," growled the manager after a cordial clasp of hands. "Where's the braid on your clothes, where's the pockets, the belt?"

"I only wear 'em for managers," returned the host glibly, "to impress 'em."

Jepson forebore to smile. "I don't suppose this spread is to impress me, either."

"SPREAD?" said Gerry as though perplexed.

Mr. Jepson felt guilty of a breach of taste, delicately conveyed, and augmented by Graves as he sufficiently obtruded his personality to take away his coat and hat. The manager hoped he would not discover his revolver in the pocket.

"Well, it's unusual, ain't it? You could use up your week's salary on one of these dinners."

Gerry handed him a friendly drink. "Not *my* salary."

Mr. Jepson swallowed the cocktail hurriedly and held to his point. He was trying to sound out Gerry, but he didn't wish to appear to be doing so. It's a mistake for a power in a vaudeville circuit to show interest in his performers. It must be the other way about. Now from all appearances G. Evans had no interest in anything beyond the comfort of his guest. He didn't seem to care if he *ever* showed again.

Could Jepson have been able to X-ray the smallest portion of his host's brain he would have found a whirling bewilderment there that would have swung the scales of injustice in favor of the circuit. He would have discovered that G. Evans had no idea who he, G. Evans was, and was most eager to find out.

"I wonder," ventured Jepson, "if you ain't some relation to old Gerard Evans."

Graves, who was serving the dinner, clattered a soup spoon of warning, and his master froze him with reproof. Jepson admired this severity. As a matter of fact, Gerry was sparring for time. Would it be wiser to admit the relationship or to insist that all this magnificence came from earned money? From early experiences he had discovered that, in spite of his own efforts to be attractive, he had ever been more warmly welcomed by men and women of all social zones when they found who his father was. He decided to play safe, which meant playing up his father. There was nothing of importance to the young man just then but the enjoyment of a rip-snorting sell.

"Well, yes, we are related," he admitted, with a show of reluctance.

"Ever give it to the press?"

"No — no — I was reserving — " Oh, heaven! For what was he reserving it?

"For the Big Time," completed Mr. Jepson, eyes glistening.

"'For the Big Time,'" echoed Gerry, feeling as though he had just been rescued from a well.

"Well, I guess we can fix up matters," said the guest, "if the madam can put it over as well as you can. Where is the madam — should 'a' asked before."

"Should you?" repeated Gerry vacantly.

Again Jepson misinterpreted the panic-

stricken young man and felt that this kin of old Gerard Evans was ever so exquisitely lifting an eyebrow to his manners. It stirred his irritation. After all, he was Jepson.

"Perhaps you don't like your wife's name mentioned."

Gerry beamed. He had a wife! Ah, he had a wife! "Why not? But she's no good at business. As soon as she'd met you, Mr. Jepson, and felt that big personality of yours, she'd go ahead and sign anything. Had to scat her."

Jepson softened. At least, this extraordinary suppliant of the past week admitted there was some power in him. He might get the better of him yet.

"You see," continued Gerry. "*I* can withstand you. *I'm* an *Evans*."

Jepson may have wilted within but he maintained a stolid front and continued with his box of tricks. He knew the value of faultfinding. "If you do business with us you'd better change your team name. I forget —what do you call it?" His tone was contemptuous.

It was a crucial moment. Gerry shredded his "chicken Becker" madly and Graves sought to distract with wine. "A black-face team with a name like that!" continued Jepson, feeling he had got the upper hand.

The laugh that followed his sneer again disquieted him. So he and the madam were a black-face team! Gerry hoped Graves was enjoying this but he abstained from looking at him. You must never encourage a servant.

"Why do you say you can't remember us?" ventured one-half of the Evans sketch, "I'll bet you a fiver the name's on the tip of your tongue."

Jepson looked at him and laughed. "You must want to give me money. You can keep it. I got my own. But black-face singers billed as 'Pink and Pearlie,' wow!"

"'Pink and Pearlie,'" repeated Gerry, lovingly, while the old servant coughed sadly in a corner of the room. "I've always liked it. It's got humor, coming on as I do — as we do — with all that black on us."

"Well, stick it out," grunted Jepson genially. He was taking from his pocket long yellow contracts and a fountain pen richly banded with gold. He generally spoke kindly through these moments. "Only — which is Pink and which is Pearlie?"

"That," said Gerry earnestly, "we have never been able to find out. We got mixed up one night in the dark and ——"

"Cute, ain't you," growled Jepson. The contracts were opened — the ink from the pen shaken on the carpet. "Now I got to get away from here before 8. You make the Elysée by 9.30. To-night's just a try-out, remember, nothing coming to you for it — but next week you'll go on the salary list. I know what you got in the Small Time. We control that, too. What do you want now?"

THE young artist endeavored to preserve the tranquillity for which he was famous. What did he want indeed? He had never earned a cent in his life. If he could only remember what it cost him to live — and what it cost his sister to live. He must not forget the madam. He looked yearningly at Graves by the serving-table, who was helplessly shrugging his shoulders like a Frenchman. Jepson's eyes and his met. Indeed, Jepson had never taken his eyes off him from the moment the contracts were produced. What terrible eyes they were — and yet they were just. Evans felt that he could take a chance and still boast when he went back home of having dominated the evening.

"You're my guest, Mr. Jepson, and my father, Gerard Evans, yes, my *father*, has told me many a time before I went on the short circuit ——"

"The low circuit you mean," corrected Mr. Jepson, but gently. This was Gerard Evans's son.

"Certainly, the low circuit," amended Gerry fiercely. "'Never,' he used to tell me, 'sign a paper over damask.' It's — it's the honor of the family. Unless you make me an offer we'll talk money after the show."

This didn't meet with the great man's plans. "Yes," roared Jepson without his usual deliberation, "because you think you're going to make a hit — with a Saturday night house that'll yell its lungs out over any boob that squirts seltzer — after we've run your name in on our next week's bill you'll tell me what you're worth."

"After the show," imperturbably from Mr. Evans, not knowing anything else to say.

"All right," rising and reaching for his coat. "I give you your chanst and you don't take it. You could sign up now and have a season of Big Time if you make good. See here, I'm going to tell you the truth — only you know it already: you're going into an empty house on a blizzard night in a new turn with the hands of the few out in front congealed in their laps and their laughs frozen in their throats. You'll be worth about ten cents. Better sign and close up with me. I got to get you billed for to-morrow."

"I can't," piously from the desperate Gerry, "not over damask. Just make me an offer."

Jepson put on his hat. "You're a queer gink. This whole business has been queer." He looked about the room with somber, slow uncertainty. "Are you playing straight with me? I like you and I think we'll get along. But I want your word of honor: will you show up to-night?"

Good-Time Evans extended his hand. "Ra-*ther* — word of honor." The guest, never a man of words, went down the hall.

"Nine-thirty," he called back ere the elevator engulfed him.

GERRY took out a cigarette and looked at Graves, who had never failed him even when he was a little lad seeking approval. Graves did not observe him. The young man flung himself into a chair and laughed long and loud. In the middle of the third peal he stopped. He found it was easy to stop. He need not have begun. He had simply remembered that he always laughed at the end of his escapades. It was the time to do it.

"I like that fellow, Graves." It fretted him to keep turning to his servant. His servant should turn to him. However, some one had to talk in the quiet room.

"Very able party, sir, I should say."

"I really wish I could show up to-night with Paderewski, or Galli-Curci, or something ——"

"Yes, sir. It's a bit awkward. 'Aving given your word, sir."

Evans kicked a timid gilded chair and strode about as his servant continued piling up the dishes. He hated Graves. Been with him too long. Ridiculous making a confidant of the stupid beggar. It behooved him as an Evans — as an Evans? "Yes, I gave him my word," tracing a Chinese design with a good deal of elaboration on the rug. "But what's a number on a program more or less on a night like this!"

"Quite so, sir. And the young couple may not suffer after all sir. 'E may not tyke it out of them as we would say — in a manner of speaking."

Evans abandoned the design forever. "What young couple?"

"The young couple as plays the Low Time, sir. Mr. G. Evans and 'is missus, sir."

"Are you crazy? Who's G. Evans?"

"Pink and Pearlie, sir."

"Why, he'll never see them, he'll —" The young man drew in his breath sharply. "Why, yes, he will. Those big fellows control all the little circuits, high and low, long and short, whatever they call them."

"Oh, yes, he'll see them, sir — all right. One wouldn't want to 'ave that man against one, would one, sir?"

"My Lord! Graves, what's the use of talking like that? Here I am shut up in a devil of a hole on a devil of a night trying to make the best of it and keep cheery, and you walking about like a body of weeps. Your name suits you."

"Yes, sir; thank you, sir."

"He called me up. I didn't seek this. If you had any imagination you'd see how wonderful it was to have the wires twisted."

"*Were* they twisted, sir?"

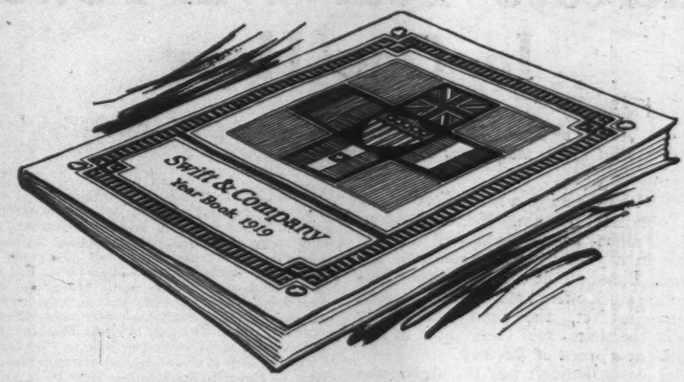
"Of course they were. And my name, too! Why, the whole thing was handed to me on a platter — on a *platter!*"

The old valet relaxed. He allowed himself the indulgence of a smile. "I guess that's the way it was, sir. It was meant for you to 'ave a joke. The wires *was* twisted. You see, sir, I kept thinking it was the young couple that was put out of the room, and that the young woman down-stairs at the telephone 'adn't changed ——"

Graves may have finished the sentence. Only the empty room knew if this was so, for Gerard Evans, Jr., had sprinted down the hall calling excitedly for coat and hat. He passed the red globes above the elevators which promised immediate arrival at the floor, bounded down the several flights of tufted steps and brought up against the office desk with such impetus that for a moment he had no words left for the question uppermost in his mind.

"I'm Gerard Evans in 804. I came in at 5.30. What's the name of the young people that preceded me?"

There was an adherence to form in the Blackmore. "I am not the room clerk, Mr. Evans. The room clerk's gone to ——"



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Increase Your Will Power In One Hour

Author of This Article Tells How He Quickly Acquired a Dominating Will Power that Earns Him Between $50,000 and $70,000 a Year

FOUR YEARS ago a man offered me a wonderful bargain. He was hard up for money and wanted to sell me some shares in a young growing company for $1,000. Based on the earnings of the Company the stock offered me was easily worth $5,000—in fact, the man who finally bought the shares sold them again in five months ***at a profit of $4,300.***

The reason I didn't buy the shares was that I could no more raise a thousand dollars than I could hop, skip, and jump across the Atlantic Ocean. A thousand dollars? And my income only twenty-five a week.

The second chapter in my life began a few months later, when another opportunity came to me. It required an investment of $20,000 during the first year. I raised the money easily, paid back every penny I borrowed, and had $30,000 left at the end of the first year! To date, in less than four years, my business has paid me a clear profit of over $200,000 and is now earning between $50,000 and $70,000 a year. **Yet for twelve years before, the company had been losing money every year!**

The natural question for my reader to ask is, "How could you borrow $20,000 to invest in a business which had previously been a failure, after being unable to borrow $1,000 for an investment that seemed secure? It is a fair question. And the answer can be given in two little words—**WILL POWER:**

When the first proposition came to me I passed it by simply because I didn't have the money and couldn't borrow it. I went from one friend to the next and all turned me down. Several refused to talk business with me at all. They all liked me personally, and they asked about the kiddies, but when it came to money matters I hadn't a chance. I was scared stiff every time I talked to one of them. I pleaded with them, almost begged them. But everybody had their "money all tied up in other investments." It was an old excuse, but I accepted it meekly. I called it hard luck. But I know today that it was nothing in the world except my lack of Will Power, or rather my weak Will Power, which kept me from getting what I wanted.

When I heard that the man sold those shares at a profit of $4,300, it seemed that my sorrow could not be greater. That profit was just about what my salary amounted to for four years! But instead of grieving over my "hard luck," I decided to find out why I was so easily beaten in everything I tried to accomplish. It must be that there was something vital that made the difference between success and failure. It wasn't lack of education, for many illiterate men became wealthy. What was this vital spark? What was this one thing which successful men had and which I did not have?

I began to read books about psychology and mental power. But everything I read was too general. There was nothing definite — nothing that told me **what to do.**

Partial List of Contents

The Law of Great Thinking.
The Four Factors on which it depends.
How to develop analytical power.
How to think "all around" any subject.
How to throw the mind into deliberate, controlled, productive thinking.
Detailed directions for Perfect Mind Concentration.
How to acquire the power of Consecutive Thinking, Reasoning, Analysis.
How to acquire the skill of Creative Writing.
How to guard against errors in Thought.
How to drive from the mind all unwelcome thoughts.
How to follow any line of thought with keen, concentrated Powers.
How to develop Reasoning Power.
How to handle the mind in Creative Thinking.
The secret of Building Mind Power.
How the Will is made to act.
How to test your Will.
How a Strong Will is Master of Body.
What creates Human Power.
The Six Principles of Will Training.
Definite Methods for developing Will.
The NINETY-NINE METHODS for using Will Power in the Conduct of Life.
FIFTY-ONE MAXIMS for Applied Power of Perception, Memory, Imagination, Self-Analysis, Control.
How to develop a strong, keen gaze.
How to concentrate the eye upon what is before you—object, person, printed page, work.

These are only a few of the many subjects treated.

After several months of discouraging effort, I finally encountered a book called "Power of Will," by Prof. Frank Channing Haddock. The very title came to me as a shock. When I opened the book I was amazed. I realized that will power was the vital spark—the one thing that I lacked. And here in this book were the very rules, lessons and exercises through which anyone could increase their will power. Eagerly I read page after page; including such articles as, The Law of Great Thinking; How to Develop Analytical Power; How to Concentrate Perfectly; How to Guard Against Errors in Thought; How to Develop Fearlessness; How to Acquire a Dominating Personality.

An hour after I opened the book I felt like a new person. My sluggish will power was beginning to awaken. There was a new light in my eye, a new spring in my step, a new determination in my soul. I began to see, in my past the many mistakes I had made, and I knew I would never make them again.

I practised some of the simple exercises. They were more fascinating than any game of cards or any sport.

Then came an opportunity to acquire the business which had lost money for twelve years, and which I turned into a $50,000 a year money maker. Instead of cringing before the moneyed people, I won them over by my sheer force of will. I would not be denied. And my every act and word since then has been the result of my training in will power.

I am convinced that every man has within himself every essential quality of success except a strong will. Any man who doubts that statement need only analyze the successful men he knows, and he will find himself their equal, or their superior, in every way except in will power. Without a strong will, education counts for little, money counts for nothing, opportunities are useless.

I earnestly recommend Prof. Haddock's great work, "Power of Will," to those who feel that success is just out of reach—to those who lack that something which they cannot define, yet which holds them down to the grind of a small salary.

Never before have business men and women needed this help so badly as in these trying times. Hundreds of real and imaginary obstacles confront us every day, and only those who are masters of themselves and who hold their heads up will succeed. "Power of Will" as never before is an absolute necessity—an investment in self-culture which no one can afford to deny himself.

I am authorized to say that any reader who cares to examine "Power of Will" for five days may do so without sending any money in advance. If after one hour you do not feel that your will power has increased, and, if after a week's reading you do not feel that this great book supplies that one faculty you need most to win success, return it and you will owe nothing. Otherwise send only $3, the small sum asked.

Some few doubters will scoff at the idea of will power being the fountainhead of wealth, position and everything we are striving for, but the great mass of intelligent men and women will at least investigate for themselves by sending for the book at the publisher's risk. I am sure that any book that has done for me—and for thousands of others—what "Power of Will" has done—is well worth investigating. It is interesting to note that among the 250,000 owners of "Power of Will" are such prominent men as Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, Ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Governor McKelvie, of Nebraska; Assistant Postmaster General Britt; General Manager Christeson, of Wells-Fargo Express Co.; E. St. Elmo Lewis; Senator Arthur Capper of Kansas and thousands of others. In fact, today "Power of Will" is just as important, and as necessary to a man's or woman's equipment for success, as a dictionary. To try to succeed without Power of Will is like trying to do business without a telephone.

As your first step in will training, I suggest immediate action in this matter before you. It is not even necessary to write a letter. Use the form below, if you prefer, addressing it to the Pelton Publishing Company, 12-H Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn., and the book will come by return mail. You hold in your hand, this very minute, the beginning of a new era in your life. Over a million dollars has been paid for "Power of Will" by people who sent for it on free examination. Can you, in justice to yourself, hesitate about sending in the coupon? Can you doubt, blindly, when you can see, without a penny deposit, this wonder-book that will increase your will power in one hour?

The cost of paper, printing and binding has almost doubled during the past three years, in spite of which "Power of Will" has not been increased in price. The publisher feels that so great a work should be kept as low-priced as possible, but in view of the enormous increase in the cost of every manufacturing item, the present edition will be the last sold at the present price. The next edition will cost more. I urge you to send in the coupon now.

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"I don't care who you are or where the clerk's gone. Their names must be in a book or that big thingummy hanging up here which you fellers are always looking at. This is important, man."

So persuaded the clerk scrambled over the lists. "No, no other name. Here's yours — Evans." Gerry made a movement of despair. "No," continued the clerk surely, "just your name — and Mrs. Evans."

"But don't you see that isn't mine, that's his."

This was very trying to a clerk who had nothing to do with rooms anyway. "Didn't you say your name was Evans, Mr. Evans?"

"Yes, and it is Evans, but Mrs. Evans's name isn't Mrs. Evans. I mean there isn't any Mrs. Evans."

The clerk looked scandalized. "I beg your pardon — this is very unfortunate. It is down Mrs. Evans."

Gerry caught the clerk by the lapel and the telephone girl had ideas of calling up headquarters. "Is there any way on this round earth of finding out if a man and woman named G. Evans and wife 'checked out' as I believe you phrase it —— "

"Never, Mr. Evans."

"Well — left this dump within the day?"

"Certainly," with great dignity. "If you'd asked me that before — I will consult my books. I am the cashier."

Guarded behind little brass bars and plate glass the cashier breathed more freely as he ran his fingers over the paid and departed. The telephone girl, gazing pensively at the anxious young man, decided he was good-looking but would be no fun to go out with. However, she would be pleasant. "I remember them," she encouraged; "they had a pawn ticket in a ten-dollar bill. I 'most died."

"Too bad you didn't," retorted this scion of the courtly house of Evans. She flipped her telephone cords angrily in the air.

"Now that's a coincidence," called the cashier, remaining safely in his cage, "Gus Evans and his wife — yes — left this afternoon —— "

"Where did they go?"

"Well, now, Mr. Evans, I couldn't say. There's a book for addresses but the address clerk's not here. You write them a letter and put a stamp on it. We'll forward — " He looked up to see the long polo arm of Gerry Evans hooking the book from its safe little home behind other glass encasements.

"Gus Evans — 1820 Wabash Avenue, care Brown," read the difficult guest. He again bellowed at the cashier. "Now what I want is a taxi. Get me a taxi."

"I'm not the starter, Mr Evans," the cashier said severely, but it was wasted. Graves, who had descended, very properly by the elevator, with his master's coat and hat, was already bundling him into them. Graves's eyes reflected the joy of vicarious adventure.

"I suppose you're a-going after them, sir."

"I am."

"Very good, sir. And" — he lowered his tone — "the gun is in your right 'and pocket, sir."

"YOU'RE a dear old fool, Graves. Have a decent supper for four."

"Yes, sir; thank you, sir."

At six minutes past eight Good-Time Evans was feeling his way up two flights of steps with Ma Brown in the hall below warning him of certain holes in the carpet. Outside the door of Gus and Milly he hesitated, hesitated fro. pure pleasure, regretful to interrupt the golden negro melody that Pink and Pearlie were giving to a wintry world. At his knock the voices ceased, only Milly's fingers trailed over the keys in soft refrain as Gus swung open the door.

The two men eyed each other silently, but Milly, espying the stranger over her shoulder, rose with a little shriek of dismay: "It's Eldorado come back."

To this Gerry made only an oracular reply. "Which," said he, "is Pink and which is Pearlie?"

Gus was Pink. "Then, Pearlie," continued the stranger, "there's a job for you at the Elysée — for both of you."

Milly ran to Gus and Gus put his arms about her. "You're Jepson," she announced.

"No, wrong again. I'm G. Evans. Jepson sent me."

If Gerry had expected an indignant interrogation that he might enjoy a swift divulgence of the situation he was mistaken. Gus simply extended his hand. "Then I reckon we're kin, Mr. Evans. I got a heap of relatives down in Alabama I ain't ever heard of. Milly's southern, too. We get our melodies right from the south, as your employer, Mr. Jepson, may have heard."

"Come right in, Mr. Evans," said Milly, "and sit down in the Morris chair. Kindly let yourself down gently, Mr. Evans."

"No," said the new cousin firmly, "there's a great deal to be said and a great deal to do, and I will explain it all in the motor."

"Have you a *motor?*" whispered Milly.

"I have a very beautiful motor. I don't know whose it is, but I gave the rascally chauffeur who drives it fifty dollars to bring me over here and on to the Elysée. He was waiting at the Blackmore for his people."

"Oh — the Blackmore! We've been there," said Pink, the black-face artist.

"I know you have been there," said Gerry, his voice very kind, "and you were turned out on my account. I'm sorry. There's just one way that I can square it — and that you can square *me.* If you've got your black faces hiding anywhere around — for *my* sake, for *Jepson's* sake, put them on and we'll talk over salary in the motor."

GUS carried down the simple equipment while Milly explained that black faces were put on in the theatre. "You're rather funny for a vaudeville man," she ended. But when the glittering motor drew up before the stage door of the Elysée the explanations and ensuing arrangements had been made and there was very little to whisper over, as they walked up the narrow alley, but admonitions. Gerry was running it all. "They'll probably have you down with a valet, Pink. So hug the bag and stick close. When you get on your make-up I'll keep under cover and Jepson will never know till it's all over."

"They'll dress us in one room," from Milly in a panic.

"Pink and Pearlie," decided Good-Time Evans with a proud air, "dress in two rooms."

At the entrance the doorman took down his house telephone and spoke to the powers in front. "They're here," he reported, "and with a valley. What did you say, sir? Two rooms? We'll have to move the parrots."

The parrots were moved, chattering fiercely of their rights, and the serene order of a great vaudeville house went on undisturbed. At 10.29 Pink and Pearlie, garbed in plantation dress, went trembling upon the stage.

Gerry with the door shut upon him could hear Milly at the piano, could hear the plaintive strains she drew with her magical touch, could hear the freshness of her charming voice and the piercing sweetness of Gus's phenomenal tenor. At the end of the first song he heard what he took to be a snow slide upon the roof, or was it the sudden roar of a lake that should be frozen — or could it be the sweetest sound that comes to the ears of all artists of all theatres: just men and women of no particular importance striking one palm against the other.

But while the audience heard Gus and Milly, and Gus and Milly heard the audience, and Jepson heard both, no one heard Good-Time Evans going through the most remarkable performance of his life. It wasn't much of a speech and it was oft repeated as the young man sat on a hard chair with his forehead upon the ledge of the dressing-room shelf:

"Let them put it over, Lord. Now, Lord, let them put it over. Grant them the Big Time, O Lord!" ran the only lines Gerry ever uttered in a theatre.

Who knows who did it? Jepson claims he made them what they are to-day. Gus and Milly put it down to the excellency of the act and Gerry keeps his council. Even so there were some moments between the washing up of the black-face artists and the washing down of Graves's excellent champagne cup before the three members of the Evans family could induce a certain member of the Central Vaudeville Circuit to feel that he hadn't been made a monkey of.

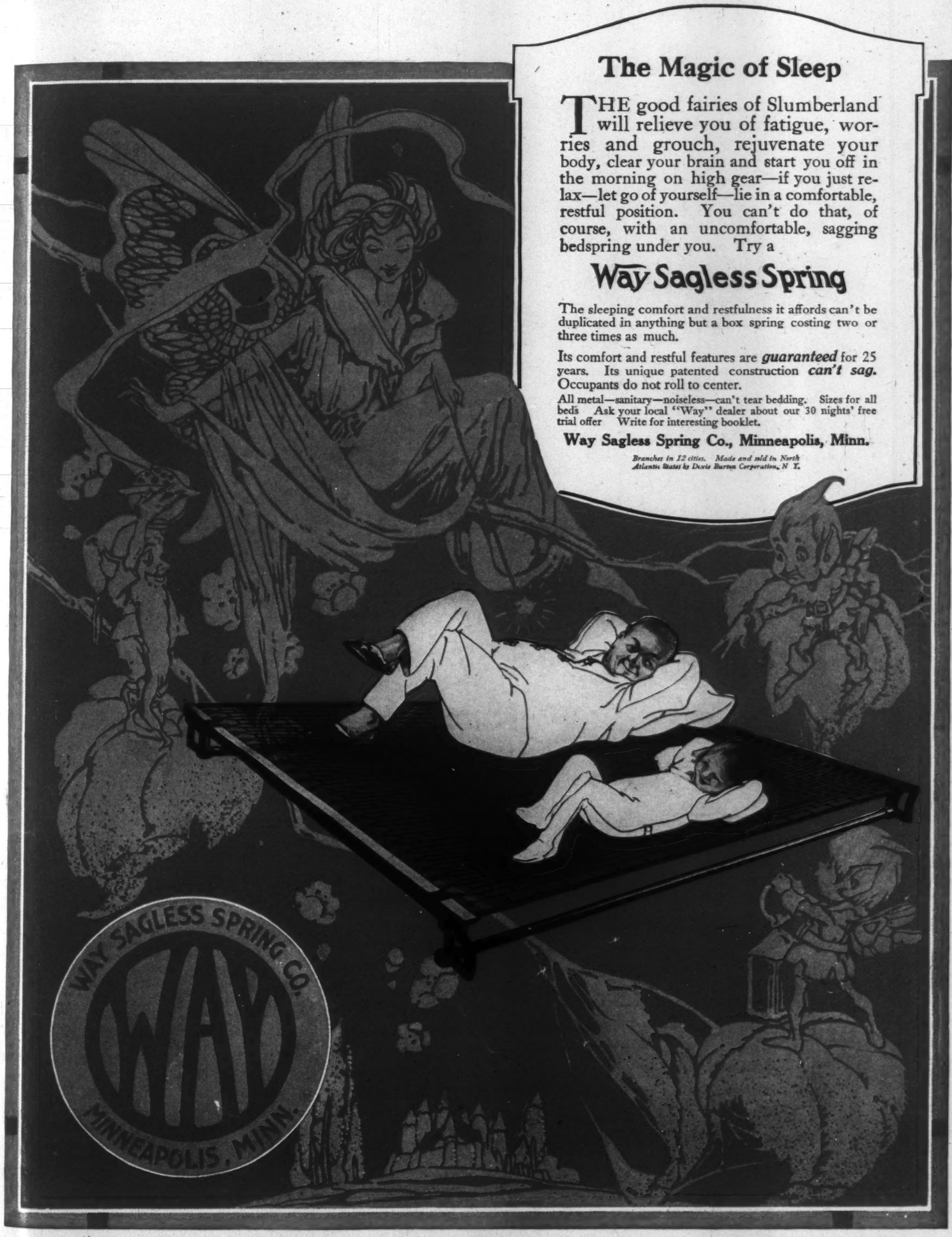
"The joke's really divided," said Milly to the big man at supper. "First on us, for we spent all our money trying to make a bluff by going to a good hotel in the hope you'd be impressed."

"Second, it was on me," took up Gerry, "because I'd given you my word Pink and Pearlie would show up and I was having the worst time of my life for a little while."

"And third, it was on me," growled Jepson, "for if me and men like me hadn't created Small Time and Big Time you'd have had no joke to begin with." And he seemed comforted somehow after this proud admission.

"Did you have a good time, Evans?" his friends asked upon his return.

"I had all kinds — big and small and hot and cold — and bad times. Oh, very bad times! And then, old dears, the best time I ever had in my life!"



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